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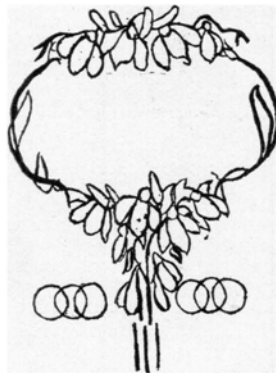
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1912

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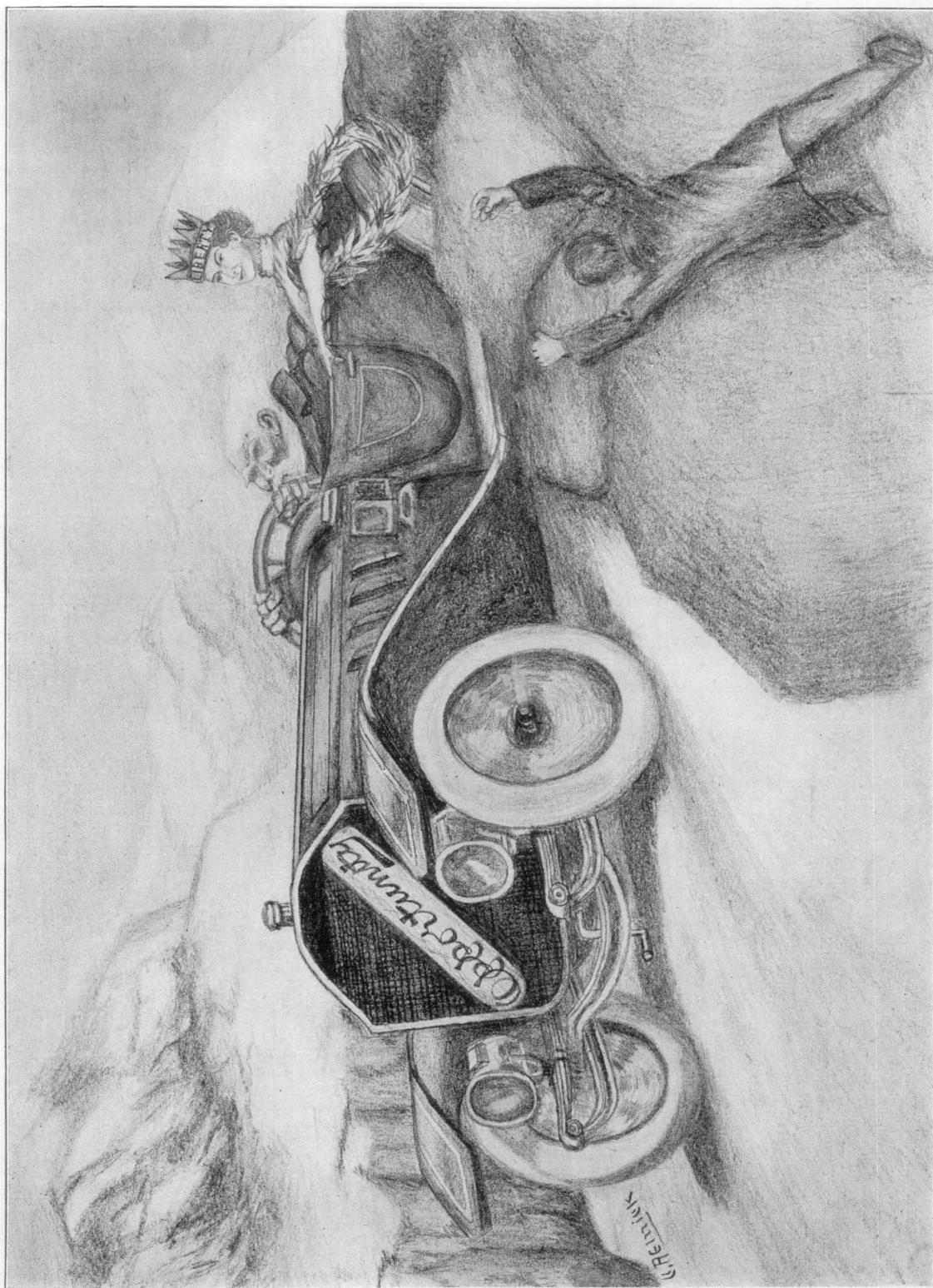
PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OHIO NORTHERN UNIVERSITY, **ADA**, OHIO

DEDICATION

In appreciation of many personal kindnesses, of untiring labors in behalf of the student body, of loyalty to the general welfare and good name of the Ohio Northern University, this volume is dedicated to the

FACULTY

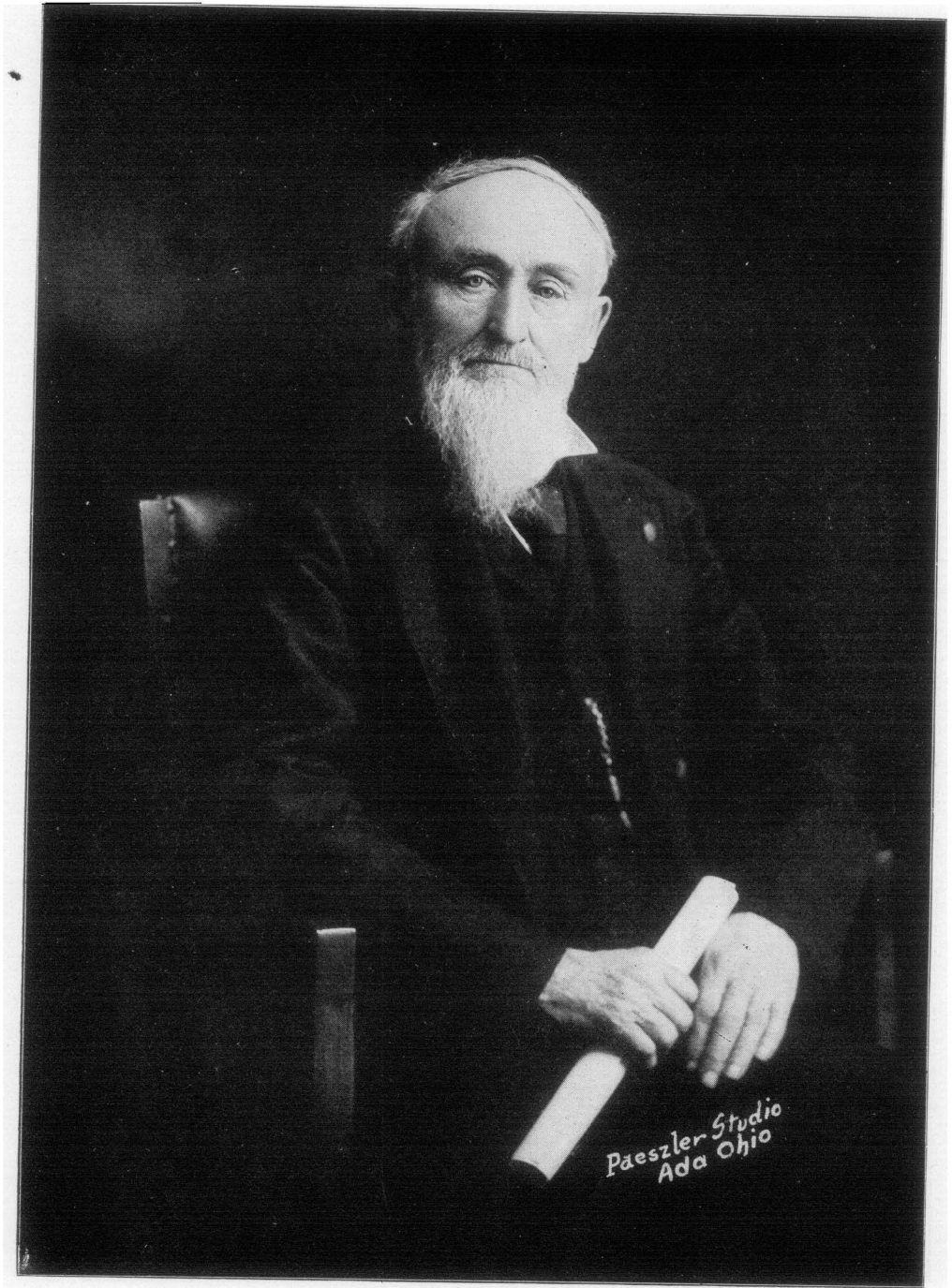




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DR. H. S. LEHR,
Founder O. N. U.

SKETCH OF O. N. U. HISTORY

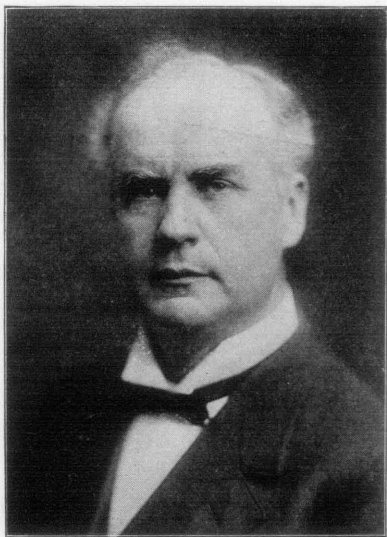
DR. H. S. LEHR

THE decision to found a modern institution of learning was made by the founder in March, 1860. He had just returned from teaching and was to re-enter college at Alliance. There was a forced sale of town lots. He believed there was an opportunity to make money. He devoted an entire day to meditation on the course of life he ought to pursue, whether to enter on a life of business or found a school entirely different from the then existing academies, seminaries, and colleges.

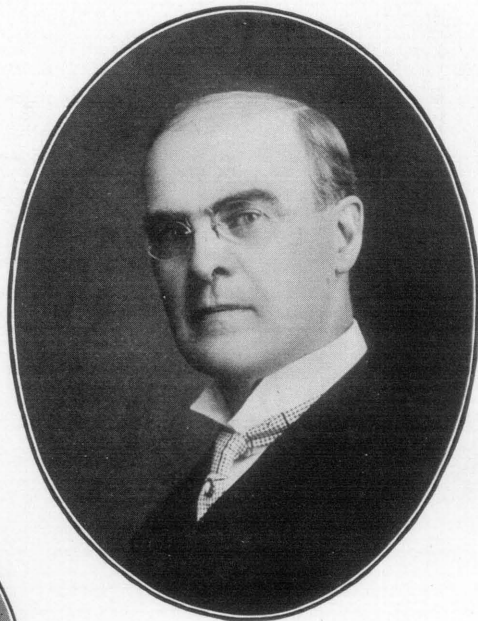
Then there were no state universities as they now exist. Schools of higher learning were conducted but 36 weeks a year. Then West Union College had no literature in her curriculum. The founder well remembers a morning chapel lecture advising the students not to read the sinful trash written by Dickens, Scott, and like imps of Hell. It was all the work of the devil. It appeared to the founder that it was the aim of the colleges to prepare preachers to warn people to fear an angry God and avoid the fires of an eternal Hell and to manage the affairs of this world as best they could. He doubted their theology and believed that there should be schools of law, pharmacy, commerce, medicine, and engineering, and that they should continue the entire year, being so conducted that students could enter at any time and be accommodated.

He had been successful in drawing many pay pupils to his village schools and in 1855 had already begun to write recommendations for his lady pupils to procure schools to teach. When but nineteen years old he was solicited to start an academy in Wayne County, later in Ashland County, and still later by fellow students in Uniontown, Pa. At the close of the civil war he engaged to teach in a small town near Springfield, Mo., but through the persuasion of his father he gave up his plan to start his cherished school in that state. He then taught another term in Stark County. During the winter of '65 and '66, he carefully studied the educational situation of Ohio and Indiana. Eastern Ohio was well supplied with academies, seminaries, and colleges, but in Northwestern Ohio there were but two colleges and one academy. There was a college at Northwood, Logan County, and an academy at Milan, Seneca County. The academy at Republic in Seneca County was closed during the war. There were no colleges or academies in Northeastern Indiana.

The founder of the O. N. U. had been successful thus far in his teaching and had unbounded faith in a school for the common people, that would continue all year, and in which they could prepare for almost any calling in life, at the most moderate expense. He offered his services at a number of towns in Northwestern Ohio and Northeastern Indiana, and explained his plan of establishing a great university, promising to have an annual attendance of 5,000 students in twenty-five years. He met with poor encouragement nearly everywhere. He finally visited Ada, then called Johnstown. Of the then three direc-



DR. A. S. WATKINS



DR. L. G. HERBERT



PROF. B. S. YOUNG



HON. FRANK E. WILLIS



N. W. TOBIAS

tors, two, S. M. Johnstown and William League, were impressed with his scheme. He asked to be employed to teach the public school whenever there were funds, to be permitted to admit tuition students, and during vacations of the public school to have the use of the school house, free of rent, for select school. He asked three dollars a day for the first year. They had never paid but two dollars a day. It was finally agreed that he should receive \$2.75 a day the first three months and, if he gave good satisfaction, then \$3.00 a day the second term. He was told the house was too old and cold to have school during the six winter months, that they would have six months during the summer and, if he would repair the old frame building, he might have the use of it free of rent. There was but one room in the building; so he would have to do all the teaching. He began teaching April 9, 1866. His experience in getting to Kerton for examination would be interesting were there space in the Annual to tell it. The enrollment of the winter term of the select school was 56, the tuition for 80 days, \$6.00.

The select term closed on Friday; the public school term began Monday; and this work continued for five years, till the fall of 1871. The spring term of 1868, the Geometry class recited at 5 A. M. for one hour; the class in logic, from 7 to 8 o'clock P. M.; and a class in Latin from 8 to 9 P. M. Dr. R. L. Souder, still in Ada, was a member of the classes in Geometry, Logic, and Latin. The other school hours were from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. This was a term of public school and the teacher received no extra pay for the additional five hours work. The enrollment the last term of the select school was 119, really 120, but one student entered for only one week.

The name was now changed from select school to Northwestern Ohio Normal School. The first term began August 14th, 1871. There were six teachers to be employed but only four: H. S. Lehr, B. F. Niesz, J. G. Park, J. H. Williams, M. D., had contracted when the catalogue was published. Theodore Presser had charge of the college of Music. No one was employed to teach fine arts; so Prof. Niesz, in addition to some other branches, taught penmanship and bookkeeping. It required four years to complete the course prescribed but there was no place for literature. It contained Science of Government and Parliamentary Law,—not found in the old college catalogues. The course included surveying. During the years of the select school there was only one Literary Society, organized in 1866. On Friday night, August 18, 1871, were organized the Franklin and Philomathean Literary Societies.

The first year of the Normal School the president of the Normal was also Superintendent of the Ada public schools and taught seven hours a day. The winter term, that year, the Virgil class consisting of but one member recited from 4 to 5 A. M. That member, Mrs. Mary Hickernell, now resides in Ada. She averaged 70 lines a lesson. The Chemistry class contained but three members and recited from 7 to 8 P. M. The members were J. M. Reil, Melville De Lisle, and Mollie Schoonover, now Mrs. Hickernell. The second year of the Normal there was added to the course English Literature. In the third cata-

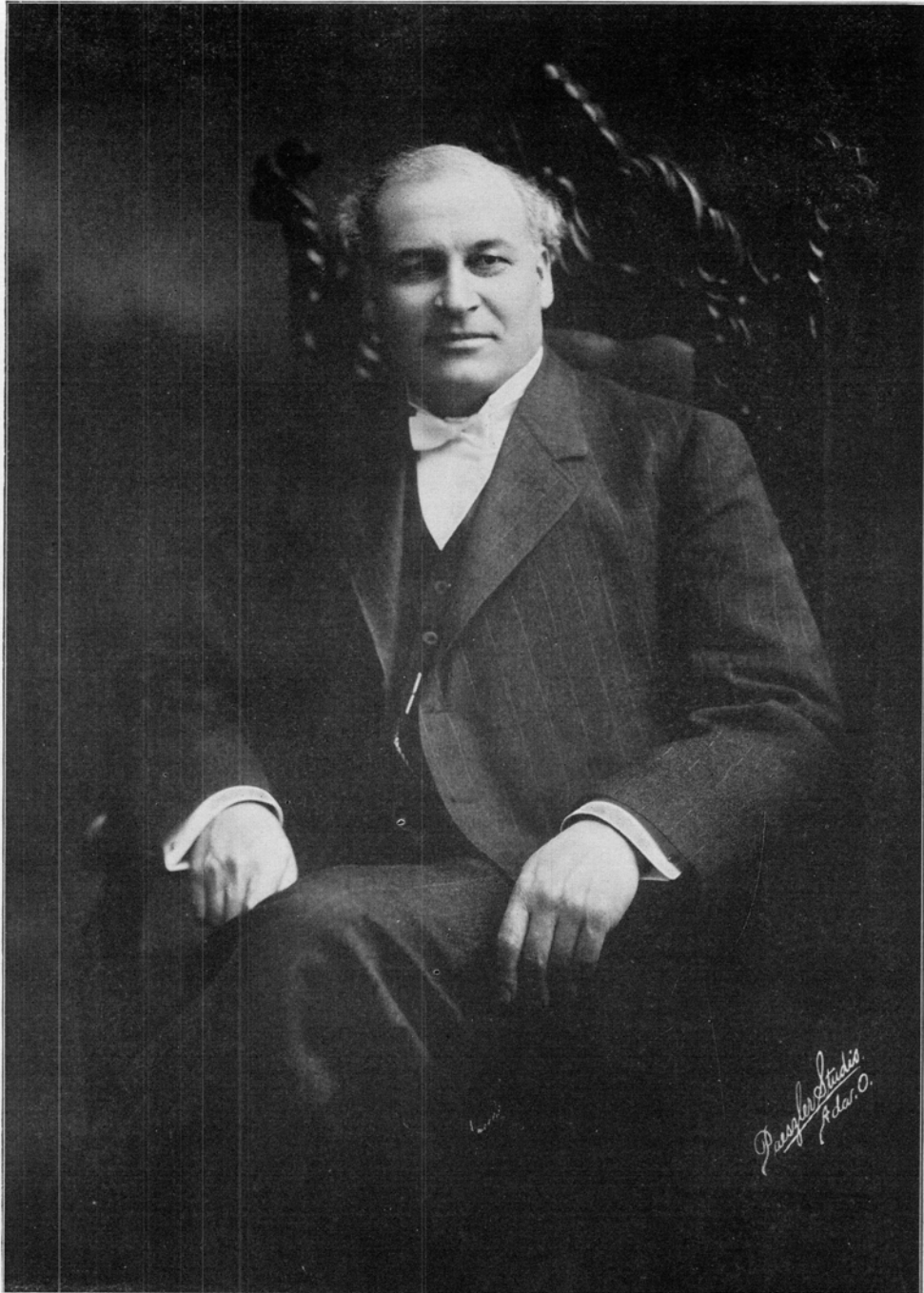
logue we find ten teachers and three Literary courses: Normal, Scientific, and Classical. In the fourth catalogue is found a new department, Telegraphy. In the school year 1876-7 the Normal School, then located at Fostoria, Ohio, was bought by, and incorporated in, the Normal at Ada. In the ninth catalogue, 1879-80, there was added a "Fine Arts" department. In the tenth catalogue on page 24, is found the new department of Stenography; on page 25, the Mechanical Engineering and Architectural Drawing, also the new department of Elocution; on page 34, the new vacation term; it is also stated that the increase in enrollment over the previous year had been 45%. This was caused by the increased facilities; the new building now known as the Administration Building had been completed.

In catalogue 13, school year 1883-4, was announced the course in Civil Engineering and Architecture. J. C. Holland, a Cornell student, taught Architecture. Twenty-six teachers were announced. In catalogue No. 14, 1884-5, page 26, is found the first announcement of a military department; three companies were announced. Wonderful strides were made during the school year 1884-5, as shown in catalogue 15.

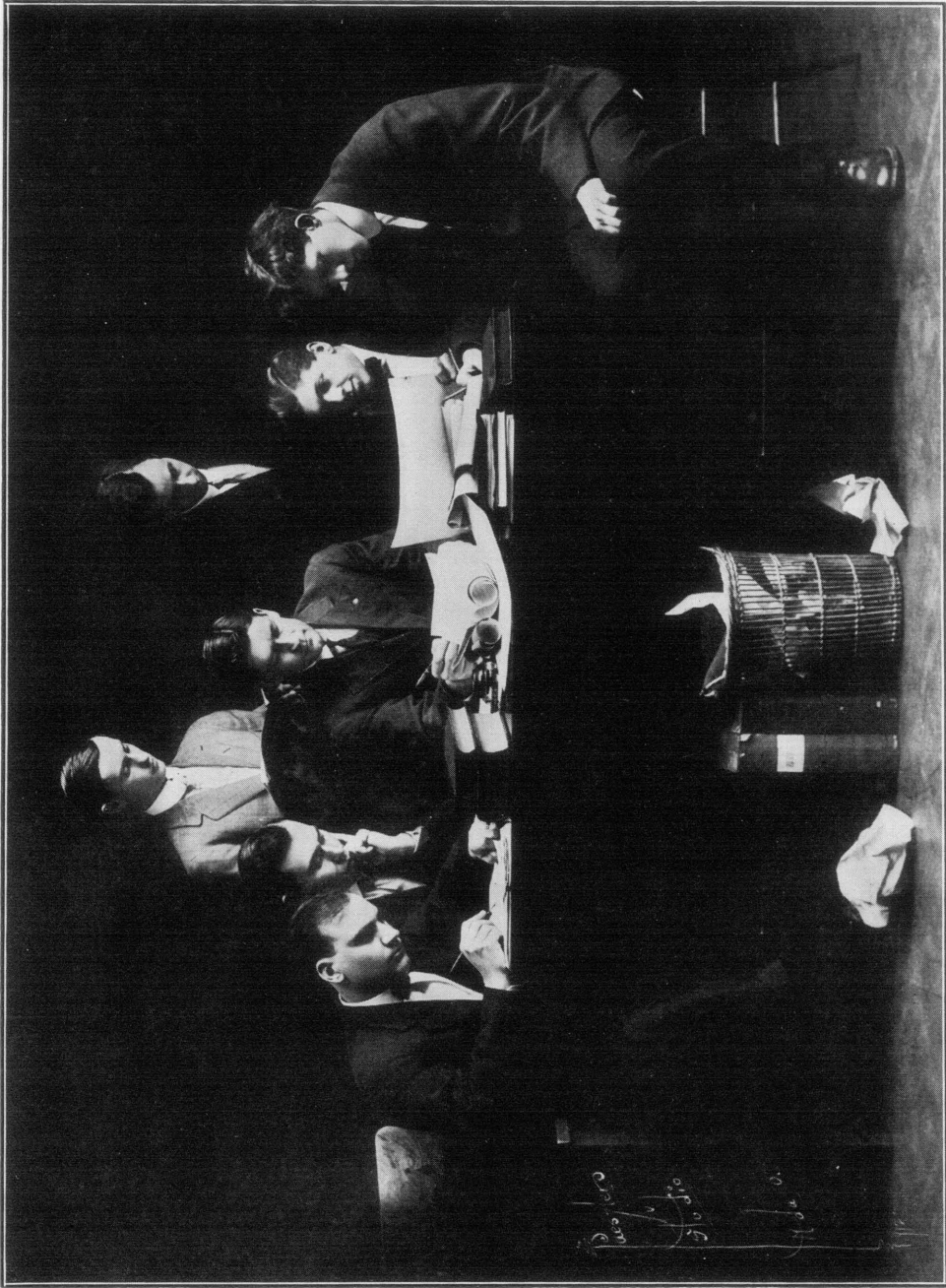
The U. S. government recognized the institution and appointed Lieut. Roberts as commandant. This year also were organized the College of Law and one year's course in Medicine. J. Ross Lee, an Ann Arbor graduate, was the first Dean in the College of Law and Dr. J. H. Coleman had charge of the College of Medicine. The department of Medicine continued but two years. The facilities were inadequate. This year the name of the school was changed to Ohio Normal University. In catalogue No. 16, announcements for 1886-7, is found the announcement of the College of Pharmacy. Charles Ashbrook was the Dean. In that catalogue were published the names of ten students in law, thirteen in medicine, five in pharmacy; there had to be a beginning.

In September, 1898, the Central Ohio Conference of the M. E. Church contracted to buy the University, but the sale was not completed till in August, 1899. H. S. Lehr, Warren Darst, Frederick Maglott, and S. D. Fess, rented the O. N. U. for the year 1899-1900, and for the school year 1900-1901 H. S. Lehr, Frederick Maglott, S. D. Fess, and John Davison, rented the school. The board of trustees later added Henry Whitworth as a member. In 1901 L. A. Belt was elected President by the trustees, and H. S. Lehr, Vice President, treasurer and corresponding secretary. He was also to act as general manager.

Later the name of the school was changed to Ohio Northern University. Dr. Albert Edwin Smith is now the President. Many changes and improvements have been made, all of which the present students and citizens know full well. The largest annual enrollment of students under the management of the founder was in the school year 1899-1900, 3,349. The largest number in Liberal Arts College was 1,998, in 1899-1900; in the College of Commerce 334, in 1891-1892; in Law 180, in 1897-'98; in Pharmacy 229, in 1896-'97; in Music 363, in 1893-'94; in Elocution 137, in 1894-'95; in Stenography 174 in 1899-1900; Telegraphy 70, in 1882-'83; Fine Arts 169, in 1882-'83; Civil Engineering 84 and in Electrical 32, in 1899-1900.



ALBERT EDWIN SMITH,
President Ohio Northern University



NORTHERN BOARD.

NORTHERN BOARD—'12

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EDITORIAL

REALIZING the advantage in having a fixed title and of having certain distinguishing characteristics, the editors have retained the name "Sorthern" and the departmental plan of Volume 1. We hope future classes will continue the precedent.

Celieving that a Class Annual, more than any other output of a school, is a measure of that school's efficiency, its spirit, its literary standards, the editors have taken considerable time and pains in the compilation of this volume. A number of new features have been added, chief among which is a department of literature. A special effort has been made to give the book, thruout, a \-hole-some literary tone.

Failure on the part of some to respond to requests, lack of thoro organization of the various departments, have prevented us from realizing certain features, that would have greatly added to the interest and artistic finish of the book. After a prolonged and varied experience in this work, I advise succeeding classes to effect thoro organizations and begin preparations for their Annual in the Junior Year.

Space forbids giving personal mention to all who have assisted in the preparation of this volume. Thanks are due to the departmental associates and to all who have contributed to the literary sections. I-lon-ever, we desire to thank, particularly, the follon-ing: Dr. Lehr for his interest, encouragement, and for his Sketch of O. N. U. History; Miss Yambert, for her work in Fine Art; Mr. C. E. Remick, for both designs and cartoons; and Mr. Frueh, for cartoons. To Mr. G. M. McCleary "Sorthern, '12" owes its publication. Thru his persistent efforts and business acumen we have been enabled to publish a book, first class in every respect, at a saving of several hundreds of dollars to the class. Nor can we overlook the work of H. H. L. Wright, the Advertising Manager. Thru his efforts \$100 worth of advertising space was sold, which furnished the funds necessary to embellish the Annual.

Thanks are also due the Fraternities for their liberal donations to the Coard.

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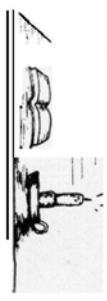
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President

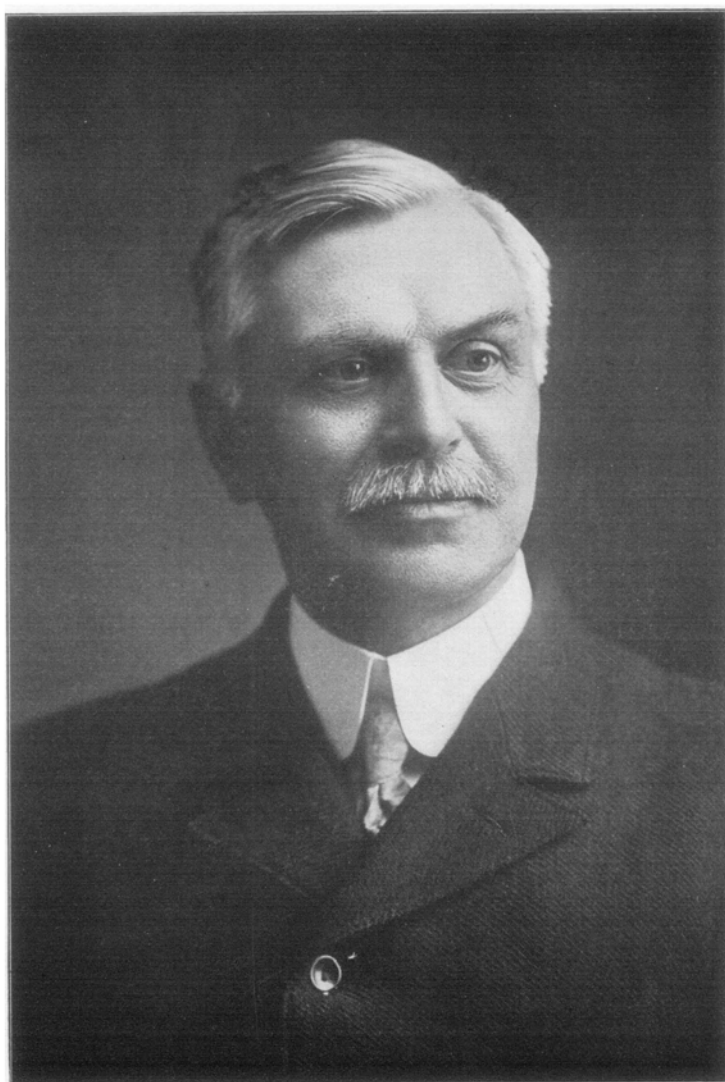


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Field & Fiscal Secy

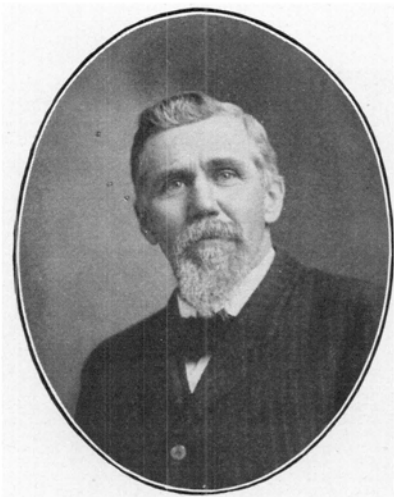


Chas. D. Wright G.S.
Corresponding Secy

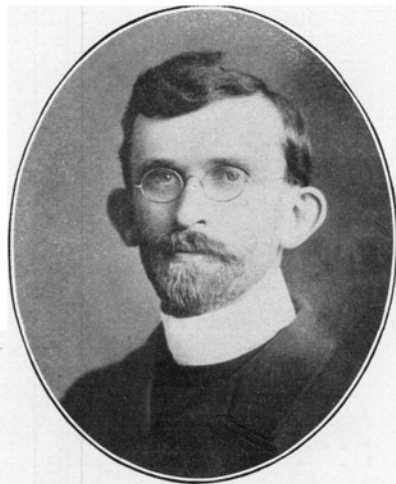




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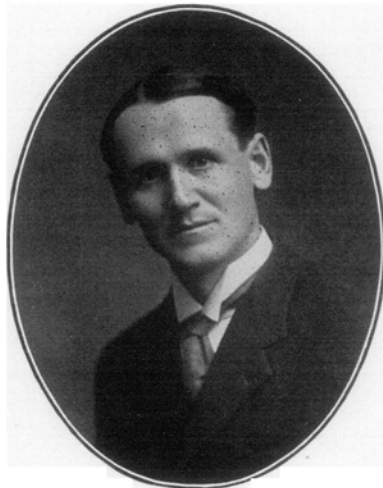


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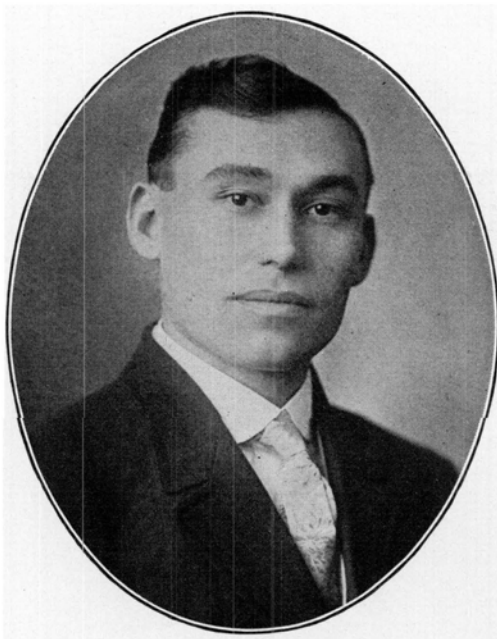


GROVER C. KREGLOW, B. SC, A. B.



IONA M. KILMER, E. PED.

PROFESSORS COLLEGE LIBERAL ARTS



O. F. CARPENTER, A. E.
Oakwood, Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society
Editon-in-chief of "Northern"



R. W. PRATT, A. B.
Le Raysville, Pa.

President Adelphian Literary Society, '12
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12

His study of the dead languages has splendidly trained him for riding the circuit.



RACHEL SMITH, A. E.
Ada, Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society
"Beautiful and well favoured" like Rachel of old, but—no Jacob.



R. C. BAKER, B. Sc.

Anna, Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society
Associate Editor of "Northern"

No "standpatter" was Baker. He advocated the Initiative and Referendum, and the Recall; International Peace and Woman Suffrage; the Nationalization of land and the retirement of Teddy Roosevelt.



FLOYD M. ELLIOT, B. Sc.

Ada, A. H. S. Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society

Famous as a money-getter for the Philos.



JESS. B. WAGNER, B. Sc.

Southerland, T. H. S. '08 Florida

Member Adelphean Literary Society

*"Deluded swain the pleasure,
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee."*



GEORGE MILTON HARRIS, PH. E.
 Uniontown, Pa.
 Member Franklin Literary Society
 Class Poet, '12
*"Writes things not dreamt of in
 Philosophy"*.



LEONORE REAM, GRAD. ENG.
 Ada, A. H. S. Ohio
 Member Philomathean Literary Society
"Woman to her inmost heart".



CHAS. G. ALDRICH, PH. B.
 Ada, Ohio
 Member Franklin Literary Society
 M. M. C. 4. Cabinet

*"But I say unto thee that ye resist not
 evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on
 thy right cheek turn to him the other
 also"*.



PAUL W. ERNSBERGER, E. Sc.
Ada, Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

*"Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs."*



J. T. KELBAUGH, E. Sc.
Caldwell, Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society

*Like Saul of Israel he stands head
and shoulders above the crowd.*



J. A. FAWCETT, B. Sc.
Canonsburg, T. W. P. H. S. Pa.

Member Adelpian Literary Society

A Keystone Democrat.



R. R. FOLEY, E. Sc., PH. E.
Ada, BΣX Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society
First Prizes Y. M. C. A. Member-
ship Campaigns, Years '08 and '09
Second Prize Boxing Contest, '09
Company Founder and Business
Manager of "Xorthern Light"

Had no time for rest.

HELEN OTTMER, E. Sc.
Washington, ΦX Wisconsin

Member Franklin Literary Society
Class Historian '12
Winner Kuhn Oratorical Contest, '09



ELLEN PALMER, B. Sc.
McConnelsville, McC. H. S. Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society





CLYDE A. WALTZ, B. SC.
Bluffton, B. H. S. Ohio

Member Franklin Literary Society
Associate Editor of "Northern"

*"Nature hath framed strange fellows
in her time".*

V. R. DRAY, B. PED., B. SC., PH. B.
Kalida, K. H. S. Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society

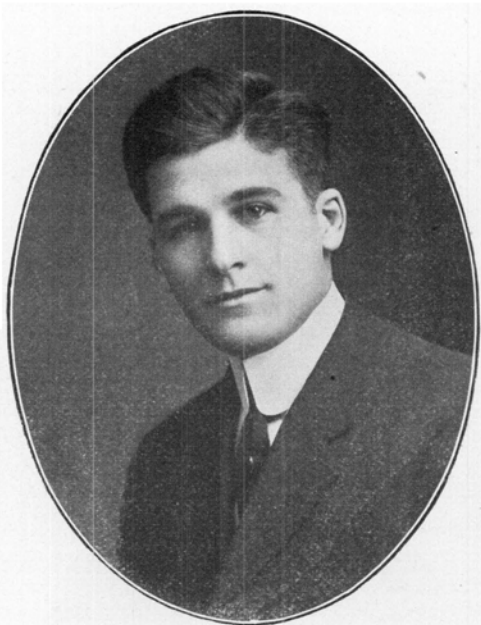
*A mighty champion of the rights and
majesty of woman.*



LEO. E. FRUEH, GRAD. ENG.
Lima, ΣΦΕ Ohio

Member Franklin Literary Society
Cartoonist "Northern"

"Not born under a rhyming planet".



O. G. LYON, B. Sc., B. PED.
Vickery, Ohio

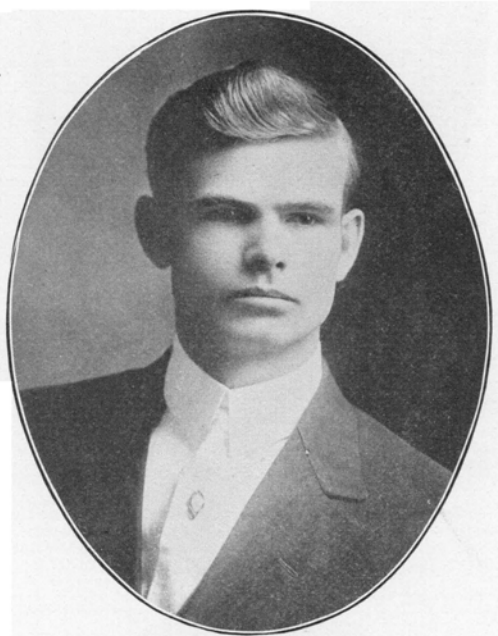
Class Treasurer '12
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Cadet Band

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing".



P. H. SMITH, E. Sc.
New Haven, Φ NE Conn.

Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Mandolin Club



E. C. REED, E. Sc., E. PED.
Ashville, M. H. S. '08 Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society
First Lieutenant, Co. D
O. N. U. Track Team, '11

"Some critics are like chimney sweepers, they put out the fire below and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing out from the top of the house as if they had built it".

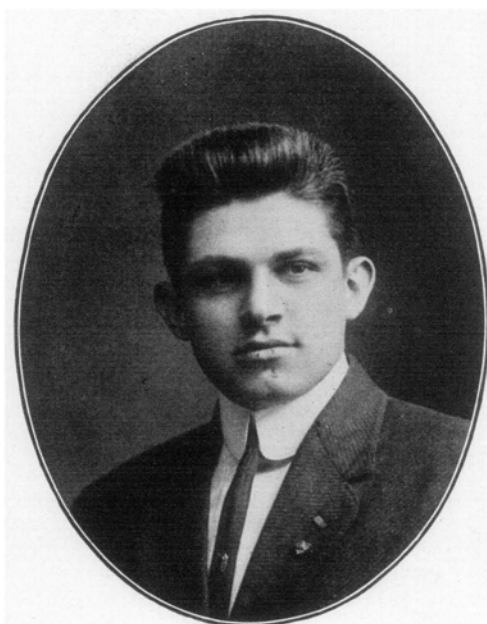


MARY HOWEY, GRAD. ENG.
Spencerville, T. H. S. '10 Ohio
Member Franklin Literary Society

*"That which is striking and beautiful
is not always good. but that which is
good is always beautiful".*



STELLA STEINMETZ, GRAD. ENG.
Ada, A. H. S. '10 Ohio
Member Franklin Literary Society



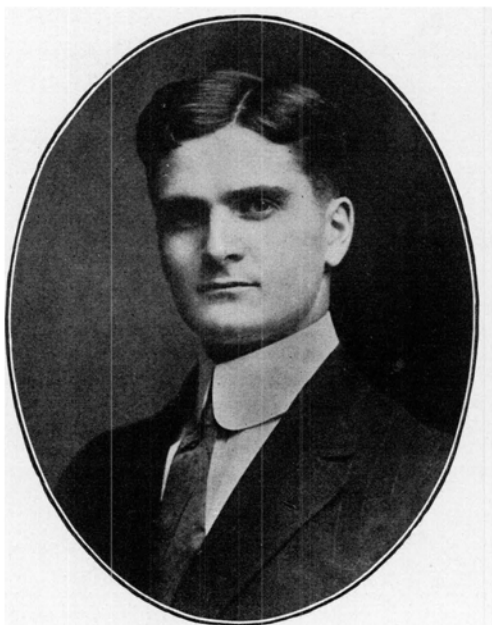
E. O. DOUCH, GRAD. ENG.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Member of Bugle Corps

*"Prof., what jew say the question
was?"*



R. E. LISLE, A. B.
Forest, Ohio
Member Franklin Literary Society
Class Orator, '12

"How are you going to solicit without the girls?"



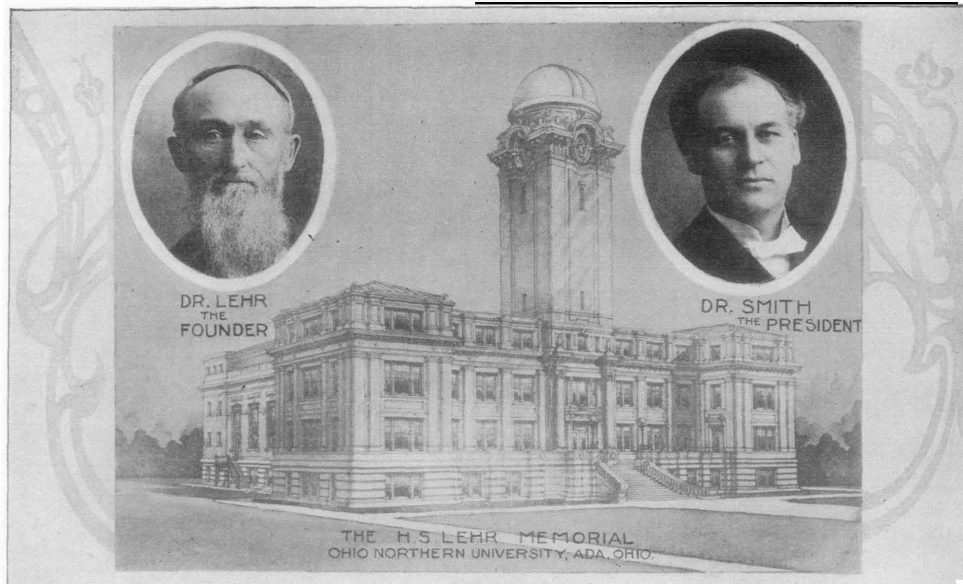
ELTON G. ROGERS, B. SC.
Bridgeport, E. H. S. Conn.
ΣΦΕ

Associate Editor "Northern Light"
*"When cutty sarks run in your mind,
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare."*



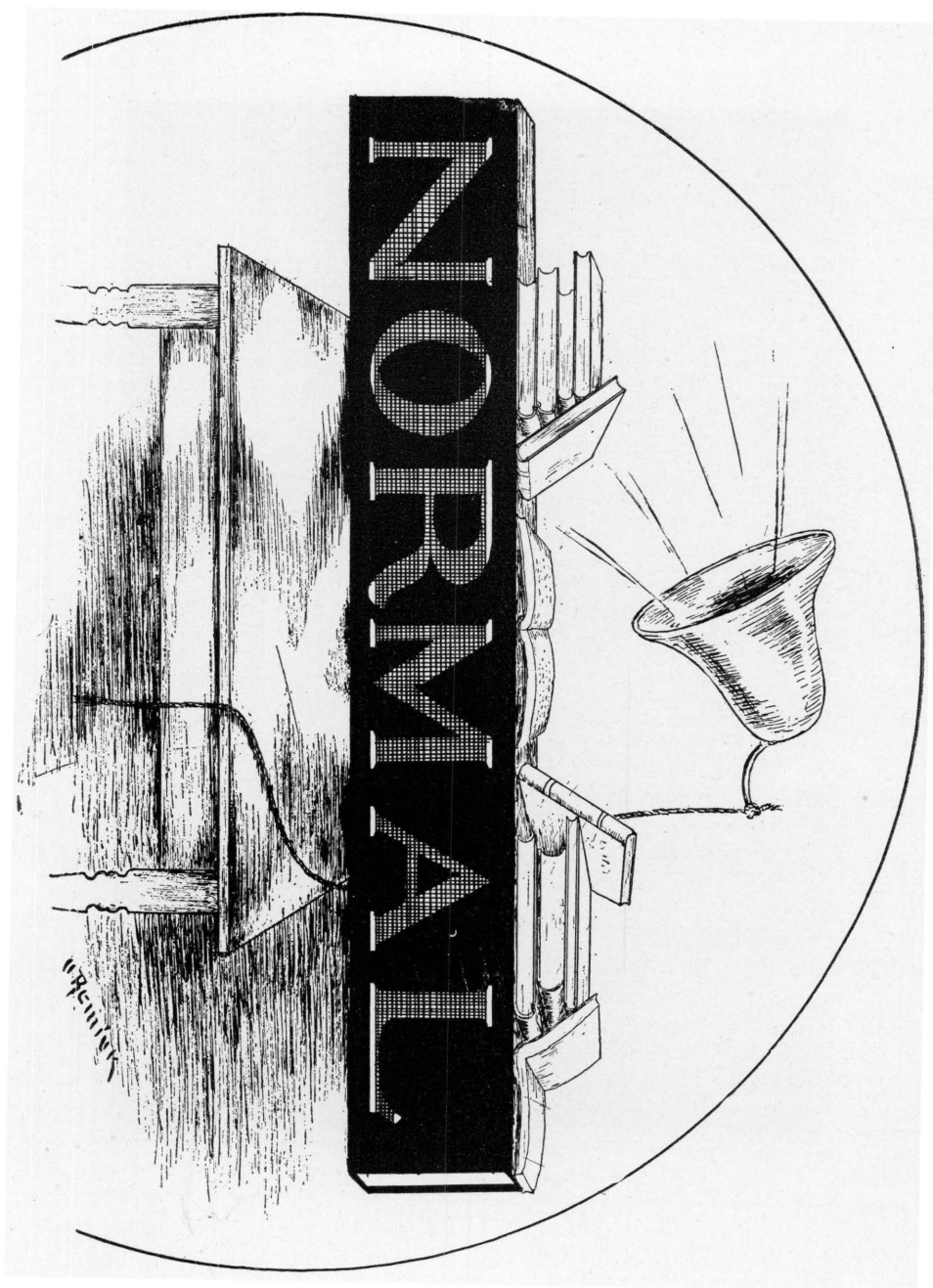
W. E. SIMPSON, PH. E.
Flushing, ΩΛΦ ΒΣΧ Ohio
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Captain Co. C
Winner Y. M. C. A. Membership
Contests, '10 and '11
Highest Score in Battalion Rifle Con-
test, '11
Class Poet, '11
Editor and Chief of "Northern Light"

*"Fling away ambition, by that sin fell
the angels".*



PROPOSED LEHR MEMORIAL

As a fitting and lasting monument to the labors of Dr. Lehr, the beautiful and massive Lehr Memorial will soon be erected on the campus of Ohio Northern. During the past few years the plans for this building have been pushed steadily forward; in the near future, the Memorial will pass from an abstract fancy, into a concrete fact. In Nov., 1907, the services of Rev. A. A. Thomas, an enthusiastic alumnus of the Institution, were secured as Field and Fiscal Secretary; since that time he has been active in securing funds for this worthy project. To him also has been assigned the task of securing the funds for the College Farm. The approaching Annual Commencement will bring with it the glad message that these two funds have reached a grand total of nearly \$60,000.00, offerings mostly of the graduates and ex-students of the University. Especially is this true of the Lehr Memorial fund. Love and loyalty reach a high water mark in giving to the Lehr Memorial. Recently one man, S. R. France of Toledo, donated 40 carloads of cement stone, sufficient to construct the entire foundation 180 by 160, 9 feet high, 1½ feet thick and one foot thick in the bottom. What once was thought to be impossible is now at the very door of the possible and soon will be heard the glad chorus of hammer and saw reinforced by the click of the chisel and music of the trowel in making real the Memorial Ideal.





CHAS. C. MCCrackEN, A. M.
Dean of Normal School



LOUELLA WILLIAMS, GRAD. PED.
Wauseon, Ohio

Secretary Senior Class, '12
Member Franklin Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.

Our much loved secretary.

ARLETTA CORA LARUE, GRAD. PED.
Bloomville, Ohio

Class Prophetess, '12
Member Philomathean Literary Society

*"Her voice was ever soft, Gentle,
and low, — an excellent thing in wo-
man".*

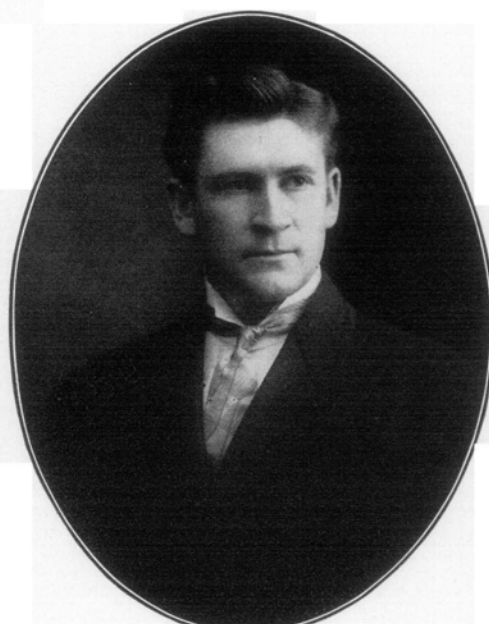




J. E. OBER, GRAD. PED.
Bays, B. H. S. Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.

Loves old Northern best.



J. L. MANAHAN, B. Sc., E. PED.
Belle Center, E. C. H. S. Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society
President O. N. U. Choral Society
Associate Editor of "Northern"

A critic of the first magnitude.

ADVICE

Teacher, 'spare that rod !
Touch not a single youth!
In bygone days they wielded it,
But now days be a Ruth.
'Twas our forefather's hand
That wielded it with will;
Rut teacher, make a stand;
Remember Bunker Hill.

That old, old worn rod,
Now dusty and grown brown,
Was wielded on both sides the sea—
But now, please lay it down.
Teacher, forbear thy stroke !
Leave the rod where it lies;
Try to encourage the young folk,
By pointing them to the prize.

When you were a mischievous child,
And felt its ungrateful sting,
Did you have that disposition mild
To sit erect and sing?
Your father may have whipped you,
While your mother held your hand,
But now please take some sound advice
Touch not the tragic wand.

J. B. O.



"OHIO NORTHERN UNIVERSITY"

O where in all this whole world thru
Is a village that's more fair to view
Than "Ada," the home of the O. N. U.

O where in schools across the sea
Can there be found a pedigree,
As has our Old University?

O where is there a busier bee
To please us all and o'ersee
Than Smith of our University?

O where is there a lighter fee
On which all students quite agree
Than at our College at Ad-e?

O where are students made more free
And yet are kept bowed at the knee
Than at our College at Ad-e?

O where can learning chance to be
More radiant from the knowledge tree
Than in the halls of our University?

O where do students hear the plea
For Christian living more than we
At Dr. Smith's modern University?

J. B. O.

OLD NORTHERN

Oh for boyhood's college days,
When Free-hand was taught by Miss Ley.
Circles and wheels, and chairs and stools,
Knowledge never learned by fools.
Sext in line came Professor Dice,
The man who gave good, sound advice
On Psychology I and Philosophy II,
Metaphysics, Asthetics, and Ethics true,
On Philosophy of Kant and Theory of Knowledge,
—Is there a better man in any college?
Professor Schoonover is known quite well,
And is always in on the foot ball yell.
He teaches Hebrew and New Testament Greek;
Is it any wonder that he should be sick?

There is Whitworth and Kreglow,
Freeman and Maglott,—
Some have A. M. degrees and
Some have not!
Now Samuel P. Axline has an L. L. D.,
And Frank E. Willis has a L. L. 6.
Mrs. Eva Maglott has an A. M. C. E.,
Miss May Alcott Lance has a Mus. B.
Professor D. Ewing has a M. E. E. E.
While Professor D. Mohler has a Phar. G.
That these are good men is beyond a doubt,
But there is one good Dean that
I must not leave out,
Who sits in his office the whole day thru
Holding conferences with students old and new;
He teaches Paidology and Administration.
School Hygiene and History of Education,—
So you see he has the backin
Can you guess his name? —it's Prof. McCracken.

Cheerily then Ohio Northern,
Live and prosper as we know you can!
Thou has't the leader, stately and true,
And loyal friends who will stick to you.
Your Emeritus father was a man most loyal;
May his reward be the Lehr Memorial.
And now Old Northern may you ever live
With a fame increasing still,
Giving degrees to only those,
Who first have climbed the hill!

J. B. O.



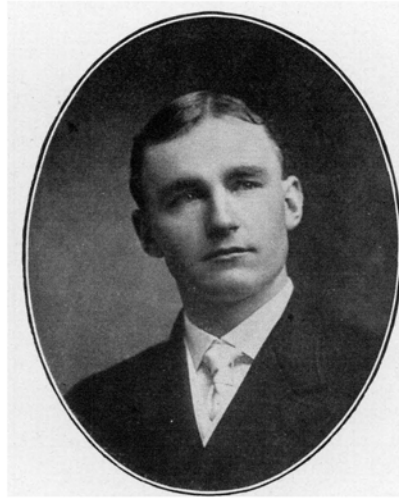
Copyright



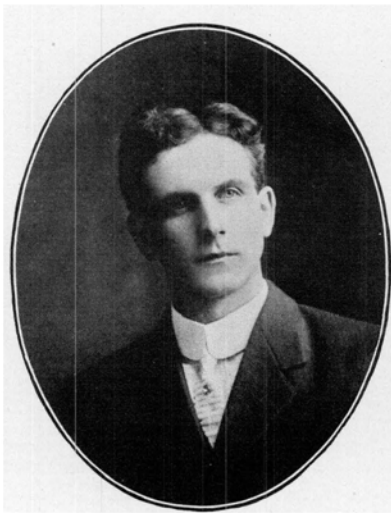
THOS. J. SMULL, C. E., M. E.
Dean of College of Engineering



MRS. EVA MAGLOTT, A. M., C. E.



DRESSEL D. EWING, M. E., E. E.

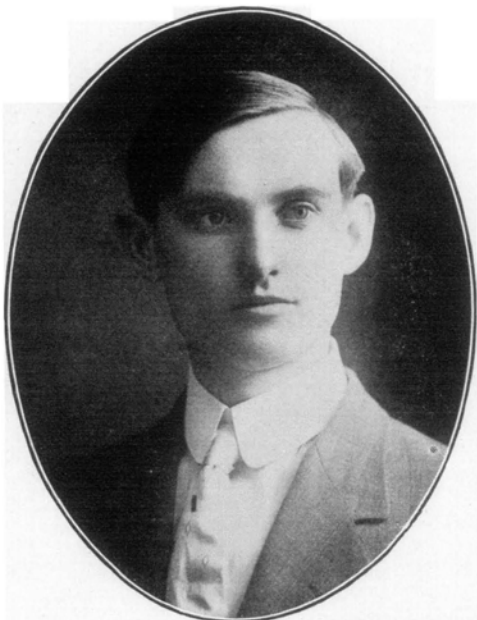


G. R. HAIGHT, B. Sc.



FRANK L. EERGER, A. B.

PROFESSORS COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

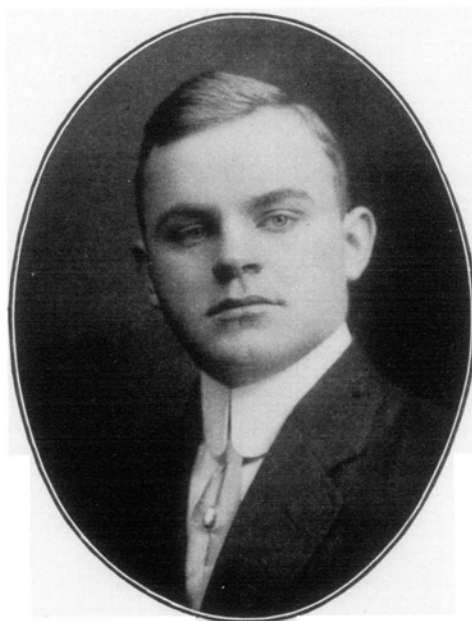


A. S. YODER, C. E.
Toledo, $\Phi X \Psi$ Ohio
Member Society of Engineers
Too serious to be truly in earnest

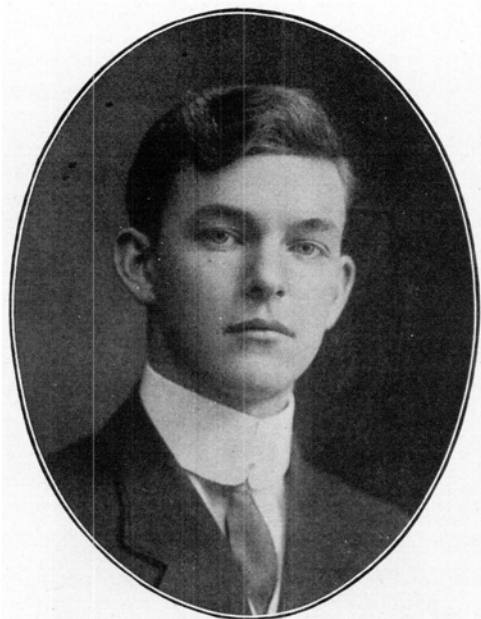


H. H. L. WRIGHT, E. E.
Elmira, New York

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Advertising Manager of "Northern"
Elmira Free Academy
Member Y. M. C. A. co. D
*"We'll bring them across with the
ads".*



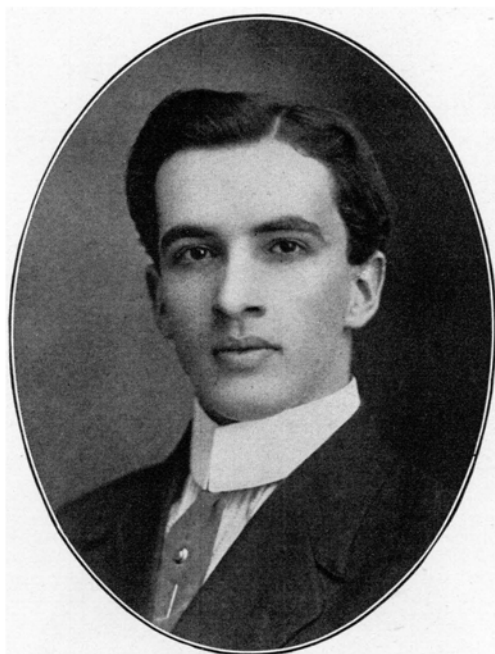
C. G. NIXON, E. E.
Steubenville, Ohio
Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Student Member A. I. E. E.



ROBERT T. CALLAGHAN, C. E.
Kempel, ΣΦΕ ΒΧΣ Ohio

President Senior Engineering Class, '12
President Society of Engineers, '12
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Engineering Editor "The Northern
Light"
Chairman Exhibit Committee, '12

"Had a finger in every pie".



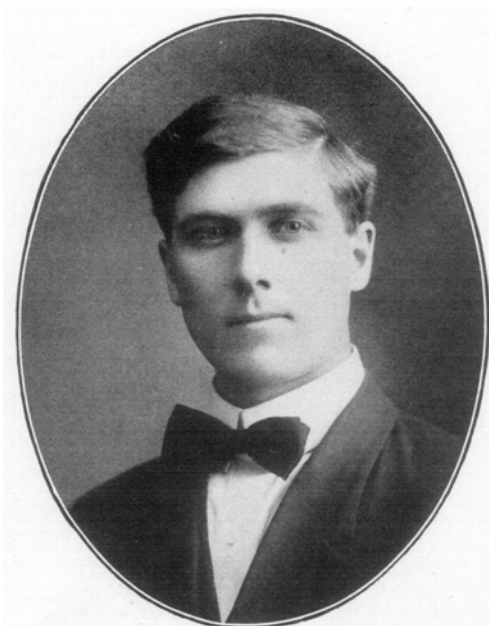
H. A. BARNEY, C. E.
Colombia, S. A.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Cosmopolitan Club



B. LASSOFF, E. E.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Student Member A. I. E. E.

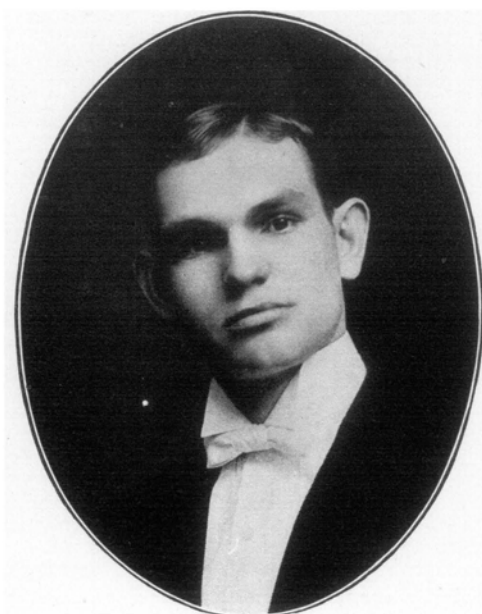


P. W. LOONAM, (PETE) C. E.
St. Charles, ΛΤΔ ΒΣΧ Mo.

President Society of Engineers, '11-'12
Member Adelpian Literary Society
St. Charles Military College



J. R. STAMETS, C. E.
Allegheny, ΣΦΕ Pa.
Member Society of Engineers



L. D. MERRY, C. E.
Caldwell, Ohio

President Philomathean Society, '11
Member Society of Engineers

He excelled in nomination speeches.



LESLIE V. LYLE, C. E. ("L. V.")
Ada, $\Phi X \Psi$ Ohio

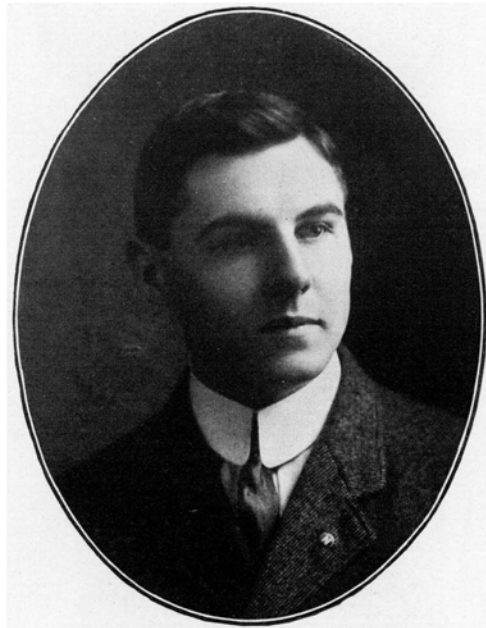
President Society of Engineers, '12
No more loyal engineer than he.



G. M. McCLEARY, M. E.
Waynesboro, Pa.

Business Manager of "Northern"
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Society of Engineers
co. "D"

*An absolute stranger to politics, but a
mighty influence for peace and sobriety.*



P.H. REID, M. E.
De Graff, $\Phi X \Psi$ Ohio

Treasurer Society of Engineers
1st Lieutenant Signal Corps



E. M. MOOREHEAD, C. E. (MOSE)
Senecaville, S. H. S. $\Sigma\Phi E$ Ohio
Member Society of Engineers
1st Sergeant Battery

*"In departing left behind him
Footprints on the sands of time".*



G. C. JOSEPH, E. E.
Luckey, Ohio
Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.

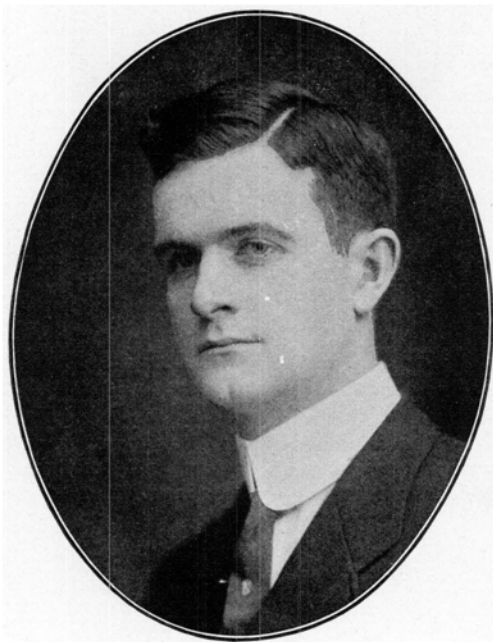


H. D. BRUHN, E. E.
Wheeling, W. H. S. W. Va.
Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.



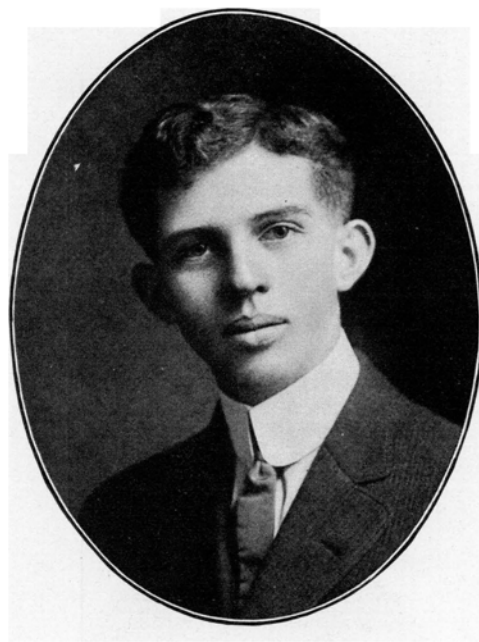
DONALD MAGLOTT, E. Sc., C. E.
Ada, $\Sigma\Phi E$ Ohio

Member Society of Engineers
Associate Editor of "Northern"
Captain Co. "A", '11



J. S. NEIDICH, E. E.
Brooklyn, Cooper Union N. Y.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.



L. A. ROBERTS, E. E.
Ashtabula, A. H. S. '07 Ohio

$\Sigma\Phi E$

Member Society of Engineers.
Member Executive Committee A. I. E. E.
Varsity Base Ball Team, 1910-11
Member Adelpian Literary Society



CHARLES E. HUBER, C. E.
Toledo, ATA Ohio.
Vice President Senior Engineering
Class, '12
Secretary Society of Engineers, '11
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Exhibit Committee, '11
Member Y. M. C. A.

A shining example of the busy man.



H. R. DAUBENSPECK, C. E.
Green Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
President Senior Class, '12
Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelpian Literary Society

*So punctilious was he in discharging
his presidential duties that, as some say,
he was seldom without his secretary.*



J. M. CLAYTON, C. E.
St. Louis, Mo.
Member Society of Engineers
St. Charles Military College, '09
First Lieutenant, Co. "B"
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Military Editor "Northern Light"
Chairman Membership Committee Y.
M. C. A.



E. P. HERRICK, E. E. M. E.
New Haven, $\Sigma\Phi E$ Conn.

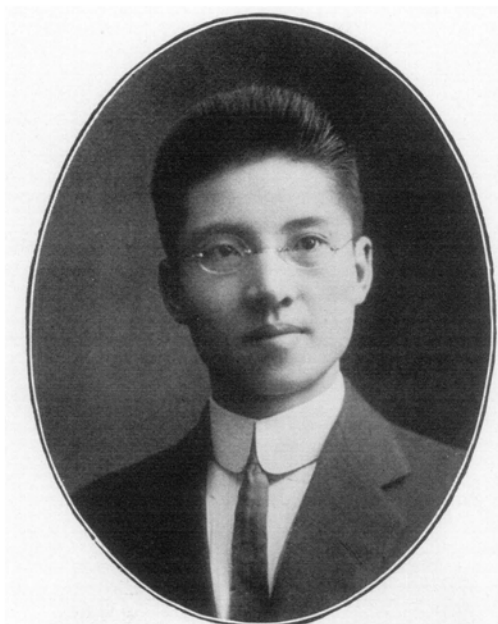
Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society



H. C. McCREA, C. E.
Homer City, $\Phi X \Psi$ Pa.
Member Society of Engineers



M. B. URICH, C. E.
Ephrata, $\Sigma\Phi E$ Pa.
Member Society of Engineers
Adjutant O. N. U. Battalion
First Lieutenant Co. "B"



R. L. WHITE, E. E.

Garrett, ONE Ind.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Franklin Literary Society
Student Secretary A. I. E. E.
Member Y. M. C. A.



G. L. CARLISLE, E. E.

Luthersburg, ONE Pa.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Franklin Literary Society
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Sergeant Major of Battalion
Member Y. M. C. A.



E. H. KWAN DENN, C. E.

Shanghai, China.

Nanyang College, Shanghai
Member Society of Engineers
Member Cosmopolitan Club
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.

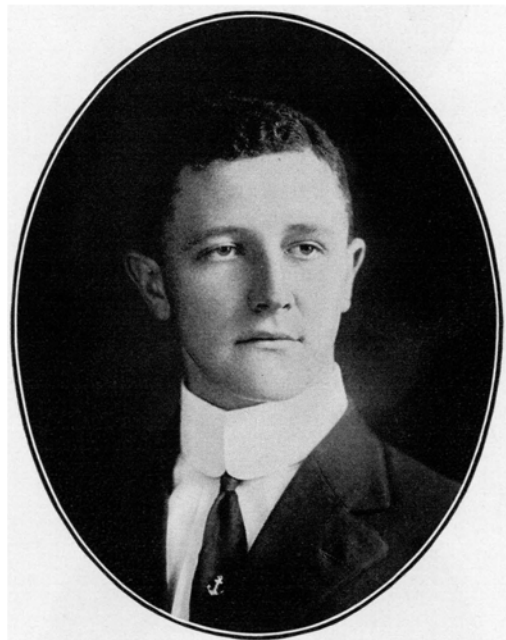


FRANK OISTEAD, C. E.
Chicago, $\Sigma\Phi E$ III.
Member Society of Engineers
Engineers Male Quartet
Member Philomathean Literary Society



CHAUNCEY R. WALKER, C. E.
Pittsburg, ONE Pa.
Member Society of Engineers
Member Franklin Literary Society
Captain Battery "B"
Pittsburg Academy

Took military training for mental recuperation.



WALTER S. RAMBO, C. E.
Philadelphia P. H. S. '07 Pa.
Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society
co. "C"

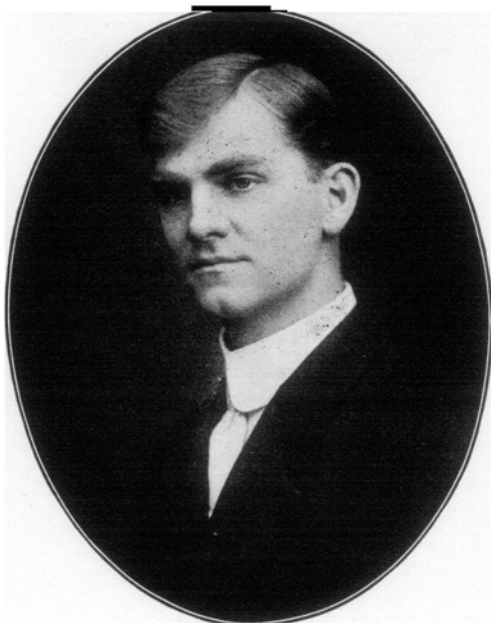


C. W. LAMBERT, C. E.
Beaver, **BΣX ΣΦE** W. Va.
Member Society of Engineers
Manager O. N. U. Basket Ball Team

S. McCASSY, C. E.
Dayton, **ΣΦE** Ohio.
Member Society of Engineers



R. M. BORCHERS, C. E.
Dayton, Ohio.
Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelphian Literary Society
Second Lieutenant Co. "A"





J. CORWIN JOHNSTON, E. E.
Springrun, Pa.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Member Franklin Literary Society

W. H. PORTER, E. E. M. E.
Claysville, Pa.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Band Leader, '12

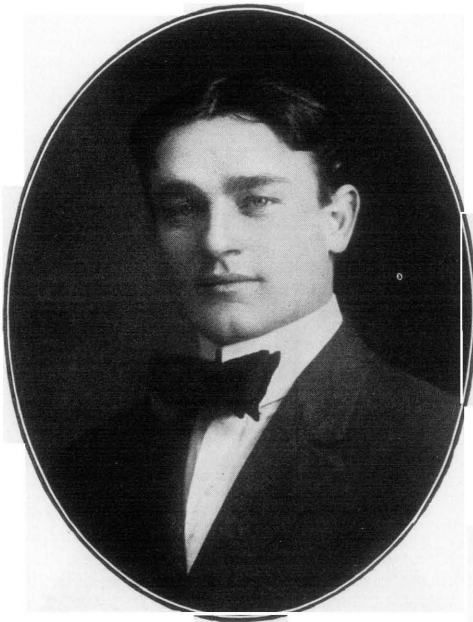
"Young in years, but old in experience."



CHESTER ROE, E. E. (COSΘ)
St. Louisville, Ohio.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.

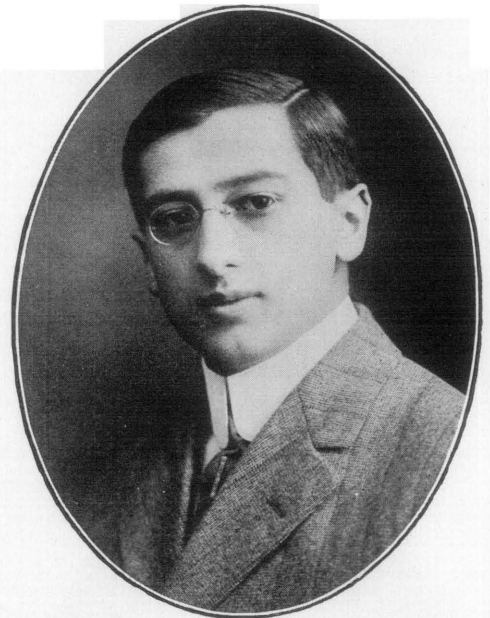




GROVER A. HUGHES, B. Ped. '10, E. E.
Sew Madison, N. M. H. S. '06 Ohio

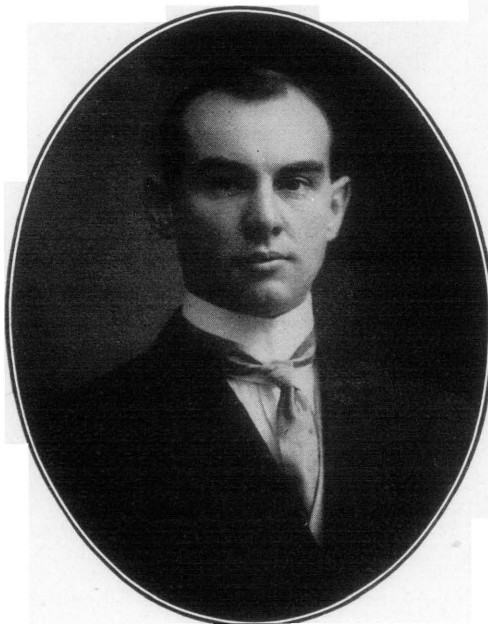
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Captain O. N. U. Track Team, '11

His mind and his tongue were closely connected.



D. de LOUZA PEREIRA, E. E.
San Paulo, Brazil.

Member Adelpian Literary Society



H. J. SELLS, E. E.
Kenton, Ohio.

Student Member A. I. E. E.
Member of Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society



FORD A. PRESLER, C. E.
Adrian, Ohio.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.
Co. "D"



C. W. NISWANDER, C. E.
Eluffton, $\Phi X \Psi$ Ohio.

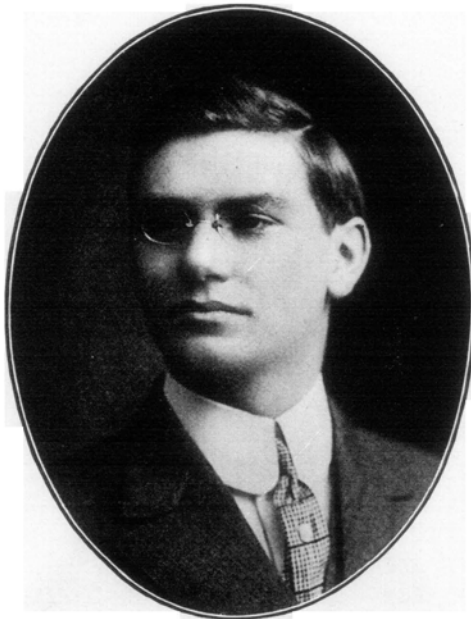
Engineers Male Quartette
Foot Ball, '11
Member Society of Engineers
Battalion Quarter Master, 1911

*If it be true that "music hath charms
to soothe the savage breast" Nisy has
played his part in behalf of tranquillity
and peace.*



T. H. FRANKENBERRY, E. E.
North Liberty, Indiana.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Chairman A. I. E. E.
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Co. "B"



JERRY M. ASHLEY, E. E.
Youngstown, Ohio.
Treasurer Society of Engineers



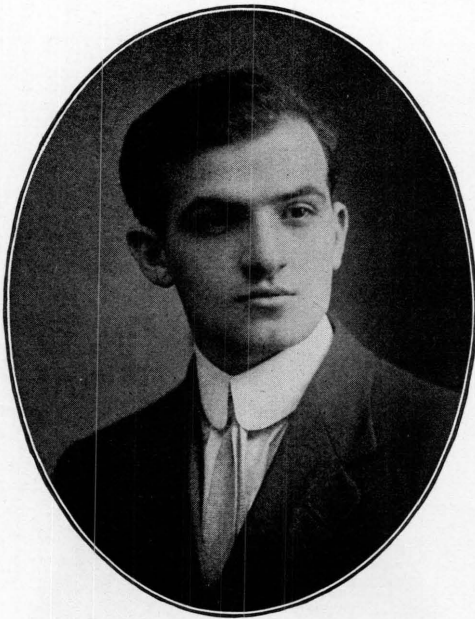
J. L. PROSKINE, C. E.
Fish's Eddy, W. H. S. N. Y.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelphian Literary Society



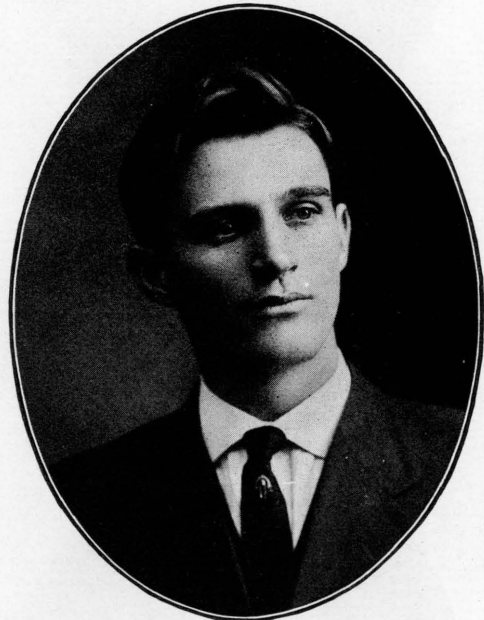
J. D. ZIMMERMAN, E. E.
Cutler, $\Sigma\Phi E$ Pa.

Student Member A. I. E. E.
Vice President Society of Engineers, '12



ISADORE MUSCHEL, C. E.
New York City, N. Y.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.
Co. "C"



CHARLES N. BELL, C. E.
Kendalville, Indiana.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelpian Literary Society



FRANK C. FIERBAUGH, C. E.
Canotton, Ohio

Member Society of Engineers
Member Y. M. C. A.



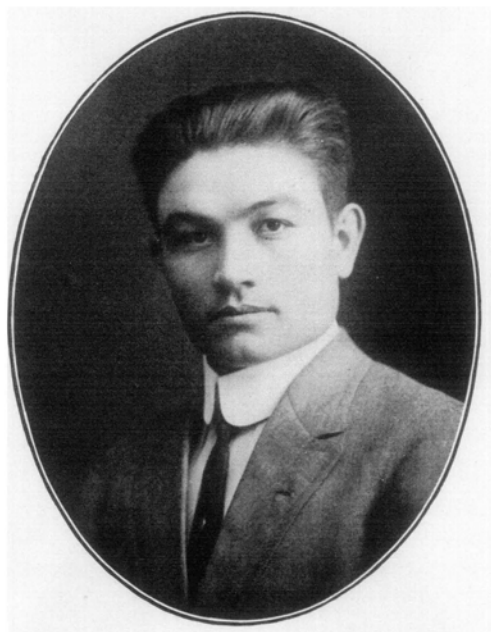
CHARLES H. FORK, C. E.
Toledo, Ohio.

Secretary Senior Engineering Class, '12
Secretary and Treasurer, Society of
Engineers
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.



H. E. LEHR, C. E.
Lykens, L. ET. S. $\Phi X \Psi$ Pa.

Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Member Society of Engineers



C. E. BRAST, C. E.
Bellaire, Ohio.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society



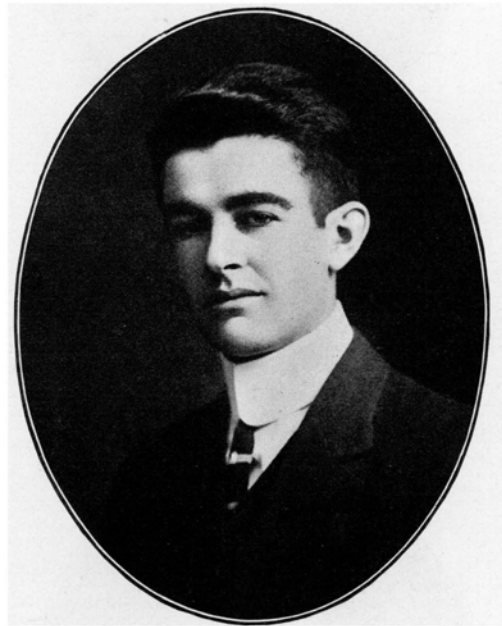
C. I. SMITH, C. E.
New Haven, ONE Conn.
Member Mandolin Glee Club

"I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time and it has made a man of me."



CURTIS COENSPARGER, C. E.
Harrod, H. H. S. Ohio.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Y. M. C. A.

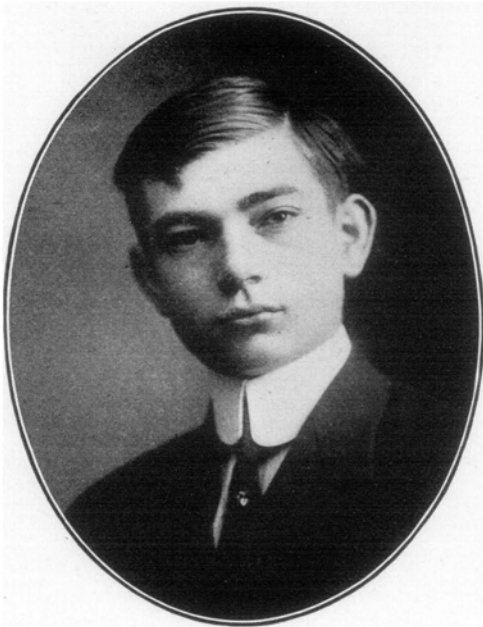


PIERRE HERBER, C. E.
Forbach Lorrain, Germany.

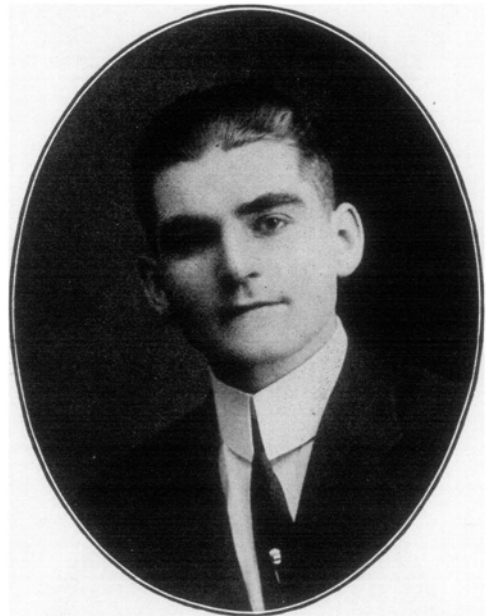
Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelphian Literary Society



L. L. FREEMAN, M. E.
 Detroit, Michigan.
 Windsor Collegiate Institute
 Member Society of Engineers



JAMES E. BENNETT, C. E.
 Cannellsville, $\Phi X \Psi$ Pa.
 Member Society of Engineers



J. W. GRAVER, C. E.
 Elmore, E. H. S. '09. Ohio.
 Treasurer Society of Engineers, '11
 Member Adelpian Literary Society
 Member Y. M. C. A.



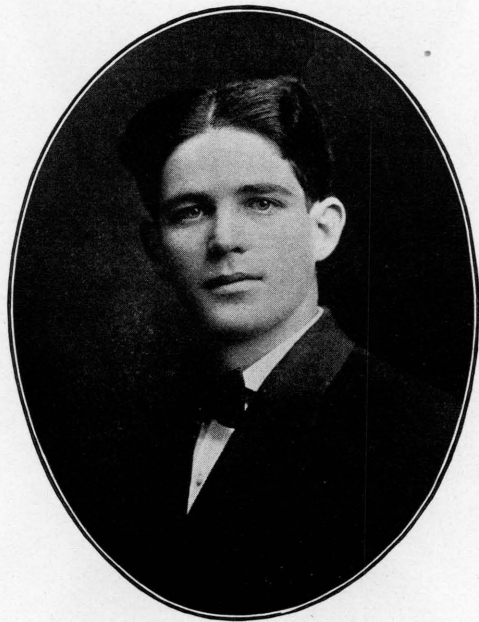
ALFREDO E. YZNAGA, C. E.
Cienfuegos, Cuba.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Co. "D"



ALBERTO I. YZNAGA, C. E.
Cienfuegos, Cuba.

Member Society of Engineers
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Co. "A"



S. L. TRIGEUBOFF, C. E.
Smolensk, Russia.

Member Society of Engineers
President Cosmopolitan Club
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.

*Tho "far off" as to country, yet he's
right here with the goods.*



ARLA V. BELDING, E. E.
Fayette, Ohio.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Y. M. C. A.
Member Co. "A"

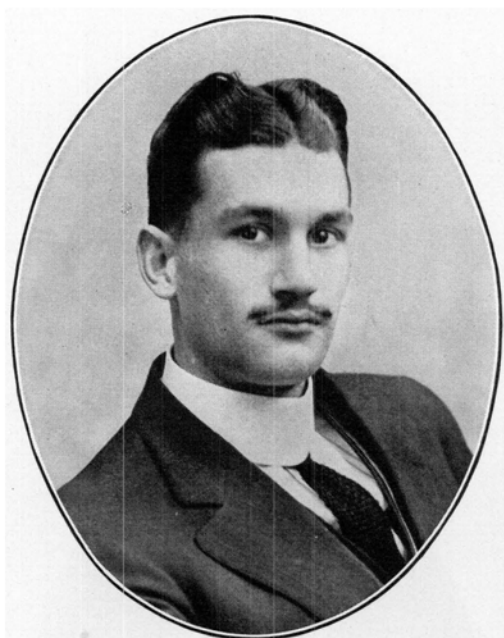
T. V. HATCHER, C. E.

Vice President and Secretary Society
of Engineers
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Second Lieutenant Co. "D"



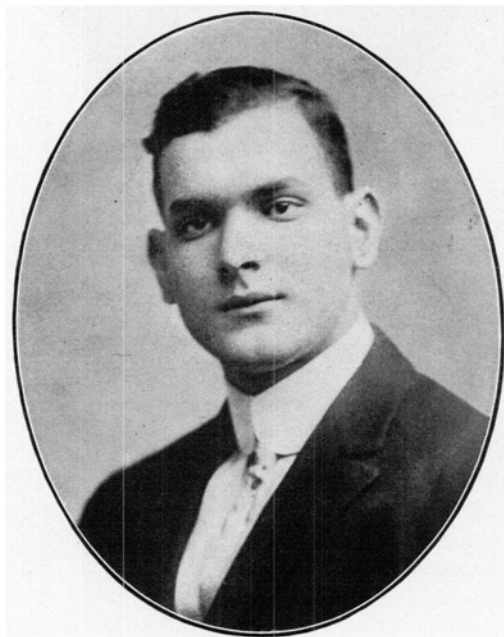
FLOYD E. TURNER, E. E., E. Sc. '09.
Ada, A. H. S. '07 Ohio

Member Ex. Com. A. I. E. E.
Member Franklin Literary Society
Captain and Ordinance Officer, '12
Capt. Co. "D", '11



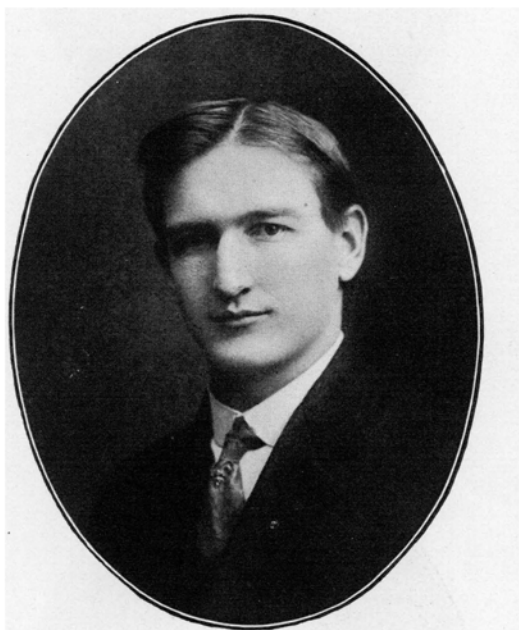
H. J. MEYER, E. E.
Grand Junction, Colo.

Member Society of Engineers
Student Member A. I. E. E.
Member Adelpian Literary Society



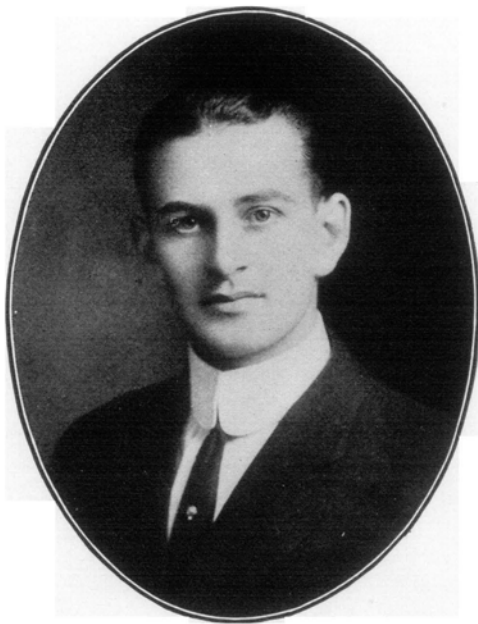
OCTAVIO MARCANO, C. E.
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico.

Member Latin America Club
Member Cosmopolitan Club

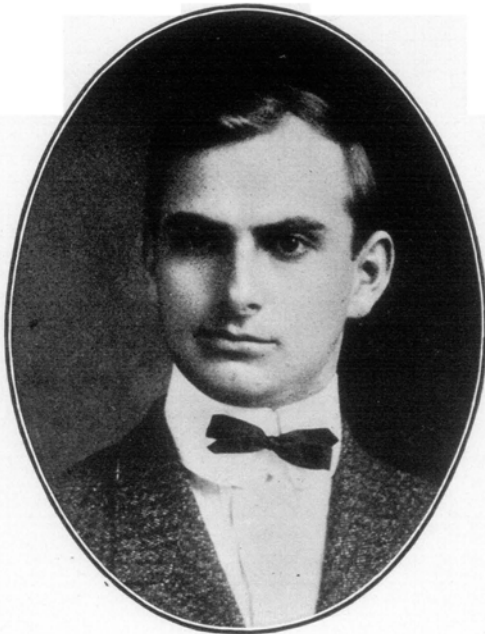


J. E. COLOM, C. E.
Ponce, P. H. S. Puerto Rico

Member Latin America Club
Member Cosmopolitan Club



T. L. ROACH, C. E.
Newark, B. H. S. '08. ΣΦΕ Ohio.
Member Society of Engineers



R. H. SMITH, E. E.
Floyd, ΣΦΕ Pa.
Member Society of Engineers



J. H. FISHER, C. E.
Greensburg, Pa.
Member Society of Engineers
"Dad"

PROF. :—Where was Portland Cement discovered, in Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon?

CHAUNCY :—Portland, Maine.

PROF. SMULL :—Well, bisect that line.

PRESLER :—(after some thought) Where will I bisect it?

FORK :—(To Prof. Eerger) What is good for chapped hands, Professor?

PROF. :—Use glycerine.

HUBER :—I've heard nitro-glycerine was better.

FORK :—Aw, go on.

HUBER :—Yes I understand when Freely used it completely blows the chaps away.

Laugh and Smull laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone,
First, when the joke's the professor's,
Second, when the joke's your own.

PROF. SMULL :—(To Masonry Class) —If any of you have some old overalls, I have some concrete out here that needs mixing.

FLASHER :—How much an hour, Prof.?

PROF. :—About a yard.

PROF. SMULL :—(In Hydraulics Class) —Graver, what is a vacuum?

GRAVER :—(Scratching his head) —That's—where the Pope lives, isn't it, Prof.?

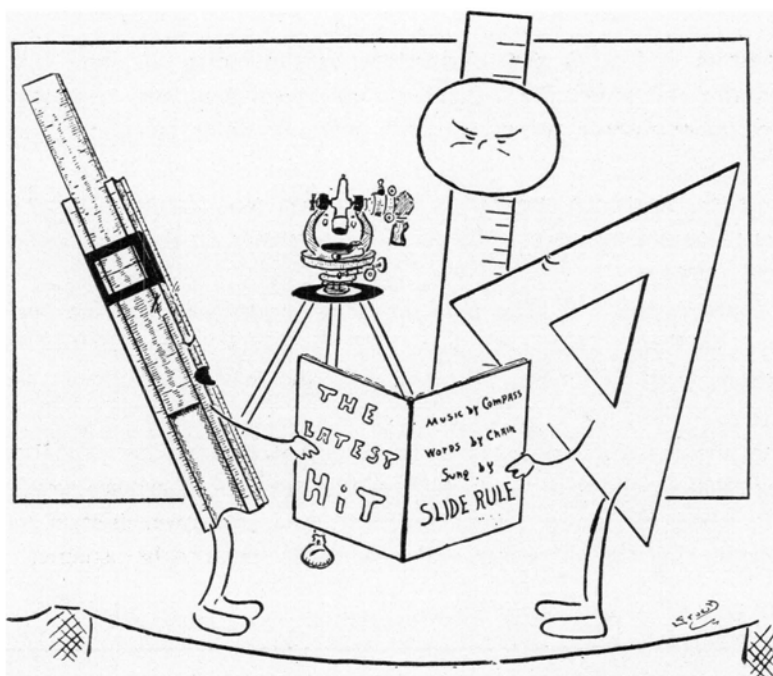
FAVORITE SONGS

J. M. ASHLEY : — "Has Any Body Here Seen Kelly."
W. H. PORTER : — "Alexander's Rag Time Band."
R. T. CALLAGHAN : — "Work For The Night Is Coming."
CHAS. BELL : — "Baby's Lullaby."
L. L. FREEMAN : — "Don' Wake Me Up, I Am Dreaining."
PETER HERBER : — "Die Wacht Am Rhein."
J. M. CLAYTON : — "I Want A Girl."
E. M. MOORHEAD : — "Soldiers Last Farewell."
HARRY BRUHN : — "Oh ! You Beautiful Doll."
CHESTER ROE : — "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."
J. L. PROSKINE : — "Do, Ra, Me, Fa, So, La, Si, Do."
J. W. GRAVER : — "Please Go Away And Let Me Sleep."
F. A. PRESLER : — "Melody Of Love."
CHAS. W. FORK : — "Down By The Old Mill Stream."
H. C. MCCREA : — "Montana Girl."
C. W. NISWANDER : — "Rolling Down To Bowling Green."
P. W. LOONAM : — "I'm A Rambler." Etc.
H. E. LEHR : — "One O'Clock In The Morning I Get Lonesome."
C. I. SMITH : — "Winter Moon."
J. BENNETT : — "In Jungle Town."
C. G. NIXON : — "Forgotten."



CAN YOU IMAGINE

YAMBERT — in citizen's clothes.
TURNER — without a girl.
PROSKINE — actually singing.
CALLAGHAN — as county surveyor.
MCCLEARY — as a politician.
SMITH — studying.
BILL — loafing.
FRANKENBERRY — as flunking.
LYLE — answering immediately.
DAUBENSPECK — without his (?) secretary.
SELLS — as keeping quiet.



JOHN CLOYD'S ORATION

THE Engineers and Pharmacs this year brought to a close the custom of having annual class fights between the two departments. The Engineering department had grown so much larger than the Pharmacy department that the Engineers thought the only fair thing to do was to cease all strife.

Arrangements were made to bury the hatchet on the campus to emphasize the event. On Nov. 29, 1911, at 8 A. M., the band playing "Nearer My God to Thee", the students of the two departments stood for half an hour, with bared heads, in a snowstorm raging during the ceremony. The following oration was delivered by John Cloyd at the grave:

"Three score and thirteen years ago, on the eighth day of March, the Maker, God Almighty, put forth in this great state of Ohio a man destined to become a great factor in the educational world and a leader among men. This man, Dr. H. S. Lehr, like many great men was born poor, yet he became rich in character and reputation. His work is one which you all love and of which you are a part, namely, the Ohio Northern University.

"As the wheel of time turned onward it brought to him the most marvel-

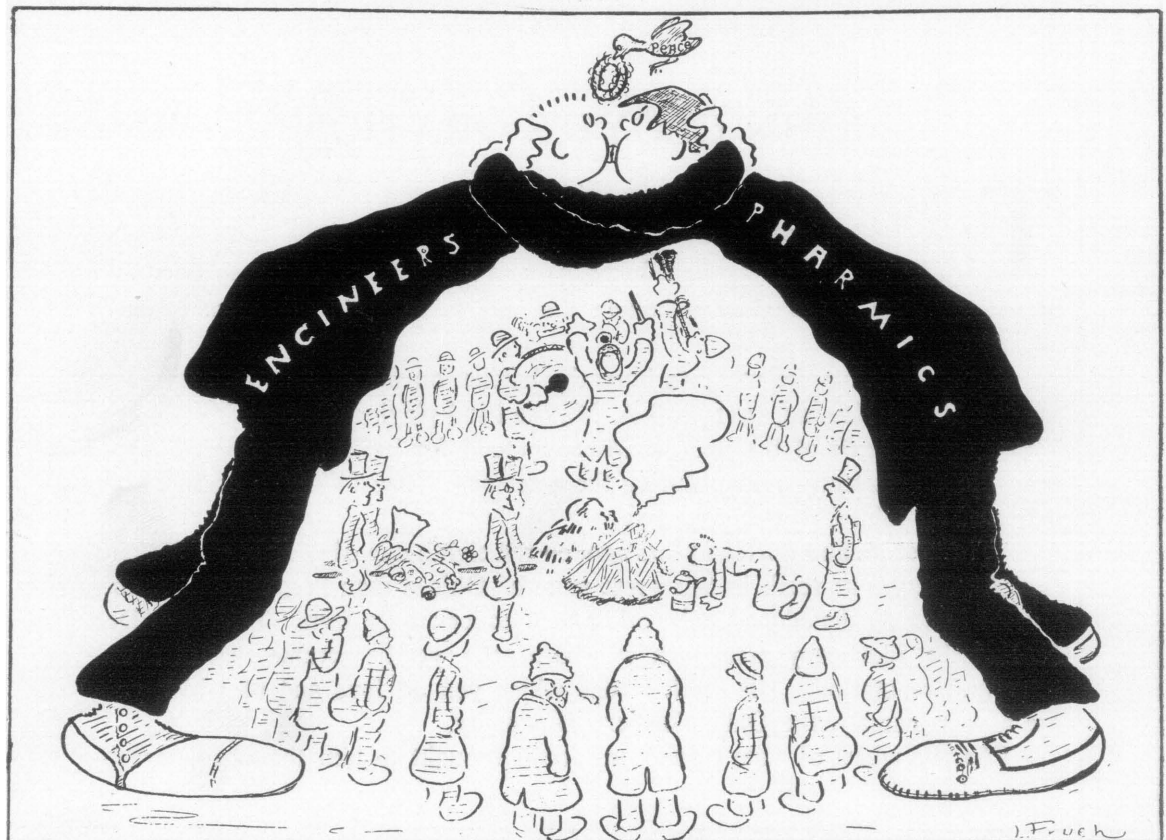
ous event of his life, the organization of the Pharmacy and Engineering departments.

"Progress and attainment seemed to be the motto of these two schools, both mentally and physically. Combats have been frequent, resulting in many black eyes, bloody noses, water-trough baths, and the destruction of much property.

"Thus we have been engaged in a great civil war testing whether that body or this one could long endure, till at last we've met on this old battle-field for a different purpose.

"The professors will little note nor long remember what we say here but they never can forget what we do here. We've niet to interweave and consolidate our relations that the bonds of friendship and love shall always remain unbroken.

"And now, as the battle-scarred and Flood-stained hatchet is lowered to the fiery grave that betokens everlasting friendship between Pharmacs and Engineers, may God, who looks down from above with joy and love, cherish and destine this crowd so that the old school will never have need to be ashamed of them."







JENNIE BOWMAN, M. O.
Dean of the College of Expression

EXPRESSION DEPT.



FLOYE CRABBE
East Springfield, E. S. H. S. '11 Ohio
Member Philomathean Literary Society
"A piece of pastoral poetry."



EDNA PUGH
Gomer, G. H. S. '10 Ohio

Member Franklin Literary Society

"The beautiful must ever rest in the arm of the sublime."



IDA POWELL
Plain City, P. C. H. S. '04 Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society

"Had marked leanings toward the ministry."

EXPRESSION

WHO ARE WE? Expression.

WHERE ARE WE? Everywhere from Band room to Brown.

WANTED: a position for a lady minister, who possesses a good clear ministerial voice.

Signed I. L. €.

Refer to Miss Webber (Expression Dept.)

TEACHER : — Floye, why don't you take off your cap?

FLOYE : — Because, I'm afraid I will hit my head with those old Indian Clubs.

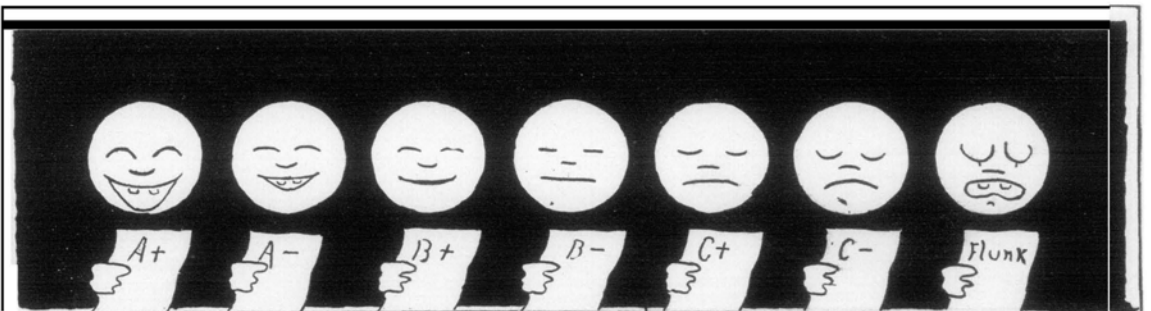
Pratt, Pratt,	Would eat no lean,
Would eat no fat,	And so we see
Miss Ida	The two sweet peas. (P. P, s.)

The streets were wet with snow one day,
As Edna was hurrying on her way,
When suddenly she met her teacher true
With a most polite "How do you do?"

The teacher was much surprised to meet
Her faithful pupil upon the street,
And quietly taking her by the arm
She led her back without much harm.

And to the classroom she was led
Blushing like the roses red;
And yet her punishment not complete,
All the lessons she must repeat.

And when at last the task was o'er
Edna resolved to skip no more.
And in remembrance of that day
A motto she has learned to say,
"Come hunger, come thirst, or whate'er betide,
I'll always walk by my teacher's side."





PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASS.

Grace Kochenderfer Edna Pugh Floye Crabbe Lucile Mills Elsie Lawrence
Lillis Beasley Emma Dell O'Dell Ida Powell Ethel Baird



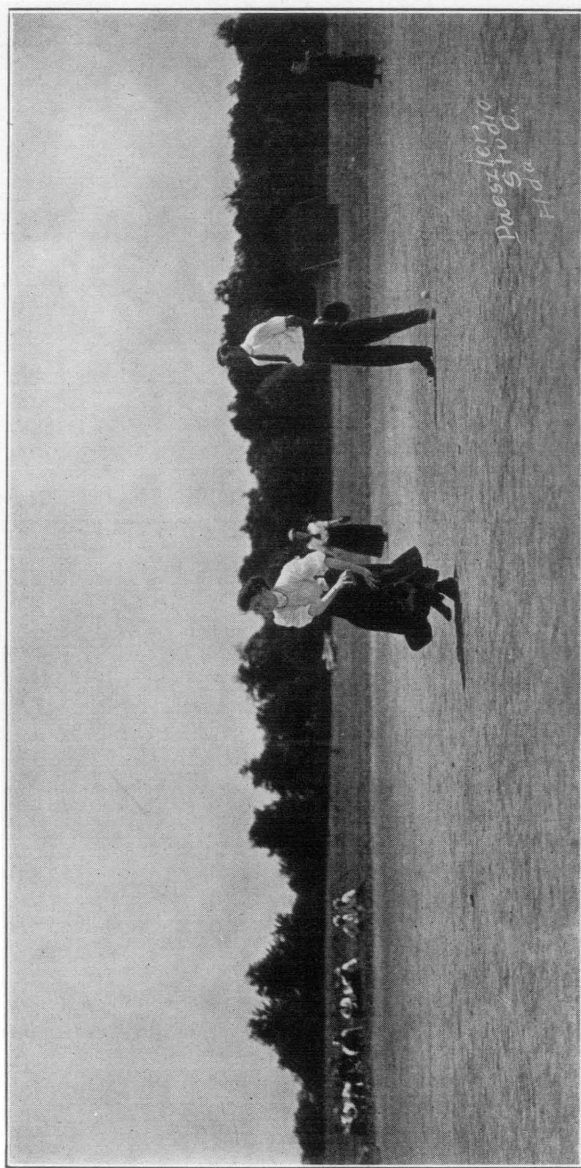
"To cure is
the voice of
the past. To
prevent is the
voice of the
future."

— Kate Douglas
Wiggins

"The wise
for cure on
exercise de-
pend." — Lord
Derby.

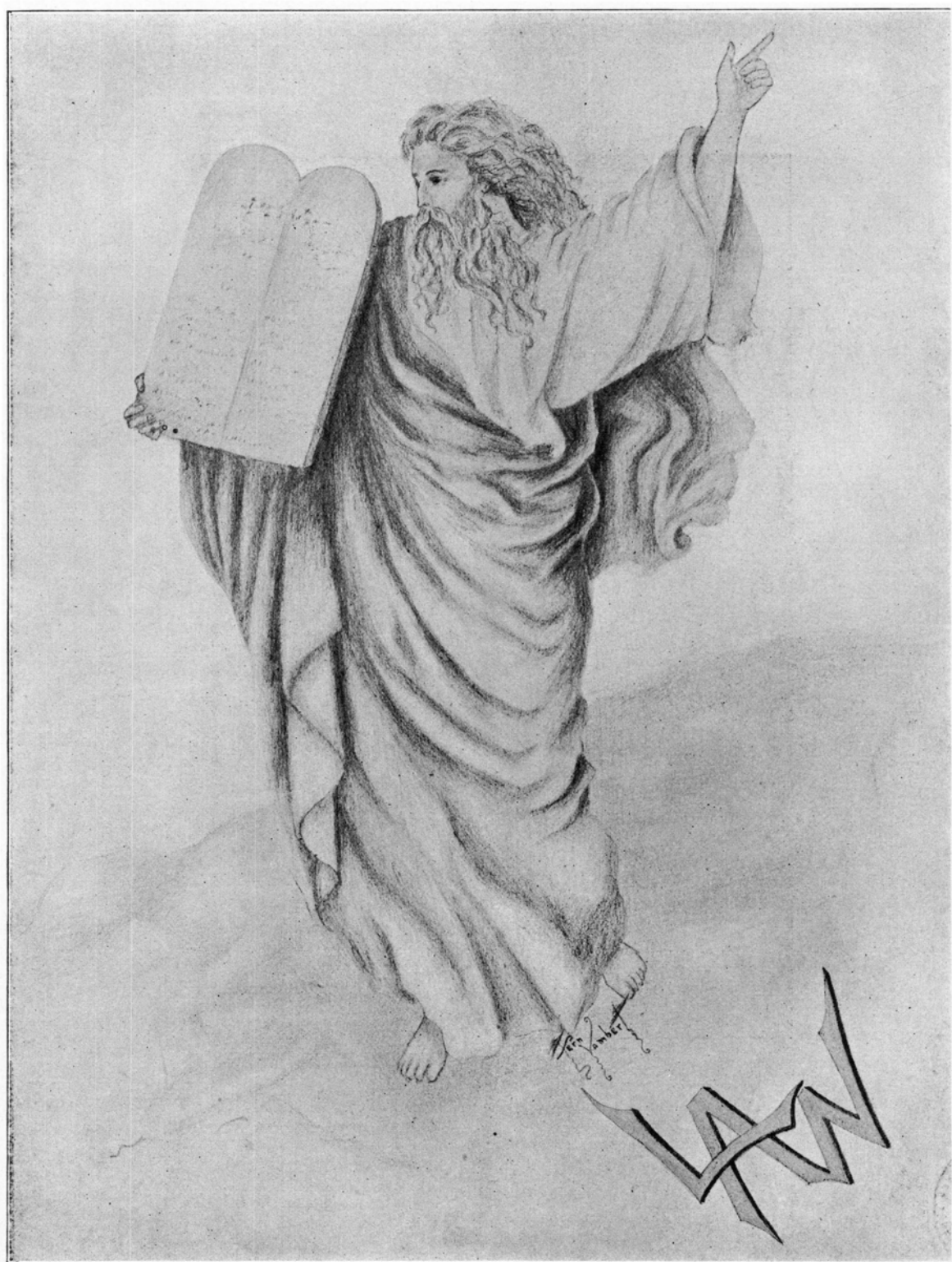
"All time and money spent in training the body and voice pays a larger interest than any other investment."—*Gladstone.*

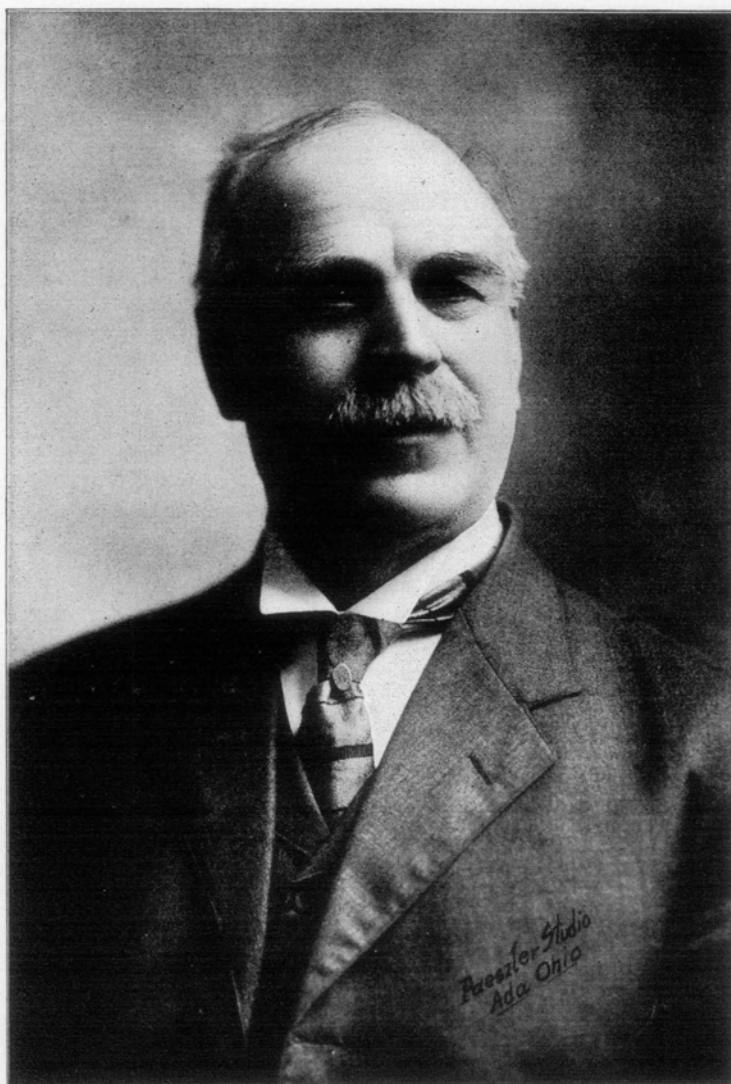
"Attitude more than speech expresses the man of culture; bearing, not dress, betrays the character of the woman."—*Quintillian.*



MISS BURKHOLDER, PITCHER FOR JUNIORS, '11.

Paesler
Sto. O.
Hda





SAMUEL P. AXLINE, A. M., L. L. D.,
Dean of the College of Law



L. S. LEECH, L. L. B.
Coshocton, Ohio

President Junior Class '11
"Northern" Representative of Law Dep't.
Member Franklin Literary Society

Famous for his midnight ride to McGuffey.



A. R. DOAK, L. L. B. (JUDGE)
Fresno, F. H. S. '06 Ohio

President Law Class
Member Franklin Literary Society

Now he is seeking a partner.



L. H. STRECK, L. L. B.
Elmore, $\Theta\Delta\Phi$ Ohio

Vice-president of Law Class
Member Philomathean Literary Society

"When lawyers take what they would give, then order your ascension robe."



N. R. CARTER, E. Sc. L. L. B. (NICK)
Wren, Ohio

Class Valedictorian
Member Adelpian Literary Society

Had no time for side issues.



F. W. HACHTEL, L. L. E.
Akron, Ohio
Secretary and Treasurer of Law Class
Member Adelpian Literary Society

"O, ask me not to justify a wrong."



L. P. LAKE, L. L. B. (Senator)
Trinway, W. C. H. S. '08 Ohio

ΘΔΦ

Member Student Senate '11
Member Franklin Literary Society

*"O, young lord lover what sighs are
those.*

For one that will never be thine!"



D. ALLEN BOND, B. Sc. L. L. B.
Belmont, M. H. S. ☉ΔΦ Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society

*"Honest as the skin between his eye-
brows."*



W. J. WALKER, L. L. B. (DEACON)
Morristown, Ohio

Member Franklin Literary Society

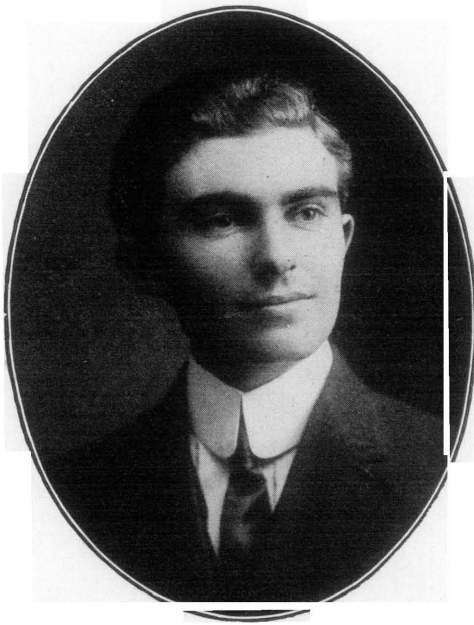
"Smooth as monumental alabaster."



C. R. FOUST, L. L. B.
New Milford, G. H. S. '07 Ohio

Member Adelpian Literary Society

"Lawyers are the assessors of God."



J. L. STANTON, L. L. E. (SQUIRE)
Wellston, M. H. S. '07 Ohio
Member Franklin Literary Society

"Keeps on the windy side of the law."



F. D. TANNER, L. L. B. (FRISKY)
Medina, S.C. H. S. Ohio
President of $\Theta\Delta\Phi$ '11 and '12
Member Philomathean Literary Society

Has a Kern eye and is fond of a change.



R. E. MARCHAND, L. L. E., PH. B.,
B. Sc. (TEDDY)

Alliance, A. H. S. '09 Ohio
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Student Senate, '11
"Southern" Representative of Liberal
Arts Department
Pres. Harmon Club
"res. Teddy Club

*A rising statesman: he can preach
progressive ideas and yet stand pat.*



L. F. HALE, A. E., L. L. E.
 Bellefontaine, Ohio
 Member Philomathean Literary Society

"Lawyers on the opposite side of a case are like the two sides of a shears; they cut what comes between them, but not each other."

ROLLO I. CHORPENING, E. Sc. '10,
 L. L. B. '12
 Uniontown, Pa
 Member Philomathean Literary Society
Beware of Paulding County girls.



"A WILD goose never lays a tame egg".

"WOMAN is the greatest work of the Creator and no lawyer should be without a copy".

LAWYER'S EVENING PRAYER.

Prosperity may spoil me.
And my troubles all enhance.
But, Lord send it down once.
I think I'll take a chance.

CHARACTER is what we are in the dark.

PROF. :—Mr. Marchand, I don't believe you studied your lesson.

MARSHY :—Well Prof. I read the other day where the laws were changing every day; so I thought I'd wait until they got settled.

ONE bad lawyer will deny more in an hour than one hundred philosophers can prove in a century.

SEVER beat a man at his own game if you want to beat him at yours.

IF God doesn't love the lawyers, why does he make so many of them?

PROF. SWART :—Mr. Tanner, if the President, Vice President. and Cabinet Officers should all die who would officiate?

TANNER :—Don't know Prof, unless 'twould be the undertaker.

SHE :—Mr. Carter, you cannot support two.

CARTER :—Well, you are the only one I asked for.

PROF. AXLINE :—Mr. Hachtel, what is a true bill?

HACHTEL :—A bill made by an honest lawyer.

PROF. SWART :—I see by the paper where one named Dampskibsaktieselskabet has asked the legislature to have his name changed. Can he have this done, Mr. Hale?

HALE :—Well Prof., I can't find anything in the new Sales Act to prevent him.

A FRIEND in need is a hard one to find indeed.

Do not fleece your sheep too soon or too closely or you may never get another chance at them.

FARMER JIM, *Plaintiff*

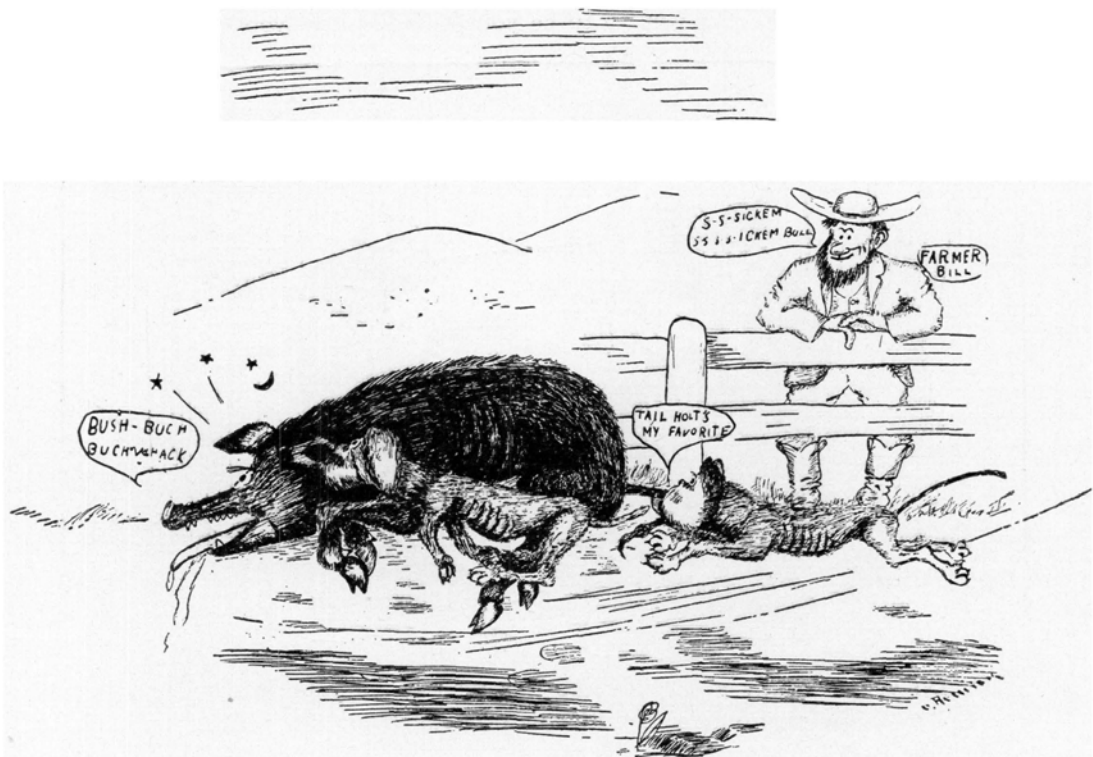
vs.

FARMER BILL, *Defendant*

} IN JUSTICE FOUST'S COURT.

Plaintiff states that the defendant sicked his dog on plaintiff's hog in defendant's field, which said dog bit and chewed said hog's ear to the damage of said hog \$10.00 if she live, and \$15.00 if she die. Wherefore plaintiff asks judgment.

FARMER JIM, *Plaintiff*



THE ATTORNEY'S LETTER

GENTLEMEN ;—I have a ciraular about the disennial eddishun of your dij. Perhaps you may intrast me in regard to it. if you help me finde a decishun construeing an ambiguous phraise in certain writteen warntees on sale of a cripled horse subject to a chattle morgage. The proposition which is puzelling me arises from the fact that the horse was owned by a woman and morgaged hy her suposed husband, but their marriage was void under the Statue because he had not secured a divorce from a purceeding marriage to a woman whom he had married but hat stoped living with at the time of his second marriage. If you can site me to a dissided case holding eather for or against the buyer's *klaim* that he didn't get a marketible title as a contract of sale warranted, it will be construde as a favor which will not be disregarded by me and for which I shall be very greatful,

Yours truly,

JUDGE F.

ASK Foust if a man, in equity, is entitled to three pieces of pie.

AT a reception, a lady, who had been reading health culture, mistook Lawyer Hale for his brother, the doctor. "Is 'it better," she asked confidentially, "to lie on the right side or on the left?" "Madam," replied Att'y Hale, "if you are on the right side it is not often necessary to lie at all."

SQUIRE WALKER, being called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, arranged the parties and proceeded as follows:—To the groom he said, "Do you solemnly swear to take this woman to be your wife, so help you God? To the



bride, Do you solemnly swear to take this man to be your husband, so help you God? " The squire then said, "I now pronounce you lawful man and wife, so help me God."

SINGLE facts are worth more than a car-load of bad arguments.

CROOKED sticks make crooked shadows.

PROF. AXLINE:—Mr. Carter, what does the President do with bills presented to him?

MR. CARTER:—Pay them, of course.

STRECK AS LAW ENFORCER.

"WHAT are they moving that church for?"

STRECK:—Well stranger I'm mayor of this town and I'm for law enforcement. Saloons are not allowed to be nearer than three hundred feet from a church, and I'm giving them just three days to move the church.

WHY WE MISS

We are told that we lawyer's 'll be barred by St. Nich,
That the Lord of the Heavens will reject us as quick;
That latter, if true, puts LIS in a Fix,
Because of bad clients with whom we must mix;
The former but proves old Satan thinks well,
To serve such people is a Fright I must tell.
In earlier practice we find the dead beat,
Who gets our best efforts, but won't let us eat;
Then, when we grow wiser and more able to win,
Liars and thieves and murderers rush in,
Red handed and guilty as Satan himself,
Seeking technicalities of each book on the shelf.
Thus daily we touch with the meanest of men
That *go* unhung and are out of the "Pen."
Thus we, like dog Tray, who didn't bark loud,
Are shut out of Heaven because of our crowd;
And Satan, who knows the client's tactics so well
Refuses to us a room in his "Well."



POETICAL PLEADING

SUIT FOR CONVERSION OF A SLAVE.

SALLY JIM
JIM KIB

TRESPASS ON THE CASE — TROVER.

Att'y for Defendant wrote on docket: Jim, for his satisfaction
Demands of Miss Margaret the cause of her action,
And wants to know why in this public place
She has undertaken to sue him in case.

REPLY OF ATT'Y FOR PLAINTIFF.

Miss Sally replies, with a kind of a snigger,
"Why Billy you know you converted my nigger,
Converted him not to the God of the sinner
But converted him to cash, and you're the winner.
So, having received and failed to pay over,
You're therefore sued in action of Trover."

SENIOR PARTING

'Tis the time when sadden'd faces
Banish from our eyes the light.
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will walk our ways of right?
Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the college bell,
Like a voice from those who know us,
Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well."

FAREWELL

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me.
Could I think I did deserve it
How much happier I would be.
Through the years of care and pleasure
Let us keep each thought anew;
Going forth to success or failure,
Bid we now a last adieu.

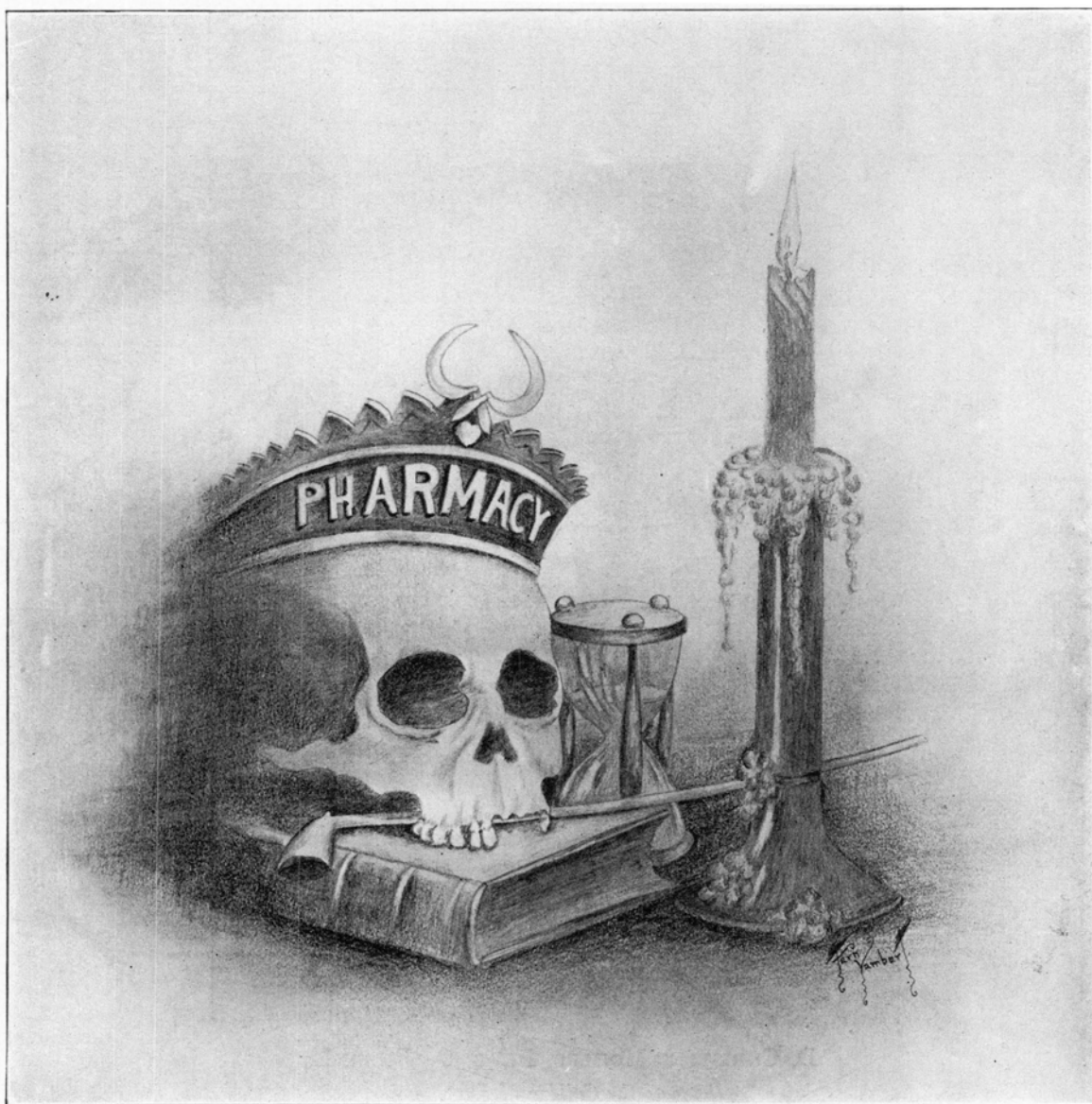
"SENIOR BUNCH"

Our band is few, but tried and true,	Our fortress is our legal forms,
With courage strong and bold.	Our support the legal fee.
Both crime and wrong will sure be few,	We know the crooks and turns of law,
Whene'er our names are told.	As the seamen know the sea.

Sine rahs for each professor,
Pass round again the punch.
Three cheers for every member
Of the grand old Senior Bunch.

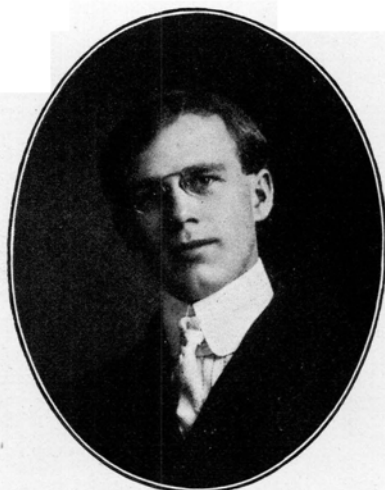
TOAST

Ye lawyers who live upon litigant fees,
Who need a good many to live at your ease;
Grave or gay, wise or witty, whate'er your degree,
Plain stuff or state's counsel, take counsel of me:—
When a festive occasion your spirit unbends
You should never forget the profession's best friend;
So we'll send round the wine and a light bumper fill,
To the jolly Testator who makes his own will.





D. CHRISTIAN MOHLER, PHAR. G., PHAR. L.,
Dean of the College of Pharmacy



LENIX C. SLEESMAN, PHAR. G., PHAR.
C.



RUDOLPH H. RAABY, PHAR. G., PHAR. C.

PROFESSORS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY



CARL M. BRUBAKER, PH. G.
 Eradford, E. H. S. Ohio
 Member O. N. U. P. A.
 Member Adelphian Literary Society

"Prof." usually took things easy, but sometimes was seized with sudden notions.



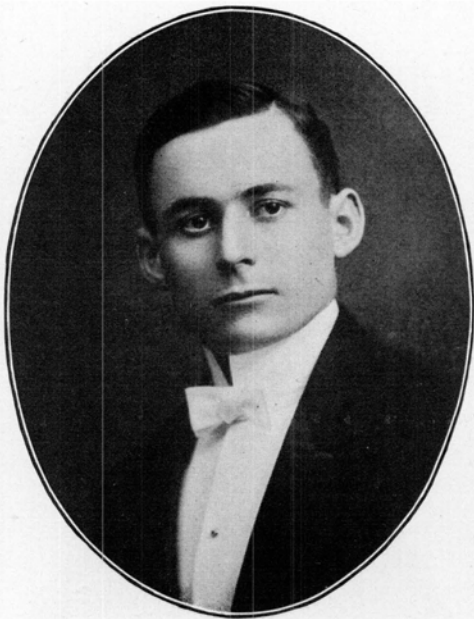
MRS. ADA LEE BRADT, PH. G., SEC'Y.
 Freeport, F. H. S. Ohio
 Scio College Pharmacy
 Member O. S. U. P. A.

Believed that wisdom was more precious than Rub(i)cs.



J. E. BRIMSON, PH. G.
 Watertown, W. H. S. ΦΧΨ N. Y.
 Member O. N. U. P. A.
 Member Franklin Literary Society

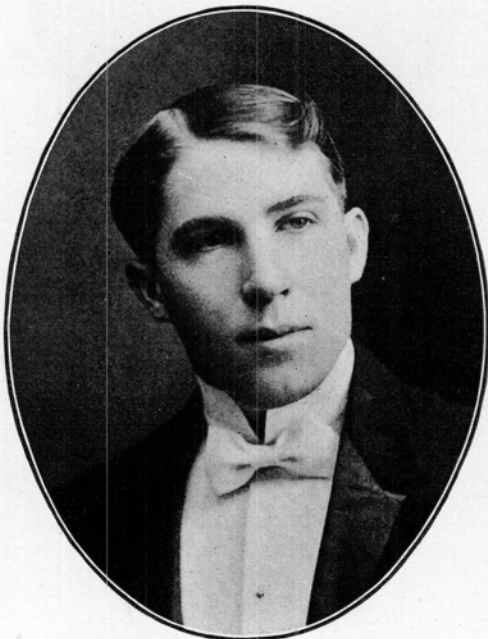
A New York Yankee with Parisian tastes.



G. L. BRYANT, PH. G., PH. L.
Ada, A. H. S. '09 ONE Ohio

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society.

Red headed, but not red tempered.



SCOTT BLAYNEY, PH. G.
West Alexander, C. H. S. '08 ONE Pa.
University Pittsburg
Member of O. N. U. P. A.

Faithful keeper and tutor of "Mike."



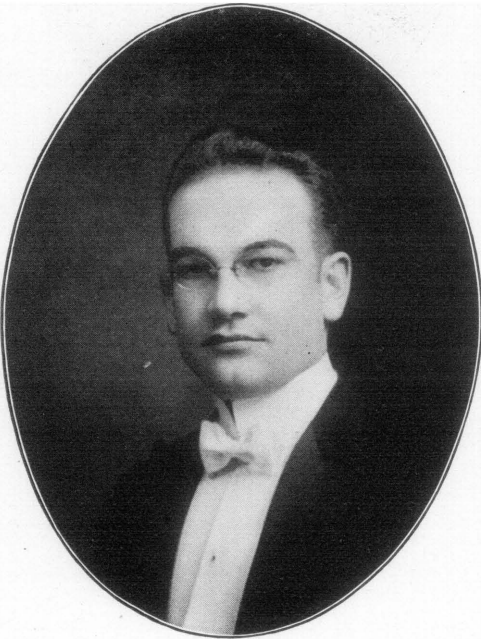
JOHN H. BRAYMAN, PH. G.
Pierpont, P. H. S. '05 Ohio

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society
Ashtabula Business College, '08

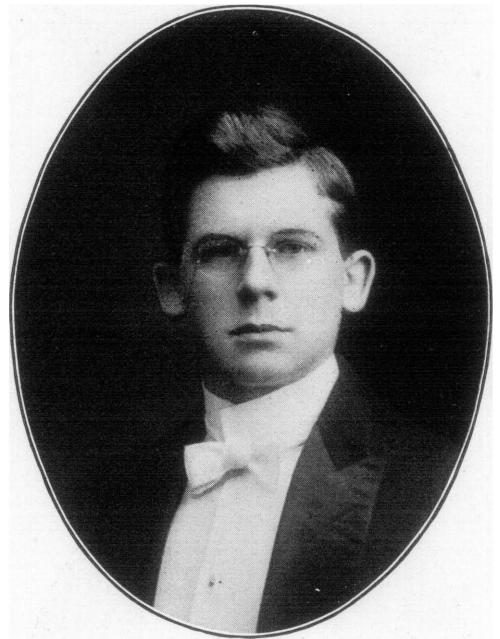
*A junior "Falstaff" whose "little life
is rounded with a sleep."*



EARL A. BOWLS, PH. G.
Middlefield, M. H. S. '10 Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society
*(Se Pr'f) Could talk as fast as "Dame
Van Winkle."*



FRED L. BORDEN, PH. G.
Ada, A. H. S. '04 AVT Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society
*"All right, Prof., you can go ahead
now, I'm here."*



ADELBERT C. COLE, PH. G., PH. L.,
PRES.
Leipsic, L. H. S., ΣΦΕ Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
L. A. A.
A dignified pharamac.



LELAND E. DRUM, PH. G., PH. L.
Stryker, S. H. S. Ohio

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Northwestern University

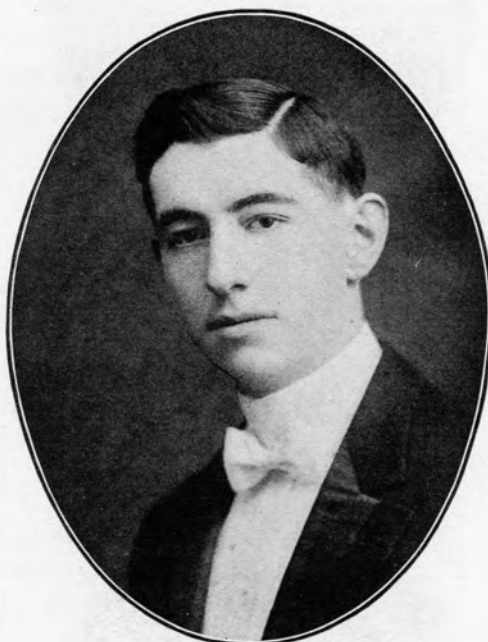
Has a grin that never comes off.



SM'L ED. DAVIES, PH. G.
East Liverpool, E. L. H. S. '09 Ohio
ΣΦΕ

Member O. N. U. P. A.

Everybody looked like "Ike" to Davies.



GEO. L. DEPEW, PH. G.
Munising, M. H. S. '08 ΦΧΨ Mich.

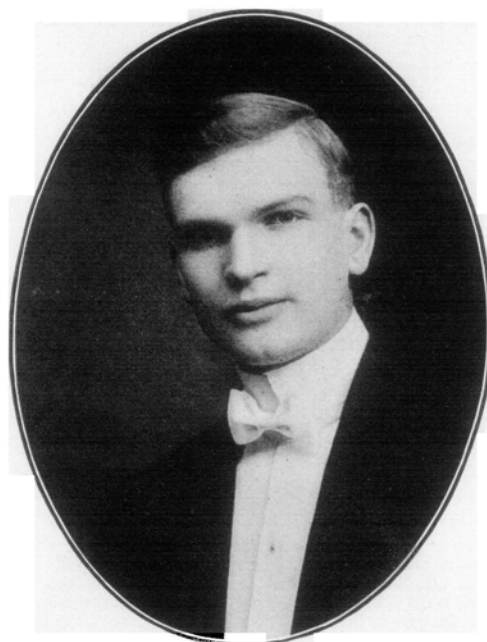
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Ferris Institute, '10

*Thanks, no relation to "Senator
Chauncey."*



G. F. EMCH, PH. G.
Woodville, W. H. S. '07 Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Franklin Literary Society

"Prof I don't agree with you on that equation."



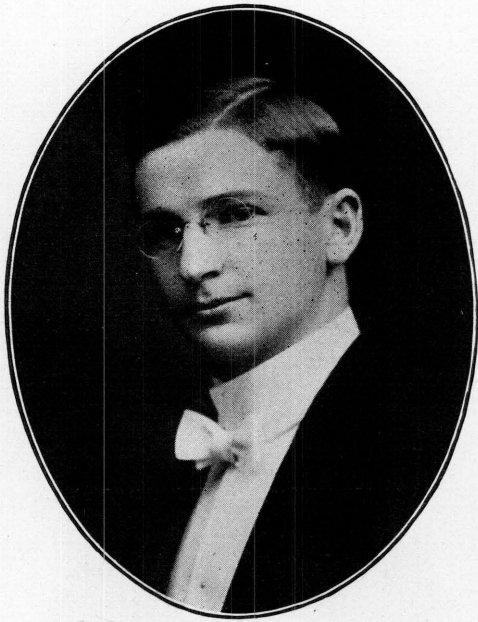
HERBERT FOULK, PH. G.
Bucyrus, B. H. S. Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Philomathean Literary Society

Destined to be Rockefeller II. Made a handsome fortune on a gallon of ice cream.



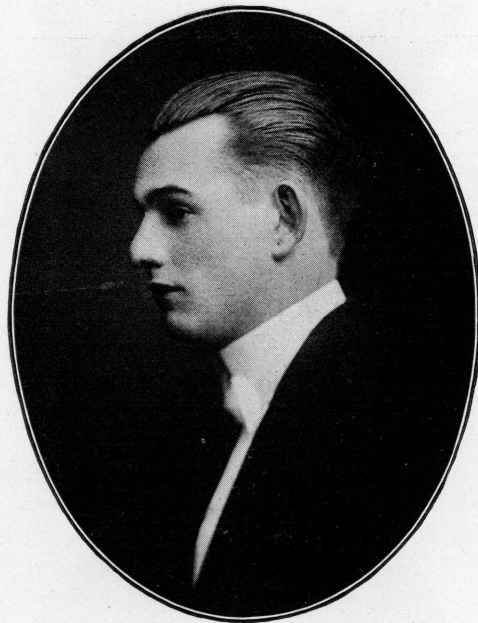
FRANK S. HUFF, PH. G.
Chester, C. H. S. '09 ΣΦΣ W. Va.
Member O. N. U. P. A.

*Oh, what are the wild echoes saying?
"Not to-night Frank."*



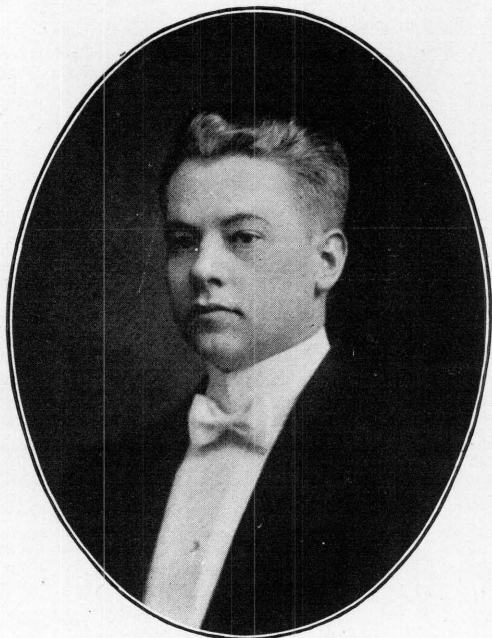
R. B. HARVEY, PH. G.
Columbus, C. E. H. S. Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.

"Pharmacs give what they would not take."



CLARK E. WILLIAMS, PH. G.
Coshocton, C. H. S. Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.

"Perfumed like a milliner."



RALPH D. HILL, PH. G.
Ada, A. H. S. '05 AVT Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society

"The very pink of courtesy."



PAUL P. JOHNSTON, PH. G., PH. L.
Hicksville, H. H. S. Ohio

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society

*Always conscious that he had a head
of his own.*



E. CLAIR INGELS, PH. G.
Gallipolis, G. H. S. '10, ΦΧΨ Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Adelphian Literary Society

"The silent man."



PURL H. MAGEE, PH. G., TREAS.
Waverly, W. H. S. '07 Ohio

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Franklin Literary Society

Entranced with his own music.



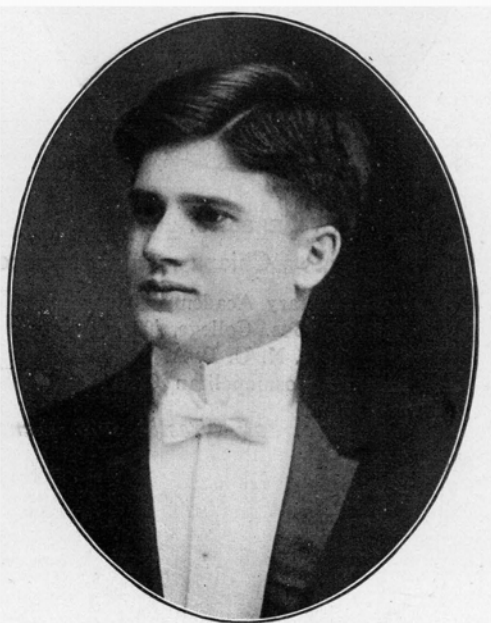
MISS EVA MCCREARY, PH. G.
 Eyesville, E. H. S. Ohio
 Member O. N. U. P. A.
 Member Philomathean Literary Society
 Member O. S. U. P. A.

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."



HARRY E. PURVIS, PH. G., PH. L.
 Payne, P. H. S. '09 Ohio
 Member O. N. U. P. A.
 Member Franklin Literary Society

His suave, mellow voice made him irresistible in conversation.



OLIVER W. PROBERT, PH. G.
 Steubenville, S. H. S. ΦΧΨ Ohio
 Member O. N. U. P. A.
 Member Philomathean Literary Society

Never fails to hit the nail squarely on the head.



HENRY A. ROSS, PH. G.
Springfield, S. H. S. Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Philomathean Literary Society

Where did you learn "Ole Pussum?"



FLOYD A. POCKOCK, PH. G., VICE PRES.
Crestline, C. H. S. Ohio

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Franklin Literary Society

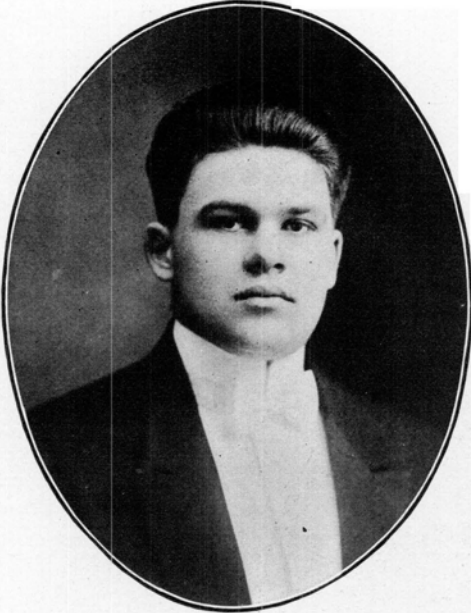
"Crestline; that's my home town fellows."



A. G. SERRANO, PH. G.
Tuxtla Gutz, Chiapas, Mexico

Mex. Military Academy, '08
Eastman Bus. College, '09
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Cosmopolitan Club

Could fence, box wrestle, and spend the silver



CLYDE VERRICK, PH. G.
Payne, P. H. S. Ohio
Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Philomathean Literary Society
(‘Dad’)

Nestor pharmac '12

D. L. VAN FLEET, PH. G.
Rockford, R.H.S. '07 Ohio.

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Member Franklin Literary Society

*“Kill the pharmac and bestow the fee
upon the disease.”*



NED L. WOODWARD, PH. G., PH. L.
St. Marys, St. M. H. S. '09 Ohio
ΦΧΨ

Member O. N. U. P. A.
Associate Editor “Northern Light”

*Strange that a wood ward should seek
a Dunn lap.*





"MIKE," BOSTON BULL
Mascot— O. N. U. Pharmac '12

A friend to Everybody.

PILL ROLLING

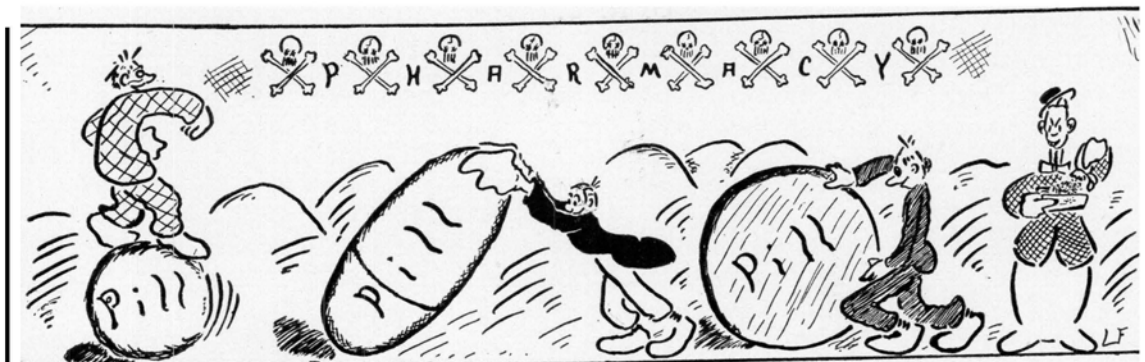
Did you ever gently tackle rolling pills?
Did your mass get dry and crackle, rolling pills?
It's the Pharmacs' recreation,
It's the sad hallucination,
It's the drawback to the nation,
Rolling Pills.

Have you tried when times were rushing, rolling pills?
Was your heart with pleasure gushing, rolling pills?
Did you get on fast or slowly?
Was your pill mass nice and rolly?
If you "cussed," was it unholy?
Rolling Pills.

Have you been at midnight home, rolling pills?
Were you just a little sour, rolling pills?
If you were I like you better,
I don't want to be a setter,
But I "ain't no business getter,"
Rolling Pills.

Tell me, will they always keep us rolling pills?
Will Sir Gabriel come and find us rolling pills?
If lie does, I shouldn't wonder
If lie blew his horn "like thluncler,"
And should send us all up yonder,
Rolling Pills.

—"A Pill Roller."



A CHEMICAL RHAPSODY

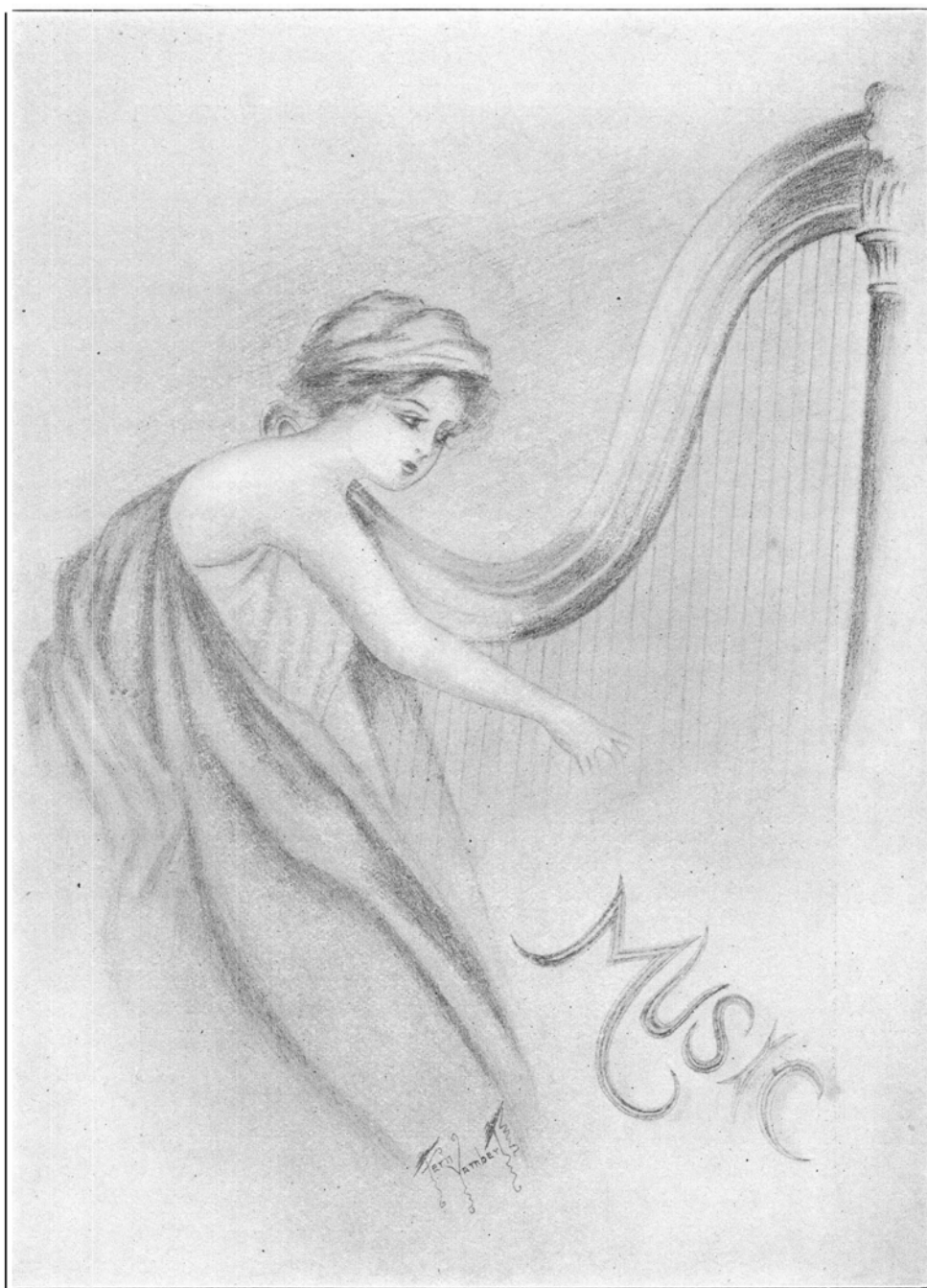
O come where the Cyanides silently flow,
Where the Carbonates drop o'er the Oxides below,
Where the rays of Potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the Silicate never is still.
Come, O come, turn, tithi, turn
Peroxide of Soda and Urannium.
While Alcohol liquid at thirty degrees,
And no chemical can effect Manganese,
While Alkalies flourish and Acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, Sweet Science, to thee.
Yes, to thee, fidade didee,
Sulphate of Iron and $\text{HO}+\text{C}$.

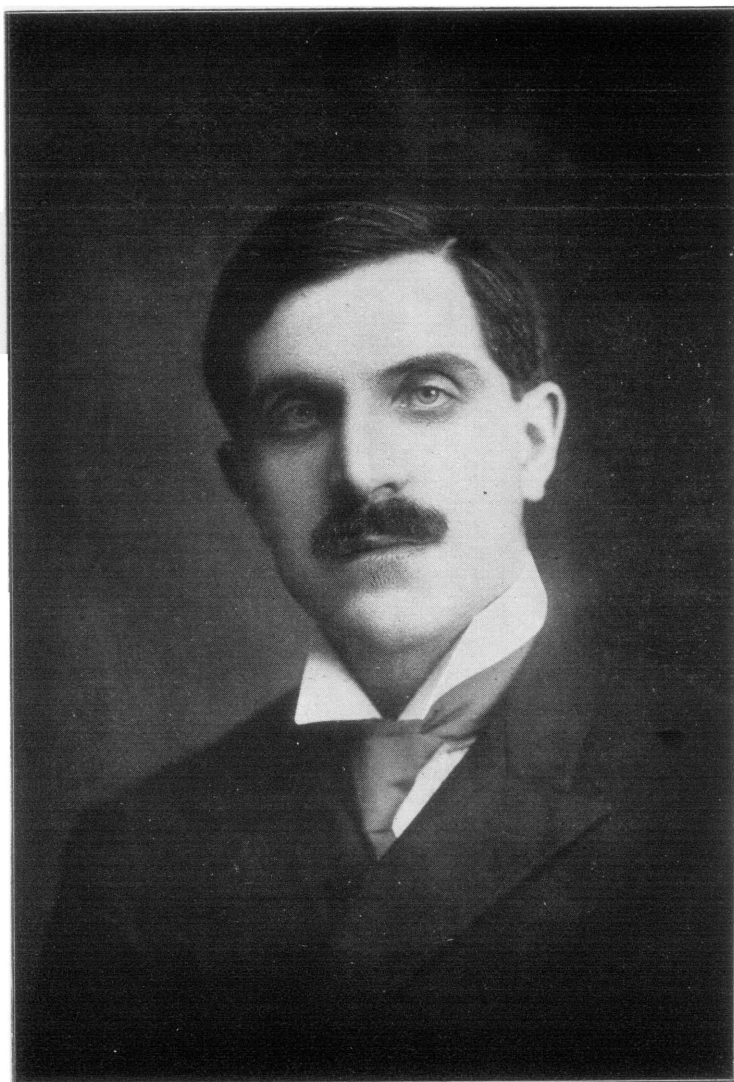
—"Unknown."



CLASS YELL

Chondodendron Tomentosum,
Eriodectyon, Glucinosum,
Wahoo.
Catechu, Methylene Blue,
Alcohol, Wine, and Whisky, too,
Pharmacy, Pharmacy,
O. N. U.





CHAS. S. WENGERD,
Dean of the College of Music



MAY ALCOT LANCE, MUS. B.



VERA WATSON
Violin



IVA IDELLA ALBAUGH, MUS. E.



IRIS B. HORN, *Voice, Diploma Course*
Ada, Washington Sem., Pa.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music

An iris in music! Harmony and Nature.



FERN REYNOLDS,
Voice, Diploma Course
Norwalk, O. N. U. P. S. Music '10 Ohio

Member Adelphian Literary Society
Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Pres. of Music Class, '12
Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range."



LEOTA GILBERT, *Voice, Diploma Course*
Ada, A. H. S. TKK Ohio

Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Member Adelphian Literary Society

"Thy voice is celestial melody."



EDNA BALDWIN, *Piano, Diploma Course*
Cridersville, L. B. C. @ΦΔ Ohio

Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.

"Still waters run deepest."



GRAYCE DUNLAP, *Voice, Diploma Course*
Ada, Ohio

Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Member Adelpian Literary Society

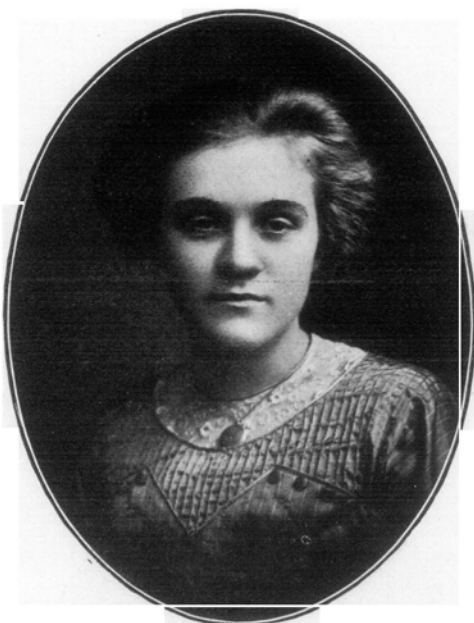
*"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."*



UARDA HAYS SEIDNER,
Piano, Diploma Course
Ada, A. H. S. Ohio

Secretary-Treasurer Music Class, '12
Member Adelpian Literary Society

*"A daughter is an embarrassing and
ticklish possession."*



LEILA L. DEGLER, *Organ, Diploma Course*
Ada, A. H. S. Ohio

Member Philomathean Literary Society
Organist First M. E. Church
O. N. U. Piano '05

"Jars concealed are half reconciled."



THEO COOPER, *Piano, Diploma Course*
Carey, Ohio

Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Member Y. W. C. A.
Member Franklin Literary Society

*"Modesty seldom resides in a breast
that is not enriched with nobler virtues."*



ELVA JOHNSTON, *Teacher, Piano Course*
Harrod, Ohio

Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.

"Punctilious in all things."



EFFIE F. ROOP, *Teacher, Piano Course*
Bradner, Ohio

Member O. N. U. Choral Society
Member Philomathean Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.
Historian of the Music Class

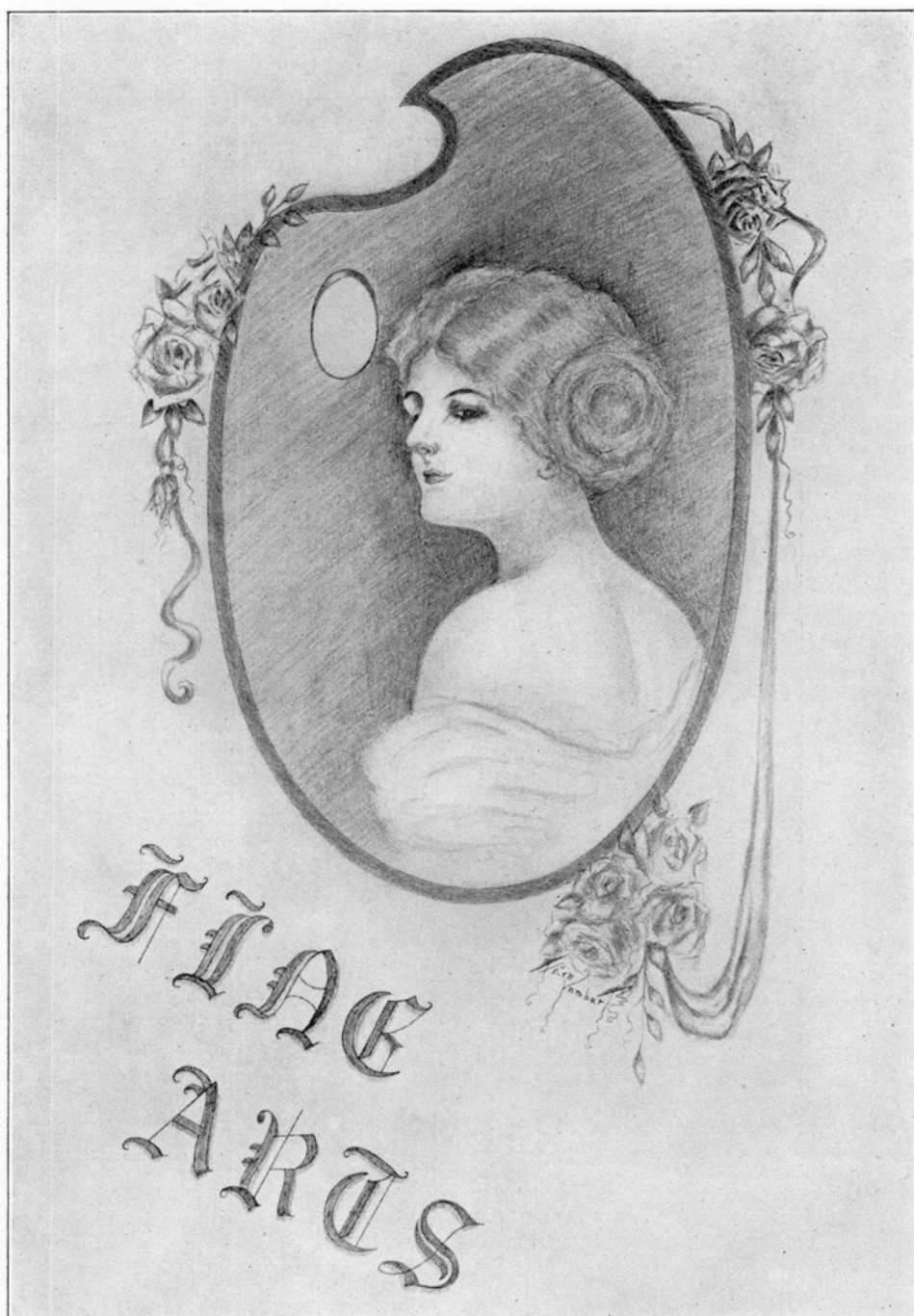
"One of the Hardscratch Twins."



MUSIC CLASS SUMMER 1911



MUSIC BUILDING





MARY HELEN LEY, B. F. A.,
Dean of the College of Art

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DEGREE

FERN YAMBERT,
Sycamore, Ohio

CERTIFICATES

LUCILLE POOL,
Upper Sandusky, Ohio

ZELLA PARRETT,
Continental, Ohio



Knowledge may be forgotten ;
The talent to play may depart;
But the scene, the model, and the por-
trait,
Proclaim an ability in Art.



FERN YAMBERT, (E. F. A.)

Member Adelphian Literary Society

"The mother of fine arts is luxury."



ZELLA PARRETT, (Public School Art)

Member Adelphian Literary Society

"Artful and coquettish."



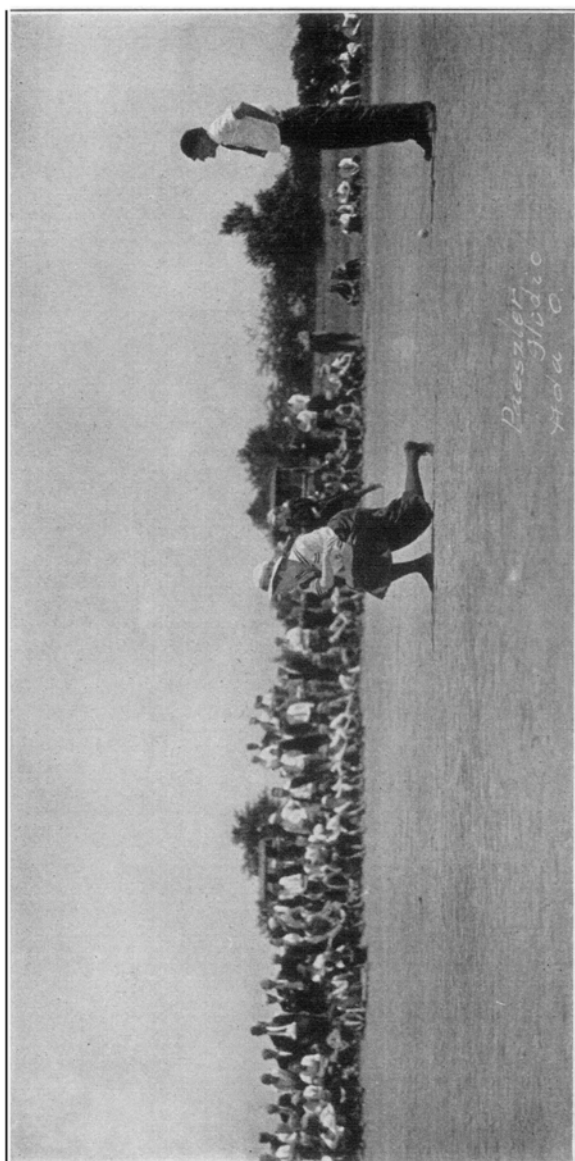
LUCILE PCOL, (Public School Art)

Member Philomathean Literary Society

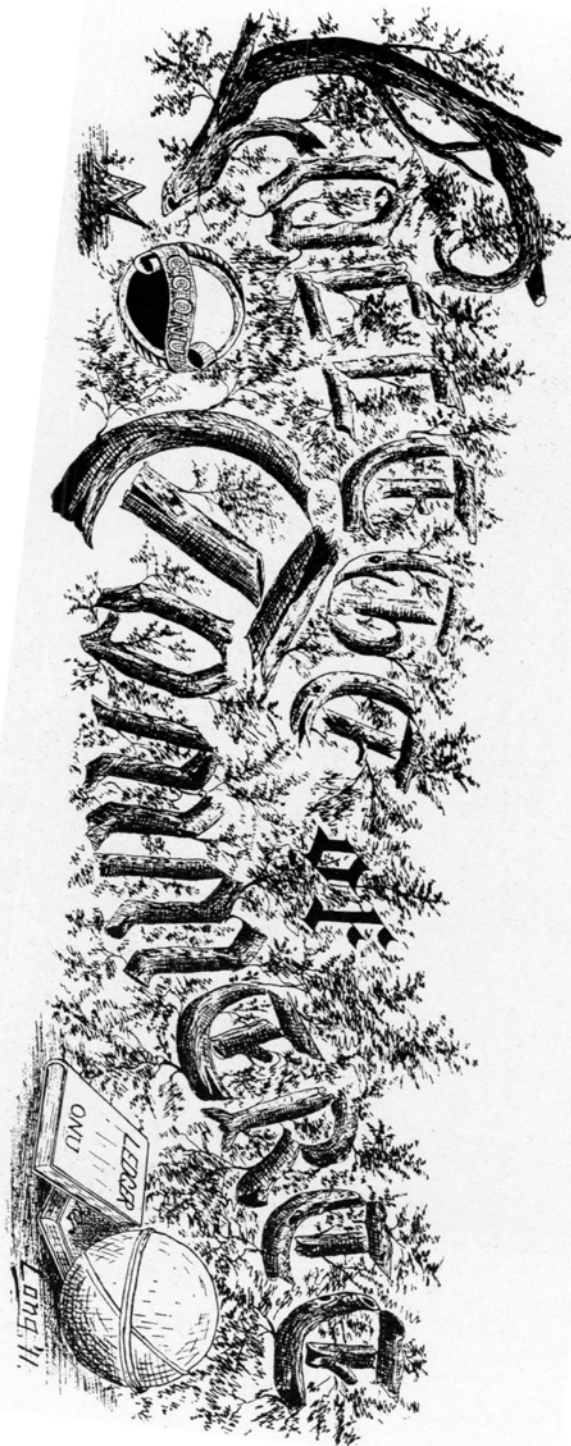
Air artistic actor, fond of raisins.



ART GROUP



Pinecroft
Hole No. 1





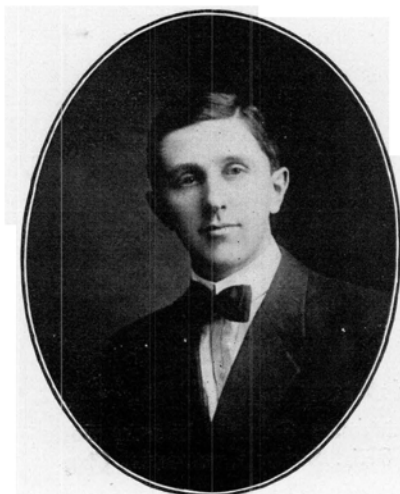
CHAS. E. WRIGHT, G. S.,
Dean of the College of Commerce



GUY R. TAYLOR, M. C. G.



EMMET E. LONG, B. C. S.



GEO. W. SCHEID, B. C. S.

PROFESSORS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE



B. E. POLLOCK, G. STES.
East Liverpool, E. L. H. S. '06. Ohio

Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society
Vice President Senior Commercial Class
Cadet Company C



700

F. W. EOLET, G. C. S., G. STEN.
Deshler, D. H. S. '11. Ohio
Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society
President Senior Commercial Class
"Northern" Representative Commercial
Department
Member Y. M. C. A.

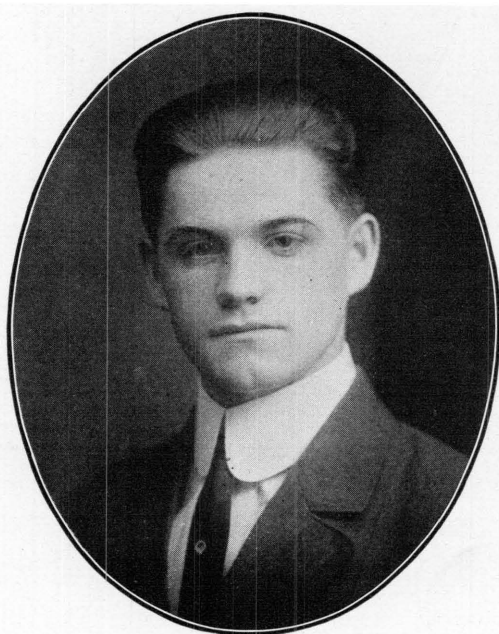


ETTA CRUMRINE, G. STEN.
Bladensburg, B. H. S. '10. Ohio
Member Franklin Literary Society
Sec'y. Senior Commercial Class



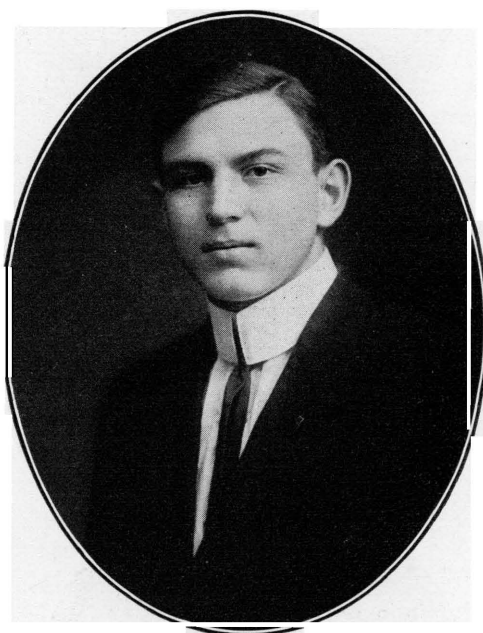
GUY H. MOORE, G. C. S.
Lafayette, A. H. S. '11. Ohio

Member Franklin Literary Society
Private Co. G., O. N. G.
Member Y. M. C. A.



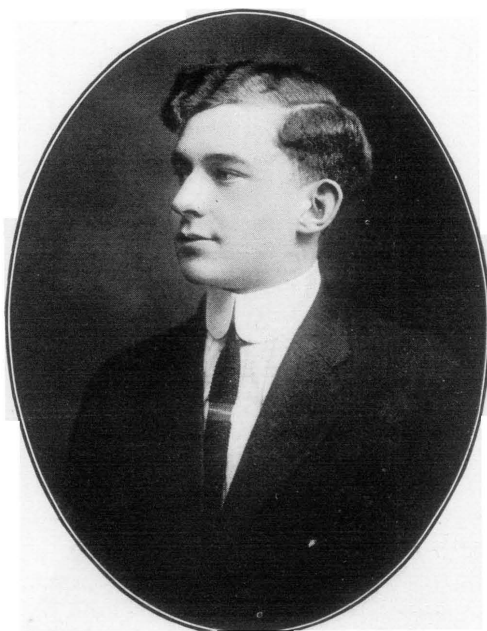
LYMAN C. MYERS, G. C. S.
Fostoria, Ohio

Treasurer Senior Commercial Class
Member Commercial Club



ELGIE SHEFFER, G. C. S.
Lewisville, L. H. S. '11. Ohio

Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.



JOHN T. CRITSER, G. C. S.
 Bergholz, E. H. S. '11. Ohio
 Member Commercial Club
 Member Adelphian Literary Society



WORTH LEAVENGOOD, G. C. S.
 Coshocton, K. H. S. '11. Ohio
 Member Commercial Club
 Member Franklin Literary Society
 Member Y. M. C. A.



ETHEL BUSH, G. C. S.
 Pittsburg, Pa
 Member Philomathean Literary Society
 Member Y. W. C. A.



EMMA LEPP, G. STEN.
Climax, Ohio

Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.



REBECCA KANABLE, G. C. S.
Oceola, Ohio

Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society



H. A. SHUMATE, G. C. S.
Green Sulphur, W. Va

Member Commercial Club

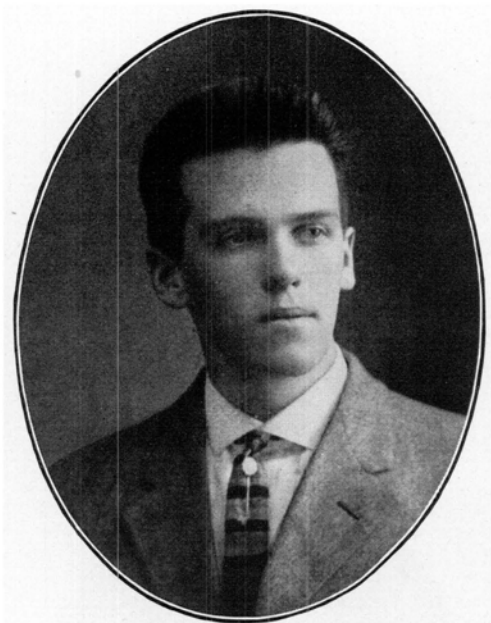


H. NEWTON GIFFORD, B. STEN., B. C. S.
 Strongsville, S. H. S. '10. Ohio
 Member Commercial Club
 Member Philo Literary Society
 Member Y. M. C. A. Co. "A"

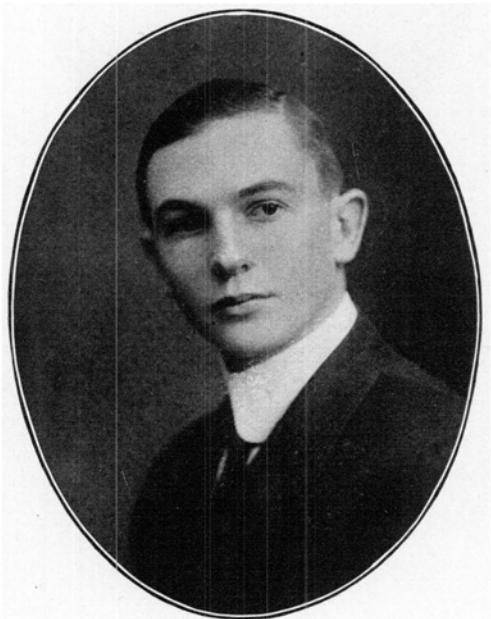
ROSA HARTZOG, G. C. S.
 Grover Hill, G. H. H. S. '11. Ohio
 Sec'y Commercial Club
 Member Adelphian Literary Society
 Member Y. W. C. A.



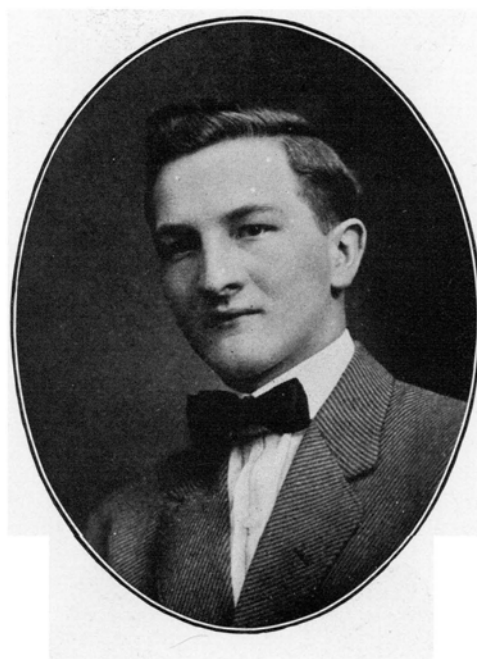
OTTIS D. MOWRY, G. STEN.
 Anna, Ohio
 Member Commercial Club
 Member Philo Literary Society
 Member Choral Society
 Cadet Co. "D"



BENJ. F. WELSH, G. C. S.
Strasburg. S. H. S. '11. Ohio
Member Adelphian Literary Society



C. G. HOFER, G. C. S.
Strasburg, S. H. S. '11. Ohio
Member Adelphian Literary Society



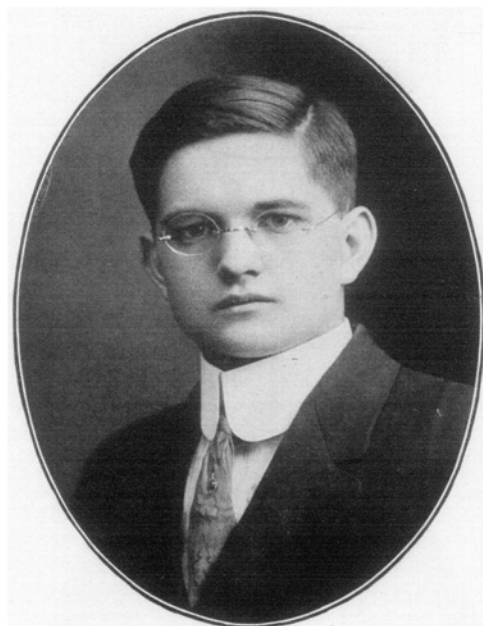
HUGH VEEBER, G. C. S.
N. Royalton, N. R. H. S. '11 Ohio
Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A.



LESLIE THURSTIN, G. C. S.
Kernor, Pa.
Member Commercial Club
Member Franklin Literary Society
Member Cadet Band



J. D. EMCH, G. C. S.
Sterling, Ohio
Member Commercial Club
Member Adelpian Literary Society



M. L. CRAIG, G. C. S.
Washington, Pa.
Treas. Commercial Club
Member Y. M. C. A.
Member Franklin Literary Society



H.W. ACKER, E. C. S.
Fayette, F. H. S. '09. Ohio

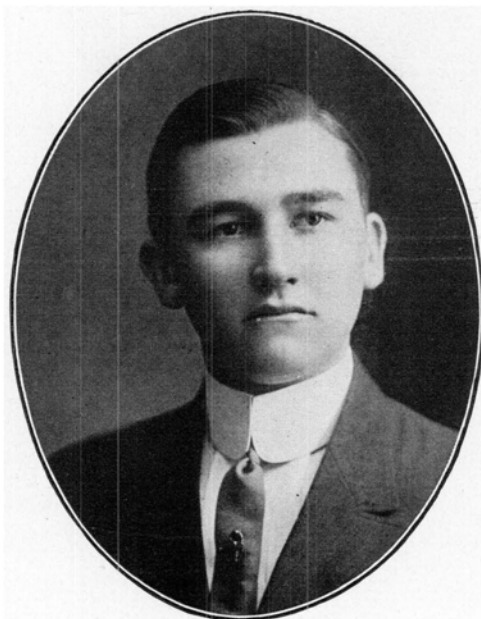
Member Commercial Club
Member Y. M. C. A.

CHESTER EYERLY, G. C. S.
Shamter, Pa.



C. E. WEYMER, G. C. S.
Sidney, Ohio

Member Commercial Club
Member Philo Literary Society
Cadet Company "A"

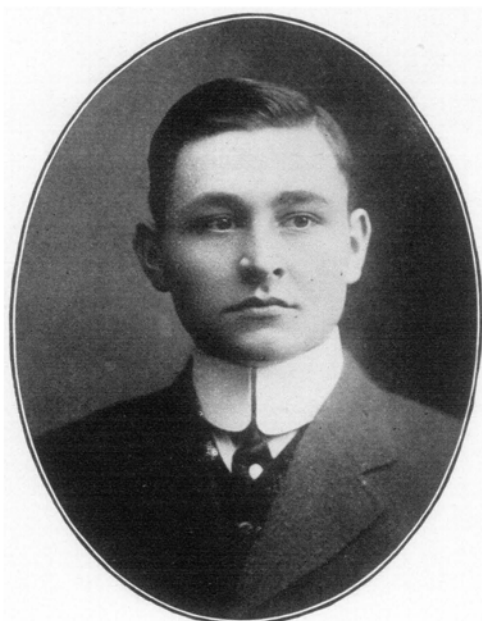




VICTOR I. KIMBEL, G. C. S.

Elyria. ΑΤΔ Ohio

Elyria Business College
Member Commercial Club
Member Adelpian Literary Society



CLARENCE R. BEIGHTOL, G. C. S.

Sistersville, U. H. S. '08 W. Va.

Member Commercial Club
Member Franklin Literary Society
Member Y. M. C. A. Co. "B"

J. JULIUS EMCH, G. C. S.

Sterling, Ohio

Member Commercial Club
Member Adelpian Literary Society





F. R. ORTEGA, G. C. S.
Cuba.

Member Commercial Club.



H. C. HORNER, G. C. S.
Lima, $\Delta\Delta$ Ohio

Member (Commercial Club.



ELIZABETH ARTHUR, G. STEN.
Cherry Tree, Pa
Member Adelpian Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.

SUE ARTHUR, G. STEK.
Cherry Tree, Pa
Member Franklin Literary Society
Member Y. W. C. A.



FLORESCE SCUDDER, G. STEN.
Clarks Lake, Mich
Member Franklin Literary Society
Company "A"



KEEPING BOOKS

Keeping books would sure be great
Were it not for keeping them straight;
If everything came out just right,
There'd be no night mares round at night.

With me the whole business is going to smash,
I can't get the balance, don't mention the cash.
Forgetting bills payable, until a draft
Is levied to make a fellow go daft.

There's cash book and ledger, there're notes over due,
There're just heaps of trouble to make you feel blue.
There's the frown of the Prof. with the words that he said,
That go chasing around in your business clogged head.

I think that bookkeeping would be all right,
T'would make it much easier, and not such a fright,
If the whole thing wasn't such a mixed up affair;
Much better if no figures at all were used there.





THE HARVEST MOON.





EDGAR C. RICHEY, B. SC. IN AGR.,
Dean of the College of Agriculture

COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

*The very latest child of "Old Northern".
The newest thing under the sun.*

HEAR Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! We, the Agricultural College of Ohio Northern University, have arrived. The world has waited nineteen hundred and twelve, and "Old Northern", forty-six years for us.

But you ask who we are that represent the College of Agriculture. We shall hasten to inform you. We are the Jolly Juniors, who, in the absence of a Senior Class, do hereby assume their responsibilities in upholding the good name of our college,

We are greatly indebted to the Board of Trustees, to our President, and to our Dean, who have made it possible for us to exist.

We boast a fine farm of fifty acres and a farmer to tend the same—one Mr. Kelly, Kelly of the clear blue eye. We also boast of one of the finest pair of draft mares to be found in the country; a Jersey cow, Darby, and her calf—Darby Jane, for which we have to thank Dr. Hartman of Columbus. In the hog line we have much to boast of. Two of our Professors have given of their bounty—Prof. Wright presenting a fine Duroc, and Prof. Kreglow, a splendid Mulefoot. We have also received a fine Duroc from Mr. Grindall. The very latest addition to our hog family is a first prize Poland China, which we have received thru the kindness of Mr. Monroe.

To Orth Brothers of our vicinity we are indebted for four Rambouillet sheep, and to Mr. George Helper, for two American Merinos.

In the equipment line we have an excellent beginning. We possess a gate, "the likes of which was never," and connected therewith is as fine a string of American Woven Wire fence as one would wish to see. We have plows, harrows, wagons, rollers, sprayers, manure spreaders, wagons, scales, etc., etc., too numerous to mention; and last, tho not least, we are the proud possessors of Idilio Sam, who has recently broken the world's record in the running high jump and manger vault.

The progress of our school work has been very satisfactory. The total number enrolled to date in the two year course is twenty-six, while one hundred and fifty-eight have enrolled in the classes devoted to teachers. For the first year we feel that this is a record of which we may well be proud. The work of our classes in the two year course has been greatly handicapped by lack of suitable laboratories, and equipment. To meet this condition, our Dean, with the co-operation of the College of Engineering has prepared plans for a modern Agriculture Building of attractive design, which it is hoped may be erected at once, thus providing us with modern facilities. A cut of the proposed building, which is to be located to the right of the entrance to the University farm, appears on another page.

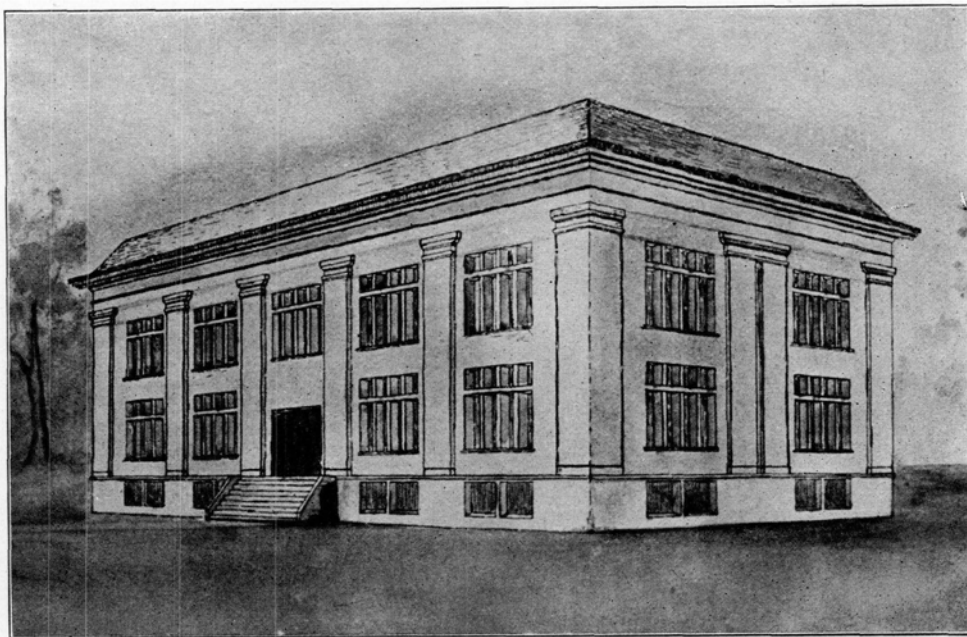
The above will indicate to all who we are, what we are doing, and something of what we hope to do; and in parting, we want to leave with you a little valuable advice—not offered in a spirit of braggadocio but in loyal enthusiasm for our college—"Watch us grow."

THE JOLLY JUNIORS.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO BEG A FAT PIG, HOME AGAN HOME AGAN JIGETY JIG



WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY



PROPOSED BUILDING OF COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE.

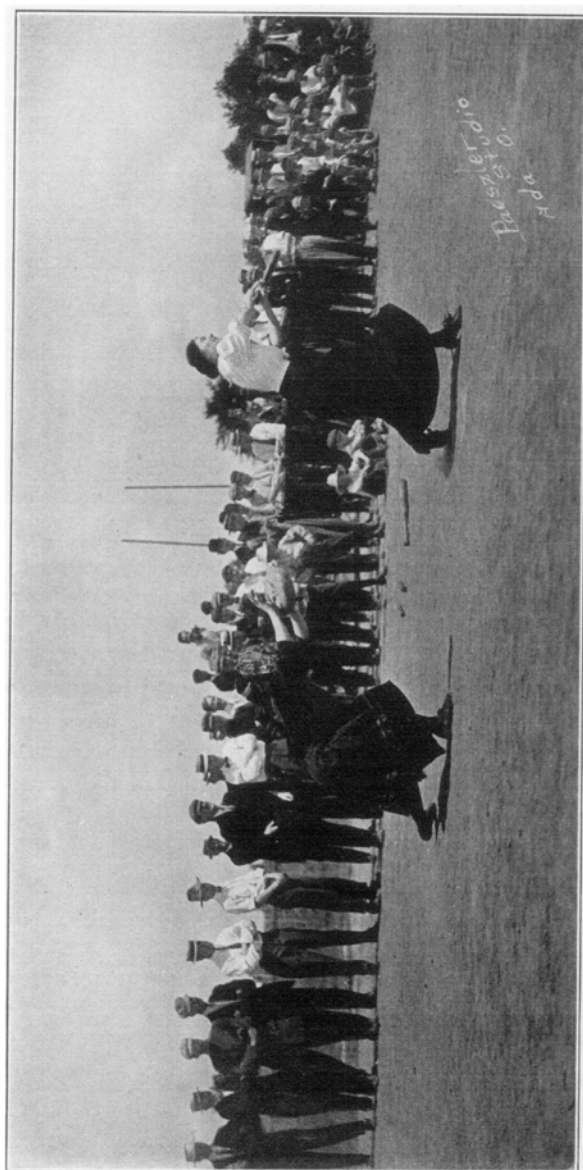
ALWAYS abreast of the spirit of the age Ohio Northern continues to be one of the foremost progressive institutions in facing those great economic problems of today, which concern the welfare of the whole people. Chief among the causes contributing to the present economic crisis—the high cost of living—is the rush from the farm to the city. It is evident that an ever increasing population must render necessary a more intensive and scientific cultivation of the soil. “Back to the farm” is the great slogan of the hour.

Farming is bound to become a profession the same as Medicine, Law, and Engineering. The youth who expects to make farming his vocation must be trained in the Science of Agriculture if he wishes to be truly successful in the great tomorrow.

In lieu of this imperative need the O. N. U. has purchased a farm of 50 acres lying within the corporation of Ada. A College of Agriculture including experimental and demonstrational stations was added (1911) to the University. The popularity of this move is attested by the fact that the financial Sec’y, Rev. A. A. Thomas, has secured (including donations in high grade registered stock) more than \$6,000.00 for improving the farm. Up-to-date farmers are lauding the enterprise and lending financial support.

225 students were enrolled during this, the first year.

The University was fortunate in securing as dean for this College, Edgar C. Ritchey, B. of Sci. in Agr., Ohio State University. Upon completion of present plans the O. N. U. will have one of the best Agricultural schools to be found in the state.



Presidio
Ada



FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY

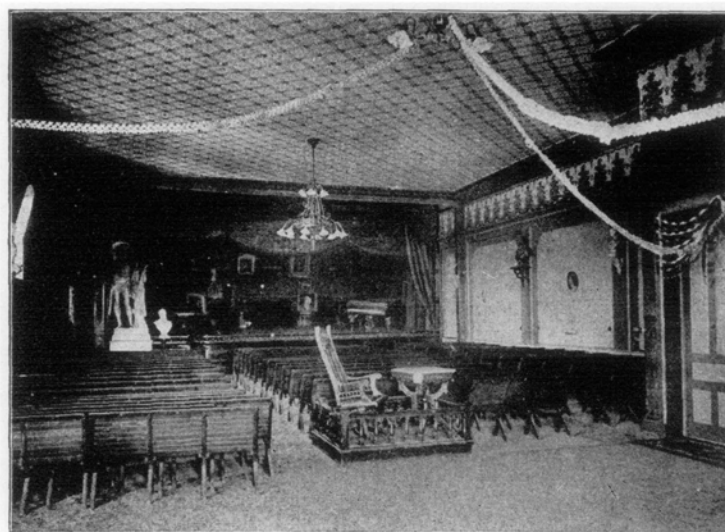
THE Franklin Literary Society was founded in 1871. During the forty years of its existence it has grown steadily in influence and power until to-day it is one of the most influential institutions connected with the Ohio Northern University.

Adversity is a common thing among all organizations, peoples, and nations. It is true that the Franklins have had some ups and downs in their lives, but they were never quitters. Their strong determination always brought them success.

Franklin hall has often resounded with the voices of men that are now famous in the affairs of the world.

Week after week, term after term, Franklins from all parts of the world have assembled in Franklin Hall, each making preparation to start on the *changeable* journey of life. What bright hopes and what high ambitions have animated the bosoms of those, who from time to time assembled in their hall to mingle in social union! Here many a poor boy, struggling against adversity, has caught the inspiration that spurred him onward and would not let him rest until he climbed high on the ladder of fame and secured for himself the blessing of influence and power.

How many have gone forth from this hall to fill positions of honor and trust! And as the years roll on, and many others come and go, who shall measure the influence that will emanate from this centre, or who shall say what grand possibilities are yet in store for the Franklin Literary Society? We are rapidly borne onward in the current of time, ever entering upon new scenes, beholding new beauties, and enduring new trials. Others will take our places



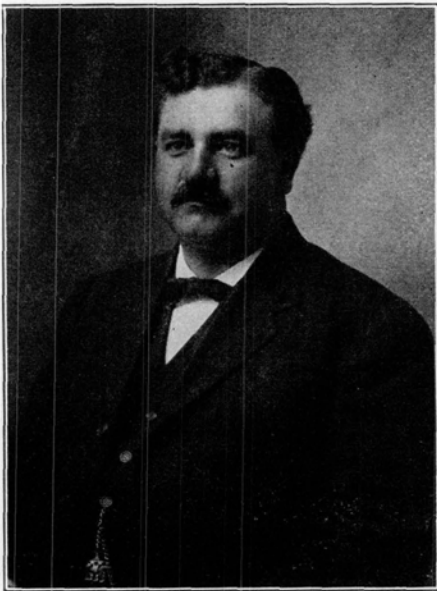
FRANKLIN HALL

when we have gone forth from the school. But amid all the varying changes of life may the remembrance of our school days never cease to be a pleasure to us, and may we always have a warm word for the institutions of greatest possibility and opportunity—the Ohio Northern University and the Franklin Literary Society.

The dominant characteristic of the Franklins who have gone out from the Ohio Northern University into the world of reality and activity has been the accomplishment of results. The following letters are testimonials of the value of a literary training, and especially of a training in the Franklin Literary Society.

Mr. I. N. Kuhn, of Waynesburg, Pa., says: "If I have had any success either in the business or professional world I owe it more to the Franklin Literary Society than to any other one thing connected with my school life."

"There is no institution today that is nearer to me than the Franklin Literary Society of the Ohio Northern University."



From the "Platform" of November we get the following sketch of Mr. Kuhn's life:

"The old log house where Lincoln was born was a good companion piece of lackwood's architectural grandeur to the one in Greene County, Pa., where one of the old-time grannies left a tiny baby to share with some of the greatest men that ever lived, the honor of being born in a log cabin.

"This little stubby-nosed, squalling mite was looked upon by his fond parents as a part of a modern covenant that demanded that this son be dedicated to the cause of education, enlightenment, and the greater uplift that knows no creed and sees God in the lives of men; so he was set apart and christened Isaac Newton, his other name being Kuhn.

"I will not go back to the days when little "Ike" shared his bread and potatoes with the chickens, and the old family dog was his greatest protector and friend, for I am writing this story for men and women and I feel that a little study of "Ike" Kuhn's later life is an inspiration and in some respects an ideal one.

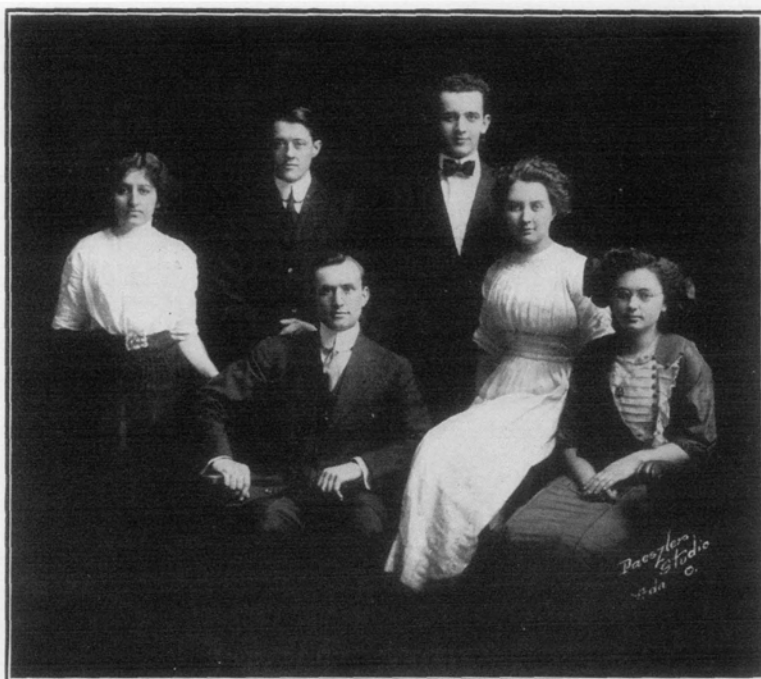
"The people of Waynesburg will tell you that "Ike" Kuhn is a lucky fellow. Rut is he? Is it luck or pluck that sent a one-suspended youth from a farm, upon which its owner could not raise anything but children, to the center of the industrial march of progress, where he stands today mid way between J. Pierpont Morgan, who does everything and the loafer, who does nothing?

"Waynesburg, like many another town that found itself in the midst of a boom, was unable to withstand prosperity, and a few years ago the very air was charged with easy money. Adams County, Ohio, differed from Greene County mostly because its voters were cheaper; but like all systems of political corruption, this one worked its on-n downfall, and in its headlong tumble hellward this system dragged down some of the most useful men and women in the country. Her oldest bank closed its doors never to open again; death swallowed up some; the penitentiary closed its doors upon another, and panic and distrust paralyzed the rest.

"For five years the tinplate mill lay idle; not a sound was heard. Then I. S. Kuhn put his shoulder to the wheel and within a short time the whirl of industry was heard again. Two hundred and fifty men returned to work and approximately fifteen thousand dollars per month was again paid out in wages with I. S. Kuhn as president of the Osterberg Tinplate Company. Was it luck or was it pluck that started the mill?

"Down near the Mason and Dixon line, on the West Virginia side, lies a block of coal of twelve hundred acres. Mr. Kuhn began picking up a few acres here and there until finally he owned it all. He sold it all in one body. He realized from it a neat little sum of money. Was it luck or was it pluck?

"Success always opens up the way to greater success. Mr. Kuhn fled before the rising tide of coal field enthusiasm, sought out Smith Valley, Nevada, and



KUHN CONTESTANTS, 1912.

Alary Joseph	R. E. Lisle	C. T. Conklin
	R. L. Owens	Edna Pugh
		Etta Crumrine



Miss Gill's oration, "The Nation's Awakening," won first prize in the Lehr Oratorical Contest. Miss Gill also won second prize in the Kuhn Oratorical Contest.



Mr. Nelson's oration, "The American's Debt of Existence," won first prize in the Kuhn Oratorical Contest. Mr. Nelson is at present in Boston studying for the ministry.

there organized a four hundred thousand dollar corporation that now owns five thousand acres near the town of Wellington, where they are preparing to build a dam capable of irrigating nine thousand acres of desert land, that may never bloom like the rose, but the product of the land will find its way into the market and some day furnish the facts for another story, like the biblical account of Joseph turning starving Egypt into a store house of plenty.

"Yes, I. N. Kuhn is president of the Smith Valley Land Company, and much of the success and enthusiasm that marks the progress of this Nevada Modern Miracle is due to his foresight, enthusiasm, and business sagacity."

Before entering college at Ada Mr. Kuhn worked for fifty cents a day. His father gave him twenty-six dollars to aid in defraying his expenses while in school. As a student he worked for his board and, besides, received six dollars for looking after the Society hall. He came to Ada as a country boy, radiating pluck. He enrolled as Isaac Newton Kuhn. This verdant youth from Greene County soon had them all sitting up to take notice when it came to hustling for new members in the literary society. Today he is a trustee of the Ohio Northern University, elected by the Alumni of the University. He has taken a great interest in the cause of education both at home and where his own Alma Mater has been concerned. His recent gift of five thousand dollars to the endowment fund has made Mr. Kuhn dear to the heart of every O. N. U. student.

The Kuhn Oratorical prize first offered in 1905 to run for ten years, has stirred others to action and a glimpse at the catalogue shows that his lead has been followed in this field also. Mr. Kuhn stored enough of the Scientific course away in his system to get a diploma, and then he proceeded to the study of law, which profession he now follows.

Mr. Kuhn is truly one of God's noble men, of whom there are millions in this world. But we have not the good pleasure to know them all as we know Mr. Kuhn, our firm, loyal, generous Franklin friend.

From Albert A. Crecilius, the leading man in "Madame X" Company we have the following:—

DEAR FELLOW FRANKLINS:—How can a few weak words of mine add anything to the strength of an institution like the Franklin Literary Society, which has to its credit so many living monuments throughout the world in whom nobility of charity is blended with efficiency? Yours fraternally,

ALBERT A. CRECILIOUS.

From Mr. H. D. Freeland, superintendent of the schools of Greene County, Penn., we have the following letter:—

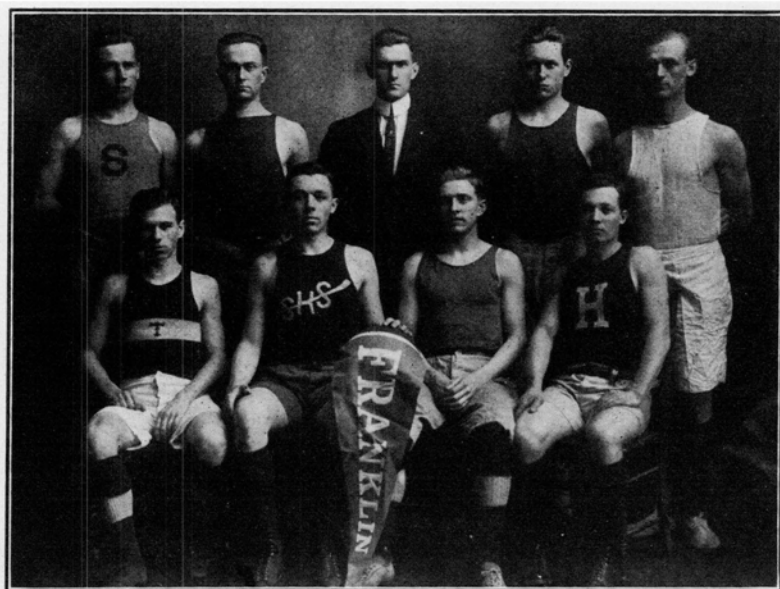
DEAR FELLOW FRANKLINS:—We hear the argument advanced many times that the day of the orator is past; that the press-newspapers, magazines, and periodicals of different kinds are taking the place of the public speaker. Such argument can not be based on a careful observation of the demand of the times. There will ever be a place of honor and renown for the individual who can stand in the presence of an audience and express logical thought in an elegant and fluent manner. The world is bidding higher today for the orator's voice and power than ever before.

The young man or woman who goes through college and does not develop, at least to some extent, the power of public speech, has neglected one of the most valuable privileges offered to college students. Many young men are graduating from some institution with "a little Latin and less Greek," but positively without ability to make an appropriate speech of acceptance if they were to be presented with a gold headed cane or one hundred shares of bank stock. Such is not the case of those who have been active members of the Franklin Literary Society in old Northern.

Personally, I can say that to no other department of educational work do I owe as much as to the Franklin Literary Society. She placed me in the responsible position which I now occupy—the head of the schools of Greene County. Had it not been for the training received within her walls, especially upon her stage, undoubtedly some other man who was more able to mould public sentiment would have been holding my position today.

Thankful to the old Society for benefits already received, pledging my lifelong allegiance to her, and recommending her as one of the best places on earth to get a real training for public life, may I ever remain,

A fraternal Franklin,
H. D. FREELAND.



FRANKLIN BASKETBALL TEAM, 1912.

Babcock
Powell
Shirley

McCartney
Flasher
Schloop

Boyle
Hastings
Pierce



TRACK TEAM, 1911.

Babcock, Capt.
Powell

Peters
Martin

Dustman
Moran

Results —Franklins 67.5, Philos 66.5, Ad elphians 29.
Highest individual score, Babcock 31 points.



BASEBALL, 1911.

Niswander, c.
Leathers, p.
Wiggins, p.

DeWolf, 3b.
Spruhn, ss.
Deeds, r. f.

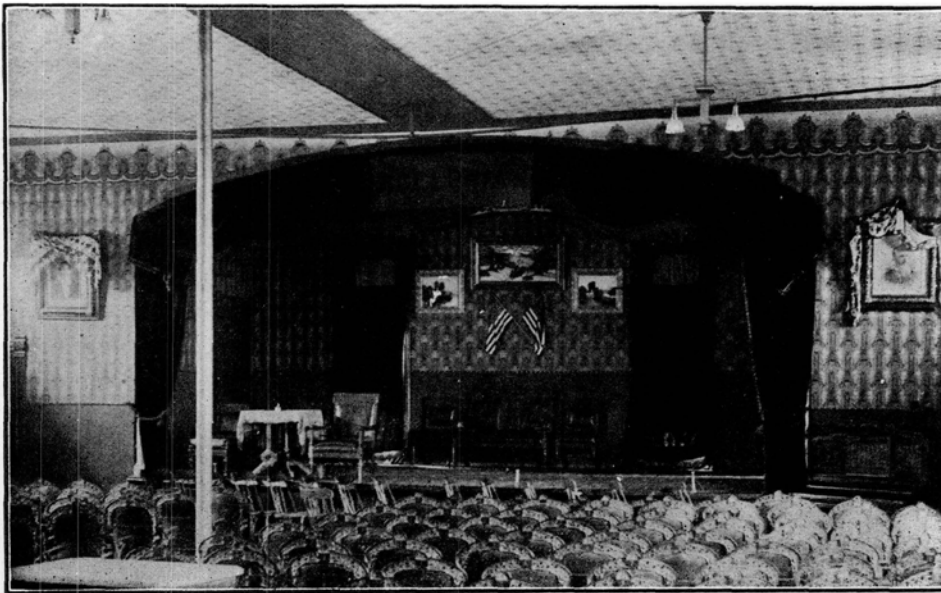
Stoner, 1b.
Park, 2b.
Gcwer, 3b.

Ports, Capt., c. c.
Games won —3

Jennings, l. f.
Games lost — 0



FRANKLIN ORCHESTRA, '12.



ADELPHIAN HALL.

ADELPHIAN SOCIETY HISTORY

Motto:—"Ad Astra Per Aspera."

ABOUT the time of the founding of the N. W. O. N. S. (now the O. N. U.) two Literary societies were originated. One was named the Franklin, a name-sake of the great Philosopher of the New World, the other the Philomathean, a lover of learning.

These Societies continued to flourish with the school, meeting in what is now the old Normal Building, until the accommodations were not sufficient to meet the demands of the great number of students flocking about the Normal to drink from the fountain of learning. These demands had to be met with a new building erected in A. D., 1879, in which were two beautiful literary halls, then supposed to be sufficient to accommodate the students seeking knowledge in the Normal, for all future time. These Societies entered into their new home highly elated, but executed their work with a suspicious eye and a jealous spirit. By the constant increase of the number of students, coupled with great energy, they so enlarged their enrollment that in a brief space of one year their accommodations scarcely equalled the demands of those seeking literary advantages.

It became necessary for the creation of a mediator. The necessity no sooner became apparent than it was perceived by the eagle eye of the distinguished founder of the Normal. A project, to found a new society to act as the mediator in allaying the acrimonious spirit then existing in the other two, presented itself to his mind. The new society was also to meet the demands of those who



DR. G. W. CRILE.

ORATORY

DR. G. W. CRILE, of Cleveland, Ohio, graduated from the Science Department in 1883 when the Adelphean Literary Society was in its infancy. Since that time he has won a national reputation in the field of Surgery. However, in the midst of a busy career he has recently shown his loyalty to the old society by establishing an Annual Oratorical Prize of \$25. This timely benefaction will not only add stars to his crown, but will increase the literary standard of the society and stimulate the greatest possible oratorical excellence. Long may the name of Dr. Crile be cherished in the hearts of the Adelpheans.

would not unite their literary fortunes with either of the other societies, and to assist in executing that principle of moral, social, and intellectual development laid down and exercised by their institution of learning. To accomplish this the progressive founder began to search, among the young men who were not yet members of either society, for material suitable for laying the foundation of a new organization. Managing to assemble thirty-two of these young men, his next object was to ascertain their talent and ingenuity by a close observation of their skill and cunning in debate. This being satisfactorily determined, the new Society was organized Sept. 3, 1880. The officers were elected by acclamation, and the immortal thirty-two were christened the "Charter members of the new Society."

The new organization seemed to answer the purpose for which it was created. For a time it was looked upon as harmless, and favorable to catch students who were not advanced enough to associate with the higher Societies: but ere long this hidden talent began to make its power felt in such a manner that many secretly sought to ferret out "the power behind the throne." No sooner was its place of concealment realized than it became the centre of envy and suspicion. Like any new society it suffered from many new and peculiar epithets, but its

true appellation was "Adelphia," a brother. In these names we can perceive the patriotism of the founder of the school and the three Societies, and his remembrance of the native state of his ancestors, "Penn's Woods." To one of the Societies he gave half the name of the "city of Erotherly love," Philo, to another, the latter half, "Adelphian," and to the other the name of its greatest citizen. We have endured many reverses and labored under many disadvantages, yet in the midst of all these we have made marked progress. The obstacles in our path to success being removed, we as a Society are respected by the school in general. As soon as the clouds of adversity were broken, the sun of prosperity, such as even the most hopeful had not dreamed of, presented itself above the dispersing clouds.

Our motto: "**Ad Astra per Aspera**," takes a front place above the stage drapery, and the history of the past is proof that no motto has been more wisely chosen or faithfully followed.

Still perceiving, still pursuing, the Adelphian Literary Society has maintained its peerless position in the Ohio Northern University, during the past year. With members intelligent and active; with enthusiasm, unbounded and inexhaustible, the Society has advanced and expects to achieve greater things in the near future. "Original Work" has been our slogan, and is our battle cry at the present moment. A literary society must be judged by the quantity and the quality of the original work it produces; and judged by this standard the Adelphian Society has no superiors and few equals. The other departments of the society may have been slighted but "Original Work" has been the ruling passion in the past and shall be the guiding motive in the future. With "Bigger! Brighter! Better!" as our slogan for 1912, who can predict the future?



CRILE ORATORICAL CONTESTANTS, '12.

B. S. Brown Miss Sinkey W. L. Manahan
L. L. Bowers W. W. Eeck Ida Powell



F. E. WILLIS.

ROME had her Cicero; Greece had her Demosthenes; England had her Burke; America had her Webster; but Adelpia has her Willis. And as the world honored these orators, so Adelpia honors Frank E. Willis. Born in Delaware county about forty years ago, our Adelpian Congressman has risen through his own efforts to the position of power and influence, which lie now occupies. By slow and patient work, "AD ASTRA PER ASPERA," he is climbing the ladder of fame and who can foretell the future? In the councils of the state, Mr. Willis has been a brilliant and useful figure during the past twenty years. For honest and efficient service, the voters of the Eighth Congressional District of Ohio sent him to Congress. His work in congress is proving itself practical, progressive, efficient and lasting.

His voice rings out in favor of clean politics and in condemnation of bribery and graft. In many states Mr. Willis is known as an educator, lawyer, and orator, but the Adelpians know him as a friend and brother. The Adelpian sky is studded with orbs of different lustre, but the brightest star is Frank B. Willis.

Some men achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them; while others become Adelpians. When posterity reads the history of the world, the names of Adelpians will be prominent in every line of work. Consider the infinite possibilities found in these celebrities:

OUR CONGRESSMAN—Hon. Frank B. Willis.

OUR SCIENTIST—Prof. G. C. Kreglow.

OUR CHEMIST—Prof. F. L. Berger.

OUR "NORMAL DEAN"—Prof. C. C. McCracken.

OUR ORATOR—S. R. Carter.

OUR POLITICIAN—A. L. McCamman.

OUR EDITOR—W. E. Simpson.

OUR CARTOONIST—Boyd Wierman.

OUR VIOLINIST—Wayne Rilderback.

OUR ELECTRICIAN—K. B. McEachron.

OUR LAWYER—F. W. Hachtel.

OUR PHILOSOPHER—R. R. Foley.

OUR PIANIST—Bertha King.

OUR ARTIST—Fern Yambert.

OUR ELOCUTIONIST—Ida Powell.

OUR BASKETBALL MANAGER—B. F. Fairless.

Etc., Etc., Etc.



ADELPHIAN ORCHESTRA, 1911-1912.

Back row, left to right — Boles, McEachron, Keller, Henneman, Brubaker, Bilderback, Everhart.

Front row — Hothem, Miss Myrtle Myers, Miss Hazel Hoover, pianist, J. L. Davidson, leader, Armstrong.

THE Adelphian Orchestra, as shown in the above picture, was organized at the beginning of the Fall Term, 1910. At that time the only members of the preceding year's Orchestra, still in the University, were Messrs. Henneman, Armstrong, and Hothem; so the new organization was largely composed of new musicians. Mr. McEachron was largely instrumental in getting the new Orchestra in good condition. During the Fall Term the Orchestra increased both in membership and excellence.

Shortly after the New Year opened, the Orchestra was greatly benefited by the acquisition of Mr. J. L. Davidson, of Tiffin, Ohio. Under Mr. Davidson's leadership the Orchestra steadily improved until it was one of the best in the University.

During the year 1910-1911, the Orchestra assisted in numerous musical programs as well as playing for the Society at the regular meetings. They also furnished music for different Church socials throughout the year.

The musical training received by the members, together with the good-fellowship which characterized the Orchestra, have made the efforts of those in charge of the musical department of the Society well worth while. The Society wishes to take this opportunity to thank the members of this Orchestra for their music and their aid in making this Adelphian Society all that it is.

K. B. M.

THE Casket Ball season was much delayed on account of the great "Evangelistic Meetings." However as soon as the meetings were concluded, Mr. Fairless, who had been chosen manager of the Adelphian players, lost no time in calling a meeting and getting the "Players" in training. There were so many candidates that it was very difficult to select the team. At no time was the team at a loss for good players. Christy was chosen captain and under the direction of Christy and Fairless great team-work was developed. That our boys worked together is clearly shown by their record. They played five games, three with the Franklins and two with the Philomatheans, and won in every game.

The scores were as follows:—first game Adel. 64, Franks 20; second game Adel. 55, Philos 9; third game Adel. 68, Franks 22; fourth game Adel. 45, Franks 26; fifth game Adel. 90, Philos 18.

TO score 322 points in five games of Basket Ball, and to only lack five points of scoring as much in the final game as were scored against them in the entire season is a record of which any team should feel proud.

The Adelphians may well join in unison in giving "Sine Loud Raahs" for Fairless, for Christy, and for each man on the team, because every man played a star game.



ADELPHIAN BASKETBALL TEAM.

Fairless, Mgr., Christy, Judson, Stump, Gettz.
Hill. Gardener, Callander.

FOR WE ARE JOLLY ADELPHIANS

Come my good Adelphians, we'll sing another song,
Sing a song of O. N. U., 'twill start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
For we are jolly Adelphians.

CHORUS :

Hurrah ! hurrah ! we bring the jubilee
Hurrah hurrah! the grand society.
Let the chorus echo from the mountains to the sea,
For we are jolly Adelphians.

Of the students in this school, we always get our share,
Men of great intelligence and ladies bright and fair,
Folks that for Adelpia would ever fight and dare,
For we are jolly Adelphians.

We are all Adelphians, we glory in the name,
For 'tis borne by thousands who have honor, power, and fame ;
Won't you join our forces? You'll be sure to get the same ;
For we are jolly Adelphians.

Round the world we're scattered, over mountain, hill and plain,
'Twixt the peaks of Oregon and mountain tops of Maine,
From the plains of China to the native state of Elaine;
For we are jolly Adelphians.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto—"Labor Omnia Vincit."

THE Philomathean Literary Society was organized Aug. 14, 1871. Previous to that time there had been but one literary society, the Ciceronian. But the school, then, had grown too large for one society; so the founder, Dr. Lehr, decided to organize two societies. He accordingly divided the students into two groups, A's and B's. At a meeting in Bastable's Hall, the A's chose the name, Franklin, for their society, the B's, Philomathean. Bastable's Hall, as a place of meeting, fell to the Franklins, so the Philomatheans withdrew to the basement of the old Methodist Church where an organization was effected. G. W. Rutledge and Miss Axie Marshall were chosen as the first president and vice president.

After the erection of the Normal building the meetings of the societies were held there. The present Commercial room was given to the societies, but as both could not occupy one room at the same time one society was compelled to meet in the then chapel hall, now the reading room. It was decided to allow the societies the literary hall alternately. Then a keen rivalry grew up to have the honor of holding the first meeting in the regular literary hall. The contention was settled by a foot race; Mr. Rutledge, the Philo runner, lost to Mr. Henry, the Franklin runner.

When the present Administration building was completed two splendid halls were given, exclusively, to the literary societies. Again a contention arose. Both societies desired the north hall, the present home of the Philomatheans. Finally, the Philos paid the Franklins \$25 for the choice of halls.

The interest manifested in the societies in their early history is hard for us to understand, now. Programs began at 6:30 P. M. and lasted till midnight. Often, people came a distance of 10 or 15 miles to attend them. In this fact lies the secret of Northern's power and success. The students were trained to deal, not with theories and books, only, but primarily with men and women. Such a training is the best equipment a man can have before entering into the competition and trials of a busy, practical age.

Though proud of our society's history, we are more deeply concerned with her present doings. The year 1911-12 is resplendent with many achievements. At the opening of the Fall term only a mere handful of members were in school. Under the leadership of Oscar Allen these few succeeded in signing up a majority of all the new students, among whom were many of promising literary talent. Especial efforts have been made in every soliciting campaign to secure students who give promise of literary ability and activity. A fresh vigor and spirit has thus been added that forebodes well for the future of the society.

For some time it has been a common saying that the literary societies were on the decline. The accusation was only too true. Many, who deprecated this decline, were attempting to restore the old time vigor by eulogizing the spirit of rivalry of former years, and exhorting the present members to emulate the

old-time rivalries. All such agitation proved vain, a fact for which we ought to be truly thankful. A few among the societies began to realize that the only way to deal with a deplorable condition is to study the situation and plan to meet it. The time for a constructive program to meet new conditions had come.

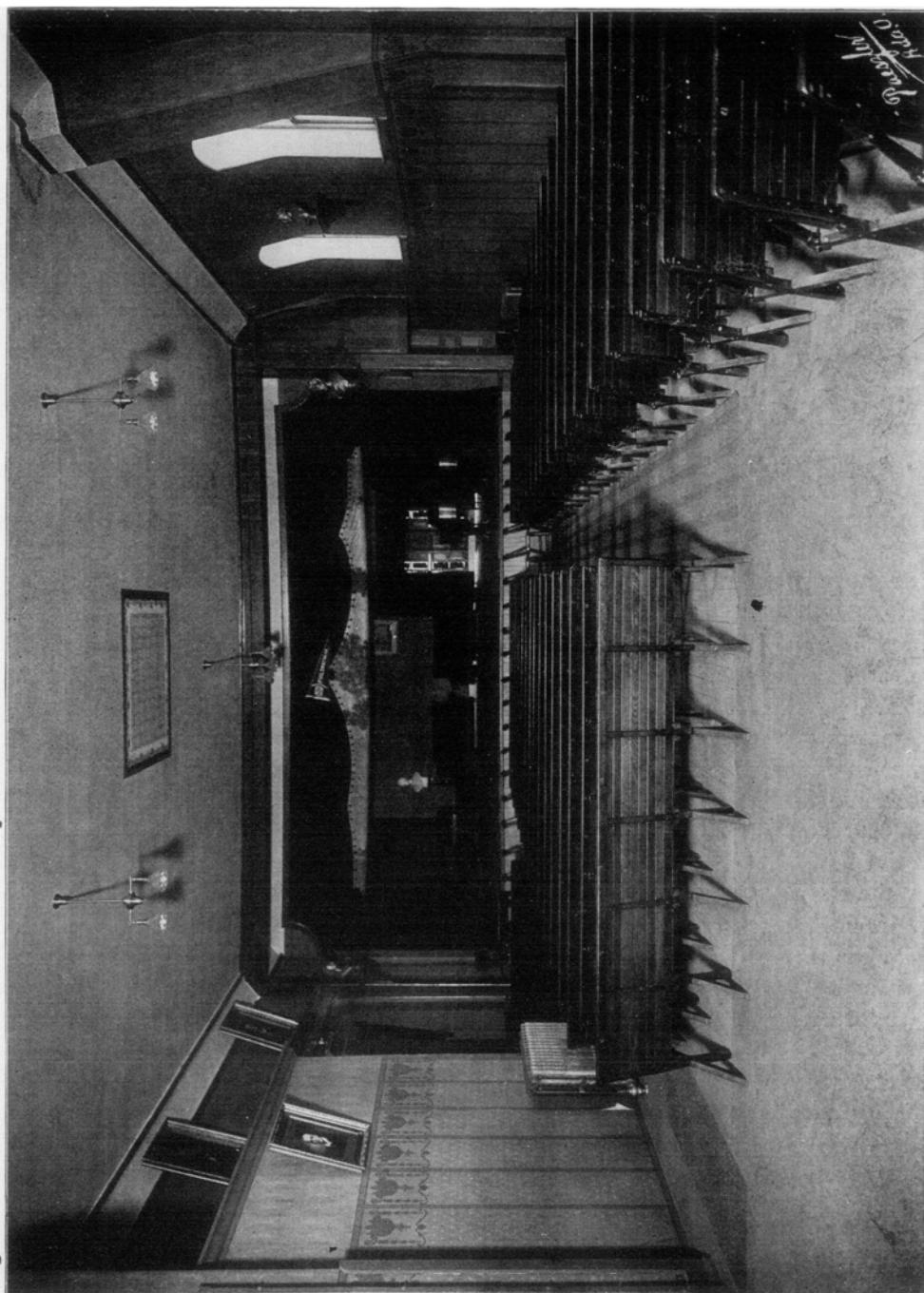
There was practically no system in the management of the societies. So low had become the interest that, frequently, the rendition of the programs was not begun until 8:30 P. M. To remedy this intolerable condition the executive committees of the three societies passed a conjoint resolution—which was ratified by the societies—that the programs should be started at 7:30 P. M. and also imposed a fine upon any officer responsible for a delay. The good results of such a policy were at once apparent. The audience assembled earlier and in greater numbers.

The financial affairs are the most neglected of all the society functions. At the beginning of the year the Philo society was seriously embarrassed by outstanding debts. Thru the vigorous and persistent efforts of a few, the funds were collected to pay these old debts, also to pay the running expenses promptly. Too many students do not realize the necessity of keeping the societies in a healthy financial condition. After a long and varied experience the writer is willing to assert that the financial condition of a society is the measure of its efficiency in every activity. A better financial condition enabled the executive committee to install a new lighting plant, which gives fully twice the light at a cost of less than $\frac{1}{4}$ the electric system. Too much credit cannot be given Messrs. Clark, Allen, Elliot, McDaniels, and Tanner, for the efficient service they have rendered in securing much needed funds.

With Miss Pearl A. M. Stahl as leader, the Philo girls selected a cast of characters to present the lively comedy, "Breezy Point." This play was given twice in Philo Hall during the middle term. Mr. Ray E. Marchand the wide-awake, genial business manager of the troupe, made the necessary arrangements and had the play rendered at Harrod and Lafayette. The comedy was well received wherever given. The proceeds will be spent in purchasing furniture for the stage.

Mention must also be made of the orchestra. The Philo orchestra, acknowledged as the best in the O. N. U., is no doubt the best orchestra the society has ever had. To Mr. Irving Garwood, the leader, great credit is due for the splendid music we have had during the year. Mr. Garwood has also rendered great service as chairman of the program committee. He has discouraged "catch programs" and held the society to real literary work. We believe it is safe to say that more original work has been done on the stage this year than in any two years for the past decade. We have heard much recently about society spirit, but what the societies really need is not "society spirit" but literary spirit. The work of the past year has done much towards developing such a spirit.

Thru Dr. Lehr a debating prize of \$25 was offered the society by a former, loyal member, Geo. Franklin Getty, of Los Angeles, Cal. The offer was accepted and rules and regulations governing the contest were adopted. This



PHILO HALL.

contest will be held, annually, in the Spring term. The prize will be divided, \$15 being given to first and \$10 to second winner.

To further stimulate and standardize literary work the society is now offering a diploma upon the completion of a required amount of literary work. We regard this move of such importance that the rules and requirements are here given in full.

First—A diploma will be granted upon the completion of sixteen credits in literary work.

Second—A credit shall consist in taking part on a regular program of the society, in one of the following ways: Debate, Oration, Recitation, Address, Original Paper, or Music.

Third—No person shall receive a diploma unless he shall have been in school at least eight terms.

Fourth—No person shall be eligible to receive a diploma unless he has completed a first grade high school course, or the preparatory work of the Ohio Southern University.

Fifth—At least one credit each term (eight in all) must be made, and not more than three made in one term shall be counted on the courses.

Sixth—Three classes of diplomas will be given to students majoring in debating, oratory, and music, respectively.

Seventh—The requisite credits for the diploma in debating shall be: Debates, eight credits; orations, two credits. The remaining six credits shall be made up of not more than two from each of the following: Oration, recitation, address, original paper, or music.

Eighth—For a diploma, majoring in oratory: Orations, eight; debates, two. Remaining credits made up from recitations, music, addresses, debates, and original paper as in seven.

Ninth—Music diploma: Eight credits in music; recitations, two. Remaining credits made up as in seven and eight.

Tenth—The executive committee shall have full power of granting diplomas and the records of the society must show that the applicant is entitled to same.

Executive Committee,

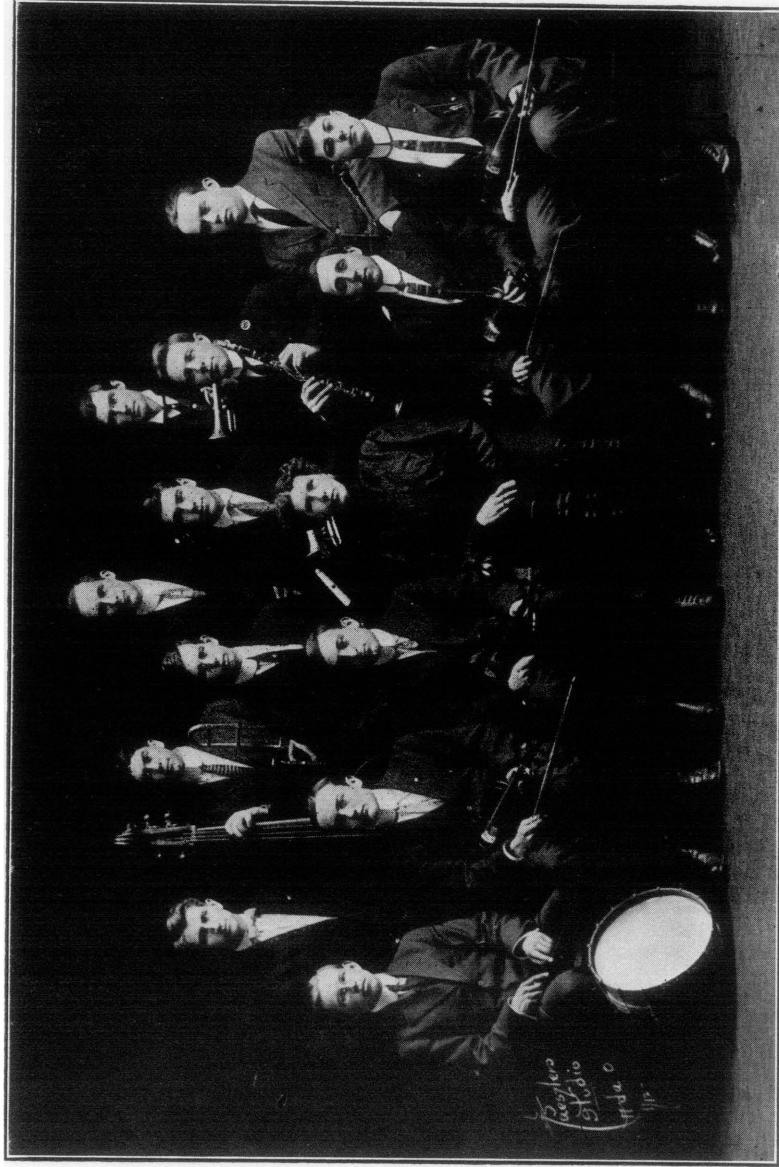
O. F. CARPENTER,

ROSCOE BAKER,

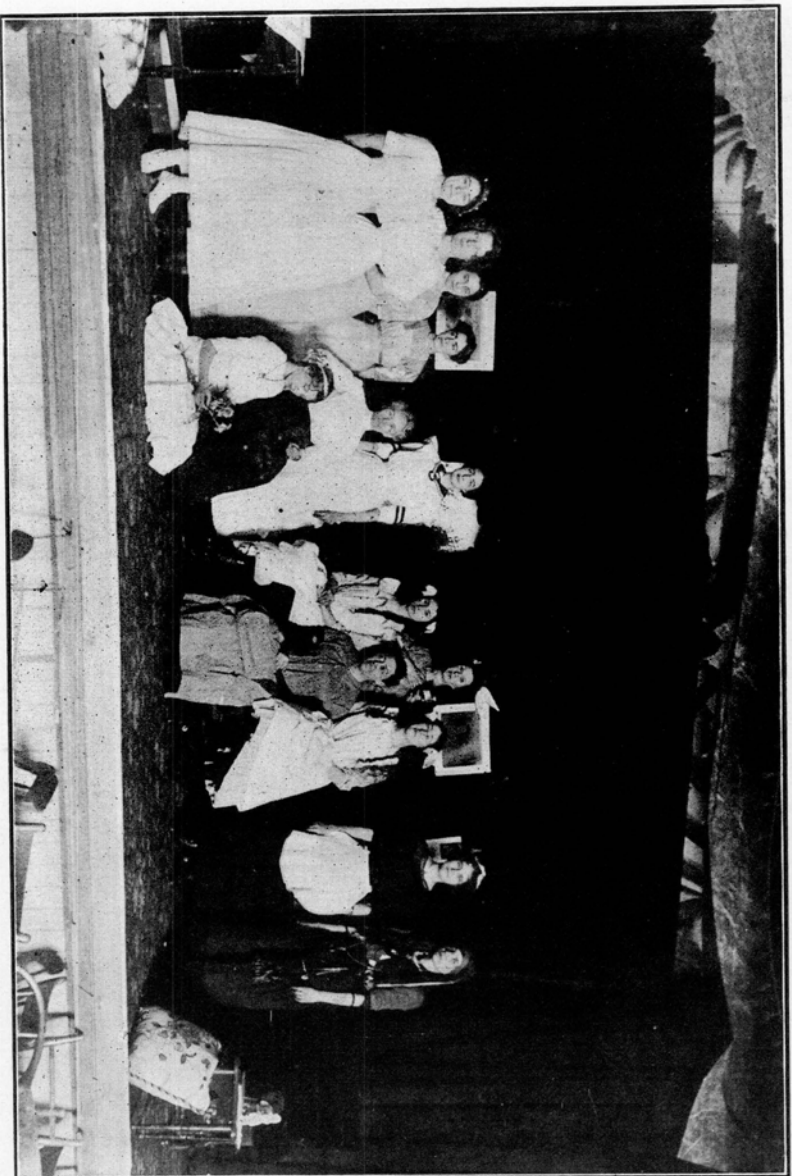
IRVING GARWOOD,

EARL ZEIGLER,

RAY MARCHAND.



PHILO ORCHESTRA.



PHILO GIRLS. CASTE OF CHARACTERS IN "BREEZY POINT."

"I AM PROUD TO BE A PHILO"

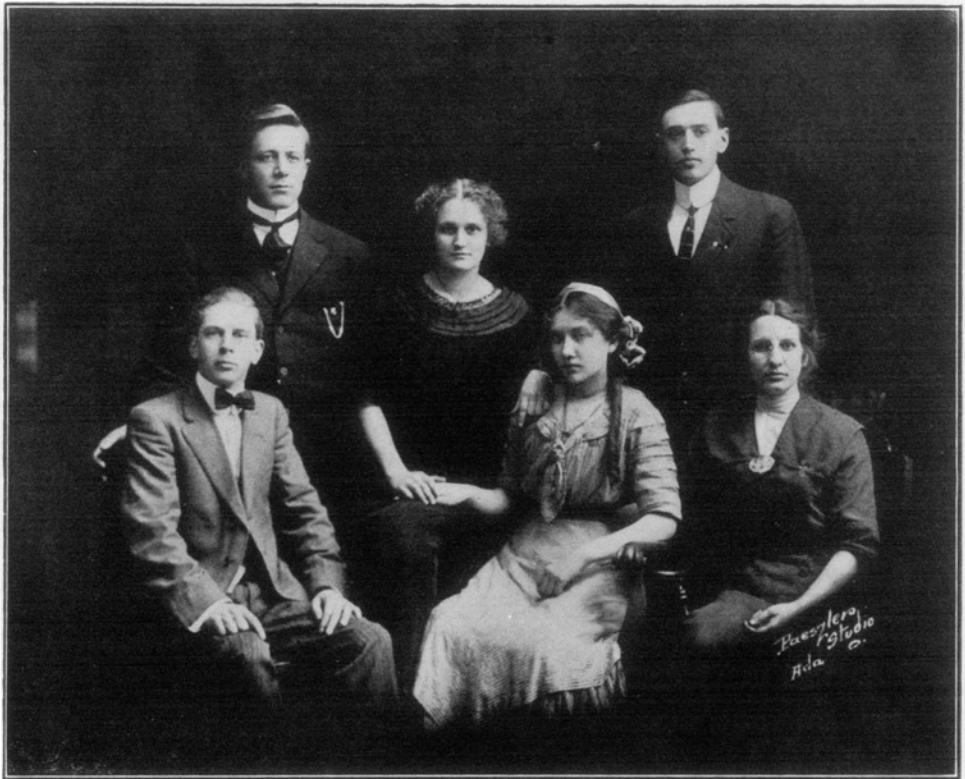
Of ali tho societies on the world's chart,
There is none like the Philo;
She is the dearest to my heart;
I ani proud to be a Philo.

Her programs are so up to date,
All the students pronounce them first rate;
And so sweet are the musical numbers
They cause pleasant dreams and refreshing slumbers;
I ani proud to be a Philo.

Her flag is everywhere unfurled,
For she is known thruout the world:
Aliens from Austria, Russia, China, and Japan,
Are glad to come and join her clan,
For we are proud to be Philos.

As far south as Mexico and Brazil,
As far north as Alaska and the Pole,
She is the dearest to every soul.
Whatever our fortune in after years,
We'll always be proud we're Philos.

Faus B. Chow.



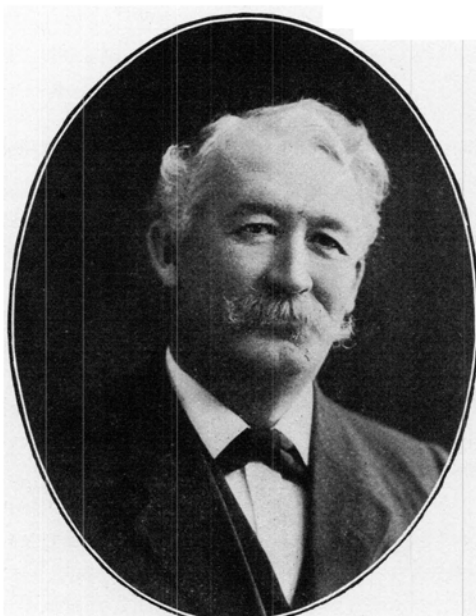
PHILO ORATORS.

Irving Garwood
Ray B. Marchand

Bessie Mitchell
Lois Hawes

E. C. Reed
Leora Weston

"WHAT FAMOUS MEN SAY OF THEIR SOCIETY"



JOHN DAVISON

"The greatest of merely human institutions is a college; the greatest college is the college of the common people; of this class, none is greater than the Ohio Northern University, and no subordinate institution has contributed more to the success of the Ohio Northern University than the Philomathean Society."

A. S. WATKINS, L. L. D.

JOHN DAVISON, Superintendent of The Lima Public Schools, ranks second to none among the school men of Ohio. For a number of years he was a popular instructor in the O. N. U., and has inspired thousands of youths to nobler service. Tho known to his friends as the "kind and genial Davison," yet he is a vigorous, uncompromising foe of wrong.

"Here is to the Philomathean Society, may she ever prosper and her sons and daughters be loyal, achieve success, and win renown."

VICTOR R. DRAY,

Supt. of Public Schools, Kalida, Ohio.

HISTORY OF THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

THE Engineering Society of the O. N. U. was organized by Prof. W. E. Meyers, C. E. Prof. Meyers was a graduate of the University and was at the head of the Engineering Department of the Ohio Normal University from 1888 to 1895. He resigned his position to become County Surveyor, and moved to Kenton, Ohio, where he has since lived. Prof. Meyers saw that the young men in his department, as well as the students in any of the other departments in the University, needed literary training.

There were three splendid literary societies in the school at that time, but the Engineering students, as a rule, did not take advantage of the opportunities for culture which they afforded. They excused themselves by saying that they were too busy with their studies and that, at any rate, Engineers did not need a literary training. Prof. Meyers thought differently and conceived the idea of organizing a society exclusively for the engineers, where topics of interest to the Engineer might be discussed, and where the Engineer Sews of the world might be reported.

Accordingly, in the fall of 1890 a number of young men met and adopted a constitution and by-laws, and named the new organization "The Engineering Society." There were ten charter members of the society. They met on Saturday afternoon in room No. 13 of the building now known as the Administration building.

This was for many years the room where Mrs. Maglott heard the Mathematics classes recite and on the old seats can still be traced the names of some of the members of that first Engineering Society.

The keenest interest was manifested in these meetings. It was considered an honor to be placed on the program and the young man, who was thus honored, put forth his best efforts to make his discussion interesting.

The officers were elected as they now are, but there was a sharp competition among the seniors for the positions of presiding officer, secretary, and treasurer.

The society has continued without interruption since its organization. The number of its members is something near three thousand. Among its members are some of the foremost engineers of the country. When they were in school they gave their time, energy, and thought, in the interest of this society. Thus both they and the society were benefited.

Besides the regular work of an Engineering Society which is disseminating a knowledge of Engineering news and Engineering projects among the students, it has undertaken and carried out a number of projects which have helped to mould the character of the school. In 1903 and 1904 a number of Engineers conceived the idea of changing the name of the school. This subject was discussed in the Engineering society and a committee was appointed to select a name and to confer with the faculty and President of the University. Mr. Hockley, Mr. Steel, and Mr. Irwin were members of this committee.

The name of "Northern," instead of "Normal" which was the objectionable word to the Engineering students, was suggested by one of the professors in

the school, and through the efforts of this committee the change was made from Ohio Normal University to Ohio Northern University but it was still O. N. U. as before.

The idea of giving an Engineering exhibit came from the Engineering Society.

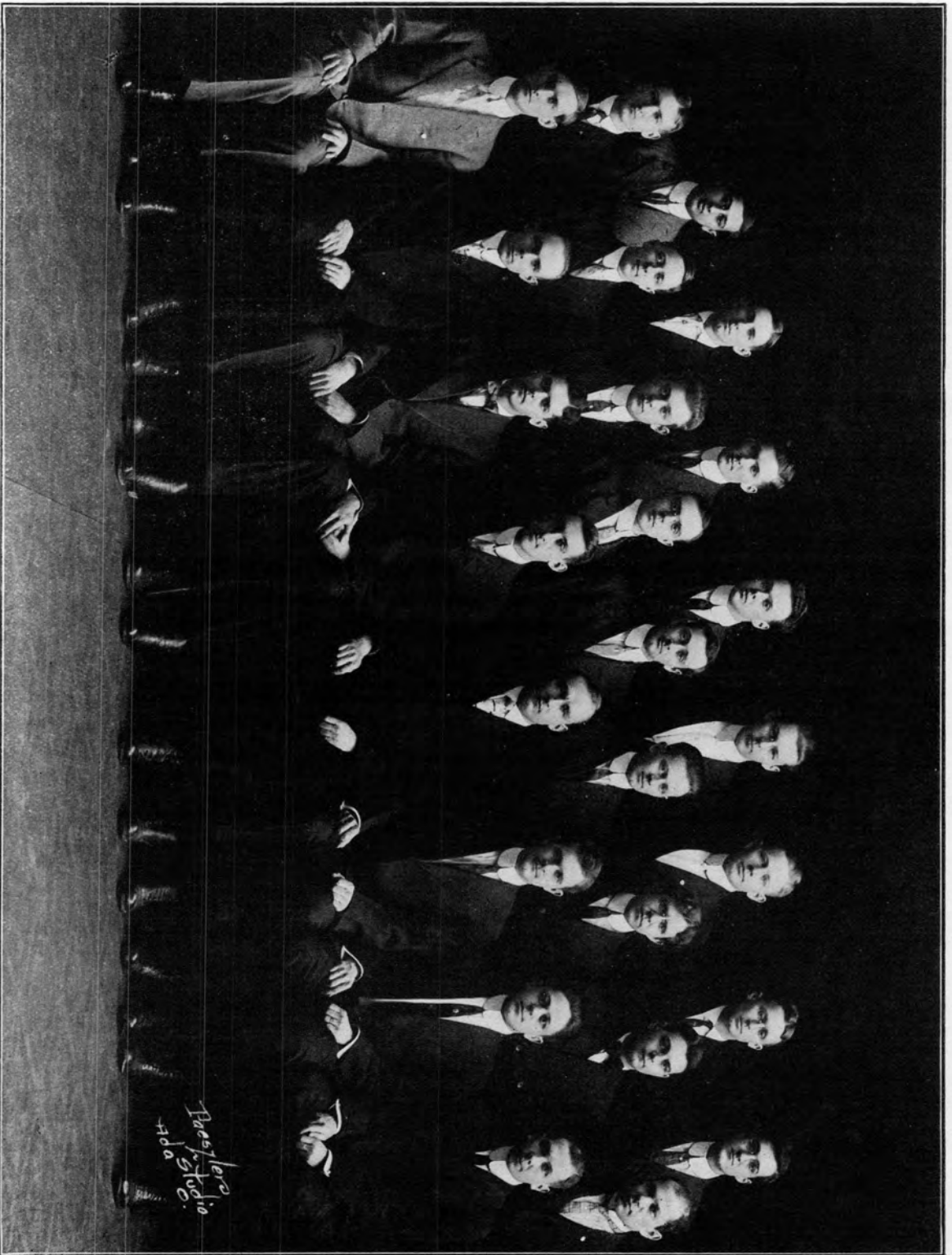
The idea of calling the graduate engineers of note to give addresses to the engineers of the University came from the Engineering Society. Mr. W. H. Adams of Detroit was the first one to respond to this call.

About six years ago the members of the Engineering society each pledged to give the society five dollars out of the first month's salary that should exceed fifty dollars, for the purpose of purchasing books for an Engineering library. A number of these pledges were paid and had this good example been followed by the succeeding classes we would now have a good working library for the College of Engineers.

The aim of the Engineering Society is a good one, and the entire college of Engineers should support it by attending its meetings and by becoming acting, working, paying members. The Seniors especially should feel it their duty and their pleasure to help make it of far more service to the University.

E. S. M.





THE O. N. U. BRANCH OF THE A. I. E. E.

Pres. J. C. 10
Adda Studio

THE O. N. U. BRANCH OF THE A. I. E. E.

AT the regular meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, held in New York City, February 9, 1912, the Board of Directors authorized the organization of a Branch at the Ohio Northern University, to be known as the Ohio Northern University Branch of that Institute. The establishment of the O. N. U. Branch is the result of persistent and faithful efforts of Professor Ewing to raise the College of Electrical Engineering to the highest standing. Among the forty-two College Branches, of which thirty are State schools and fulfilling the Carnegie requirements, O. N. U. ranks fifteenth in membership.

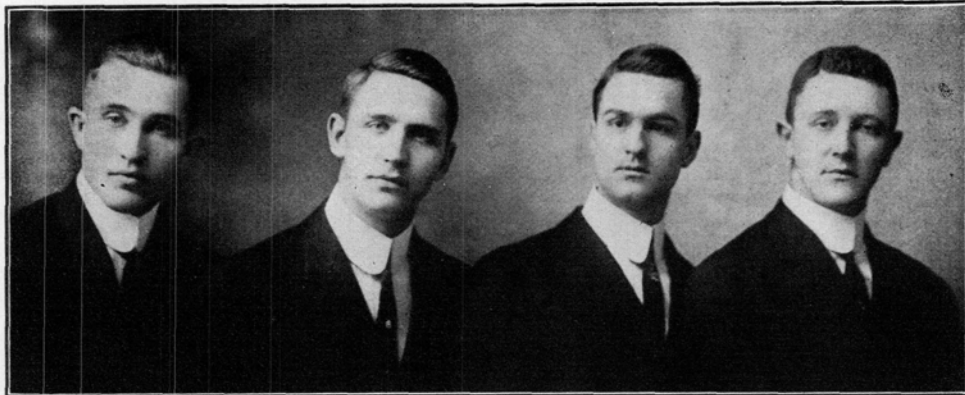
The Institute is the national organization of the Electrical profession. It was founded in 1884. The advance of the Electrical profession owes much to the men who in founding this society foresaw advantages to be derived from an organization which would encourage the use of Electrical applications in every useful art, and which would afford opportunity for its members to meet and discuss Electrical problems and developments. The Institute has been no small factor in bringing about the progress which has taken place in electrical applications and in the advancement of the profession as a whole.

The object of the Institute is to advance the theory and practice of Electrical Engineering, of the allied Arts and Sciences, and the maintenance of a professional standing among its members.

The first meeting of the O. N. U. Branch, which was for organization, was held in the Administration Building on February 21. The following members represented the Branch at its organization: Professor D. D. Ewing, Jerry M. Ashley, Harry D. Bruhn, Frank M. Billhimer, Arlo V. Belding, George L. Carlisle, T. H. Frankenberry, J. Corwin Johnston, G. C. Joseph, Frank R. LePage, Benjamin Lassaff, Karl E. McEachron, Henry J. Meyer, J. S. Neidich, C. G. Nixon, R. H. Paul, L. A. Roberts, H. J. Sells, Floyd Turner, Harry L. Wright, J. Earl Wineland, Richard L. White, John D. Zimmerman, William T. Franks, Russel H. Smith, and Harry W. Burnley. Officers for the year 1912 were elected as follows: Executive Committee, Professor D. D. Ewing, chairman, L. A. Roberts, Floyd Turner, H. D. Eruhn, and J. C. Johnston; Chairman of Branch, T. H. Frankenberry; Vice-chairman, J. D. Zimmerman; Secretary, R. L. White; Treasurer, G. C. Joseph.

The meetings, which are held every month, afford opportunities for the members to become acquainted with, and to discuss problems that are holding the attention of the leaders of the Electrical profession.

R. L. W.



Niswander

Yambert

Hafer

Oistad

THE ENGINEERS' MALE QUARTET

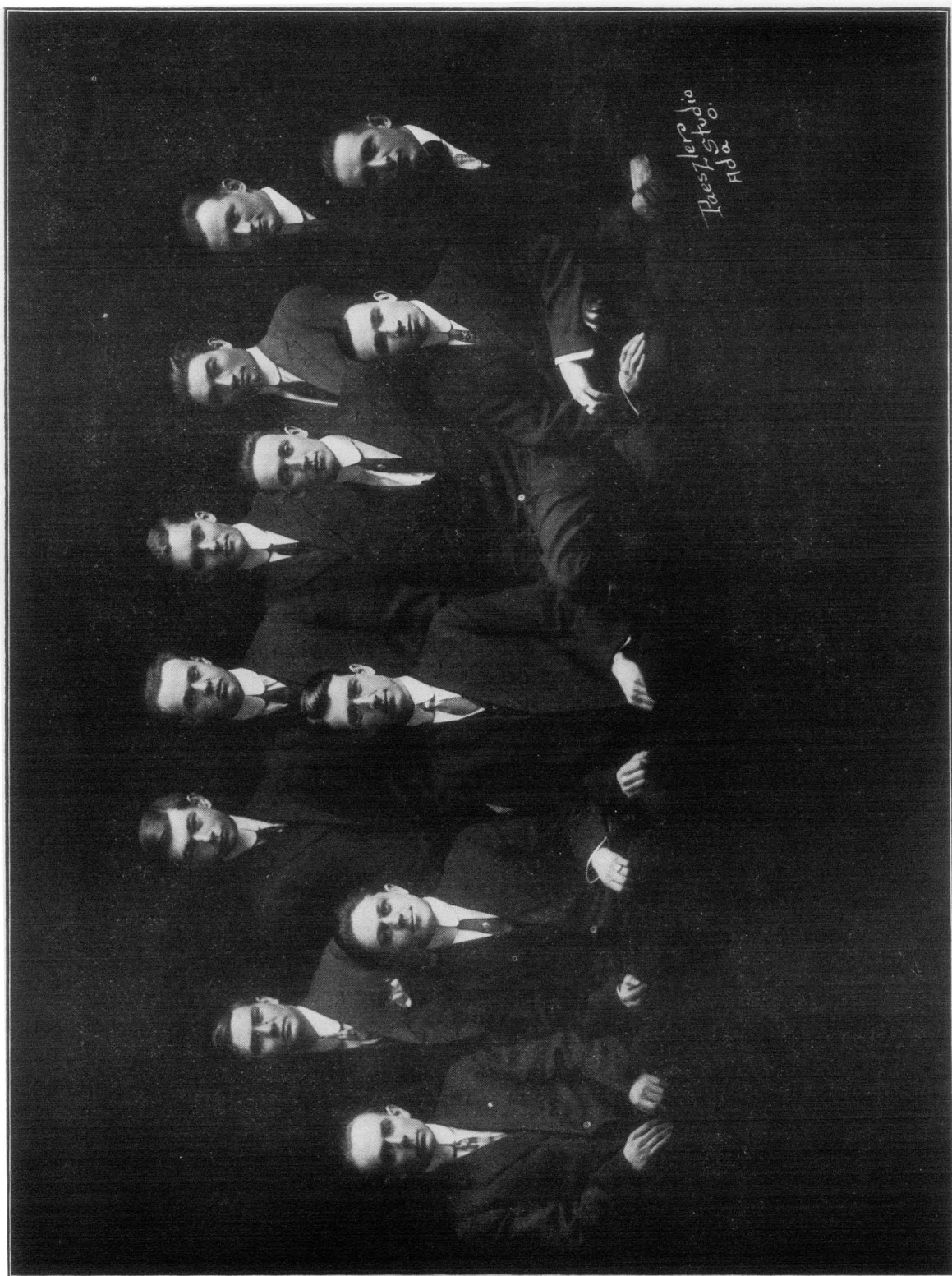
THE members composing this collection of serenaders are Frank Oistad, G. M. Hafer, D. W. Yambert, and C. W. Niswander. Arranging these nightingales on a descending musical scale we have some such order as this: Frank Oistad in the garret, first tenor; G. M. Hafer, upstairs with second tenor; coming down we find D. W. Yambert on the first floor, baritone; and last but not biggest, C. W. Niswander chimes in from the basement with his basso profundo.

"Oft in the still night" when the "night shades" had covered all, you could find these midnight warblers in their characteristic Hoot-Owl poses before the "Old Normal," behind the Pharmacy building, or at favorite places down town.

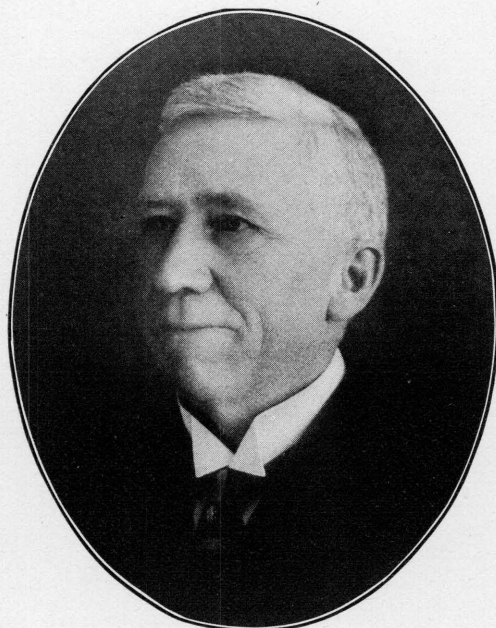
Oft the last faint echoes of "Kentucky Babe" had scarcely died away when the light of the "Silvery Moon" was failing in the West.

Ohio Northern has never had a more popular quartet. They were called upon at Chapel, in the Literary Societies, at receptions, and at almost every occasion, and never failed to please.

Once more it might be said of them "As a boy I used to roam" "Way down yonder in the Cornfield," "Far away in the South," "Under Southern Skies"; oftentimes some "Little drops of Water" would compel these gleeful singers to seek "An old port in a Storm."



Moo Kow Moos.



GEO. GETTY

Mr. Getty is one of Northern's honored sons. Recently he has shown his interest in the school by offering an annual debating **prize of \$25.00** to the Philomathean Literary Society.



MRS. EVA MAGLOTT.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

Y. W. C. A.

THE Y. W. C. A. of the Ohio Southern University was organized Wednesday evening, November 19th, 1884. There were forty charter members. Mrs. Eva Maglott, who has ever shown a motherly care for the girls, was the first president. The first meetings were held conjointly with the Y. M. C. A. Later, when the association had grown sufficiently strong, a room in the Administration building was given exclusively to the organization. Since then the Y. W. C. A. has been an integral part of the university.

The present year has witnessed a more extensive and perfect organization of the Y. W. C. A. Better organization has increased the attendance at meetings and rendered all efforts of the association effective. The inspiration derived from the devotional meetings has resulted in a strengthening of the spiritual life of the girls.

The greatest blessing of the year was the religious campaign conducted by Evangelist Reed. In this great revival the Y. W. C. A. played an important part. The girls banded

themselves together and pledged time and prayer in a special effort to help their sister students. As a result of this vigorous personal work many of the girls who had become indifferent renewed their religious activities, while others who had never confessed the Master were brought into the fold. The powerful and convincing sermons of the Evangelist and the song service conducted by Bro. Grant were sources of great inspiration. New life was infused into the association. A feeling of sisterly affection prevails, which, we hope, will forever remain. We are going out into the world, determined to live the higher ideals as God gives us to see them.

The Association keeps in communication with the state organization. In November Miss Mabel Eleanor Stone, State Secretary, spent three days with us, giving current Y. W. news and planning for the betterment of the Association. At Christmas time greetings were exchanged with the Young Women's Christian Associations of Miami, Glendale, Denison, Otterbein, Heidelberg, Ohio Wesleyan, Wilmington, and Ohio Universities.

The Bible Study work in the books, "Training for Service," "Life of Christ," and "Studies in John," was conducted with marked success. "The Decisive Hour," an instructive course in mission study taught by the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was completed by a class of young men and women.

Eut the work of the year has also been marked by material progress. Sew paper and curtains of oriental pattern have added greatly to the attractiveness of the humble Association rooms. For many years the Association has been needing a piano. Plans were formed for raising the money, and on February 16 (Tag Day) a special effort was made, netting \$175, to the piano fund. A new piano was purchased at once.



Y. W. C. A. ROOM.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

GEO. K. **Good**, *President*

FLOYD F. TURNER, *Recording Sec'y*

RALPH L. DONNAN, *General Sec'y*

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ALBERT E. SMITH, *President*

HENRY WHITWORTH, *Sec'y. and Treas*

FRANK B. WILLIS

W. EARL SIMPSON

C. R. RHONEMUS

N. W. TOBIAS

M. L. SNYDER

PAUL ERNSEERGER

CABINET.

EARL F. ZEIGLER, *Bible Study*

DALE YAMBERT, *Finance*

CHAS. G. ALDRICH, *Religious Work*

H. H. HOLLENRECK, *Athletics*

R. W. PRATT, *Mission Study*

H. E. KUKZ, *Music*

DON E. McDOWELL, *Gospel Team*

RALPH K. WEAVER, *Relief*

C. T. CONKLIN, *Social*

It. E. KIRTS, *Advertising*

JAMES S. CLAYTON, *Membership*



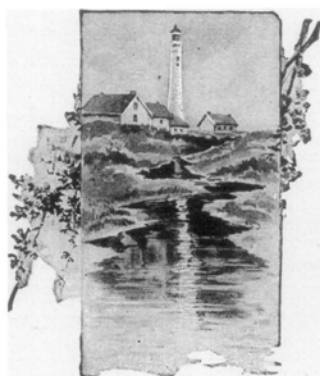
RALPH L. DONNAN.

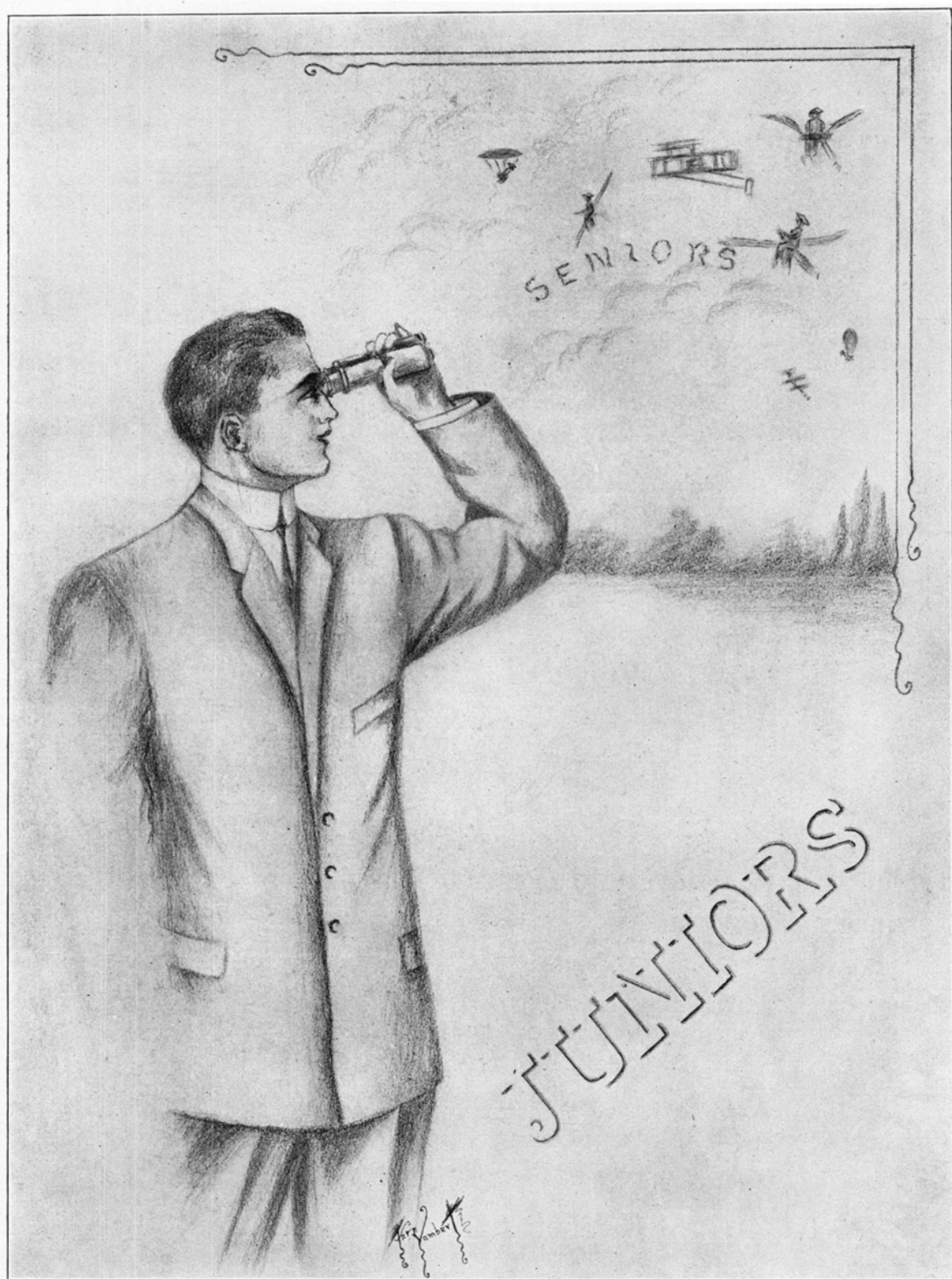
THE influence of the Y. M. C. A. of the O. N. U. has grown rapidly the past few years. To-day this association is second to none in activity and power.

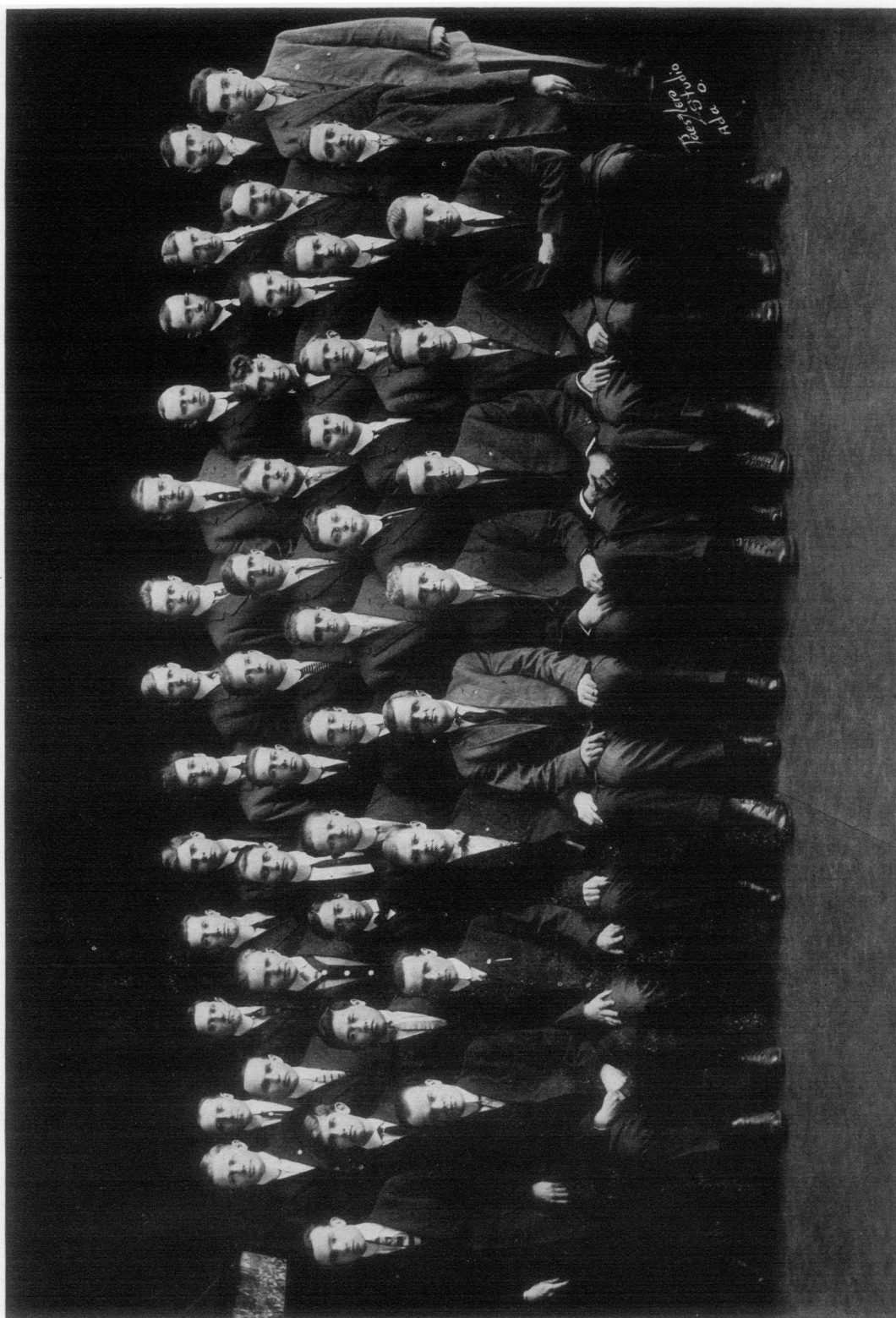
Some of the best speakers in both state and nation have accepted the invitation of Sec'y Donnan to come and address the student body. The discussions on college vices and other evils, by Prof. Shannon and Ted Mercer, were productive of good results. State Sec'y Lichty has visited the association several times, helping it to plan and realize greater things.

The Y. M. C. A. endeavors to serve the students. The General Sec'y conducts an employment bureau, thus assisting many students of humble means in sustaining themselves at college. Bible classes are

formed during the winter terms and competent teachers placed in charge. A reading room well supplied with journals and magazines is open to members. Athletic feats are also encouraged by granting prizes to successful competitors.



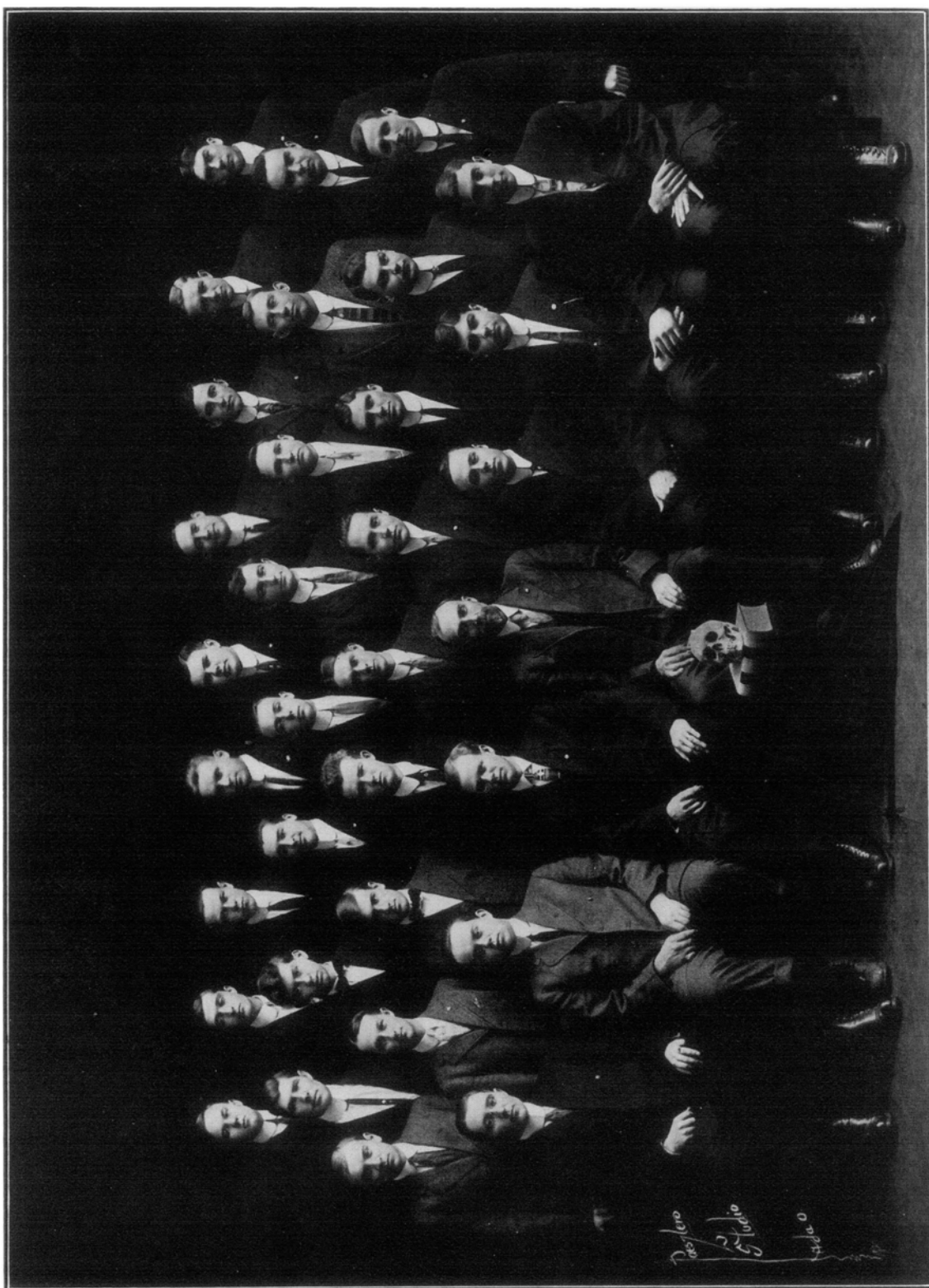




JUNIOR ENGINEERS.

JUNIOR ENGINEERS

ALLAN, P. F.	MORGAN, DAVID
BILLHIMER, FRANK M.	NELSON, J. HENRY
CRAWFORD, E. C.	POOR., HENRY
DUSTMAN, ARTHUR G.	PETERS, H. C.
DENNIS, R. E.	POWELL, R. H.
DISHINGER, H. F.	PFEIFFER, G. FREDERICH
DECOUDRES, R. B.	ROSENSTEEL, RAY V.
EMERY, C. R.	SWARTZ, O. P.
EVANS, W. J.	SHULTES, K. H.
EVERHART, H. S.	STURM, L. A.
FLASHER, HARRY T.	SPELLMAN, R.
FULKERSON, H. E.	TUTTLE, SHELBY
GUINAN, TOM D.	WINELAND, J. EARL
HENRY, FRANK D.	WOOD, L. P.
ENTRESS, H. V.	WIERMAN, BOYD,
HAFFER, B. M.	WHITFIELD, PATRICK
HAZELTINE, W. J.	WARREN, EDGAR
HOLLENBECK, HOWARD H.	YOUNG, H. J.
HAWKE, M. R.	YAMBERT, DALE
JOHNSON, J. W.	OVERBACK, J. E.
KAPLAN, HENRY	MUNOZ, E. J.
LEAVENS, C. R.	GARDNER, DAVID
LEPAGE, FRANK R.	BROWN, C. A.
MONKS, EMORY	ALEXANDER, R. M.
BOESGER, GEO.	



JUNIOR PHARMACISTS.

JUNIOR PHARMACS

CHAS. ASPINALL	WM. McCORMICK
HARRY L. BARR (<i>Vice Pres.</i>)	U. S. MESSITER
E. M. BOWER	ORVAL MASTEN
MAURICE BRYSON	HOWARD PEASE
MERLE CRISTY	J. W. PLYMALE
GUS CAMPBELL	E. W. PEARCE (<i>Pres.</i>)
STEWART GREEN (<i>Treas.</i>)	LYSLE D. REYNOLDS
ED GROSE	EARL RENSHAW
H. I. HERBEL	C. H. SESSIONS
RUSSELL HAINES	ARTHUR S. SCHMIDT
WM. J. HOCKADAY	FRED W. SMITH
CHAS. HILL	OMER W. TUM
OTTO KELLEY	FLOYD M. TACEY
W. F. KINCAID	J. C. TANNEHILL
ED KINNEY (<i>Sec.</i>)	L. P. WAGNER
C. L. KLINE	HARRY O. WINLAND
LEROY W. McCARTNEY	HOWARD WERTZ
L. T. WILLIAMS.	

SENIOR-JUNIOR DAY

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1912



COMMITTEES.

Senior.

MOORHEAD
MISS McCREARY
RAMBO
MISS SMITH
BOND

Junior

JOHNSON
MISS AINSLEE
PORTS
WIRTS

8:30 A. M. — Senior-Junior Girl's Baseball Game

9:30 A. SI. — Senior-Junior Sock Race

Tug-o-War, Senior-Junior Girls

10:30 A. SI. — Regular Track Events

Noon

1:00 P. M. — Senior-Junior Boys' Baseball Game

2:00 P. M. — Regular Track Events (Con)

3:00 P. M. — Tennis Tournament

Tug-o-War, Senior-Junior Boys



COMMENCEMENT



CLASS HISTORY

HELEN OTTMER

LET us survey the past half century and there trace the achievements of our Alma Mater. So brief yet effulgent a career as that of the Ohio Northern University, a school which commands the respect of other colleges of the Land, is a history not to be regarded as a mere consummation of human skill, but rather as a dispensation of Providence for good.

Gazing through a niist as did Pythia to receive the messages of Apollo, we learn that the fame of our university rests upon actual achievements, whose good influences shall ever be abiding. The infant school of 1866 is indebted to its father, Dr. Lehr, for its unique character and amazing growth. Born poor, materially, but rich, mentally and spiritually, the father saw the necessity and possibilities of a poor man's university; saw what a benefactor such a school would be to the most worthy of mankind. Accordingly lie directed it with rare judgment and with a father's love over many a rough and weary path. Its growth was rapid and robust. From a Normal school it grew into a college, from a college into a university, until today under Dr. Smith's skillful leadership the Ohio Northern University is a presiding goddess of learning.

Again let us look back to less than a score of years ago, when all-days play of two hundred and forty-five children had come to a close, when two hundred and forty-five mothers eagerly tied some little girl's bonnet or washed some little boy's hands to send them away to learn their first lessons at school. Onward and upward we have plodded thru these days, months, and years of preparatory training. The cherished memories of those earlier school days are indelibly recorded upon "Memory's Walls."

Today we are met, blest with the richer experience of college life. The Class of '12 is speaking its fond farewell. The busy, happy days spent here are over but — What an hour of triumph in school life! What an inspiration this week will be for future years of service! We have now come to the threshold of life for which the past years were the preparation. The occasion is both sad and glad. It were easy to fall into the manner of Ophelia "loaded with sweet flowers" and to murmur, "Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance, and there's pansies, that's for thoughts." Here's a daisy for the class to follow. I would give you some of our class flower but they withered all when Nineteen-Twelve passed from the college life.

Let us pause a minute to consider the capacity of development. Our innermost feelings are stirred with admiration and awe at the appearance of a great oak. It is evidence of the survival of the fittest. There is strength to battle with the storms; there is calm repose in sunshine, that stirs the enthusiasm of the beholder; and yet the fact is that all the spread of branch and all the depth of root and all the height were once contained in an acorn.

As a result of capacity of development and proper training we have a wonderful record. The class is composed of two hundred and forty-five members, with a great variety of talent, intellect, and beauty. Our weight is thirty-six thousand four hundred and fifty pounds. Upon close and scientific investigation it was discovered that the weight of the brains alone is one thousand pounds which is ten per cent more than the normal weight. The height ranges from four feet and two inches to seven feet one and two-tenth inches or an average of five feet and ten inches making a total of fourteen thousand five hundred and eight feet, a length equal to the distance from Railroad Park to a mile beyond Hog Creek.

Many have already shown traits of distinction as musicians, artists, teachers, poets, public speakers, arbitrators, pharmacists, and mechanics. Cautiously, however, we refrain from all undue manifestation of pride. Our environment was congenial to the best work we were capable of doing, physically, mentally, and morally.

Professor Smull, Dean of the Engineering department, generously lectured with aesthetical power and good results, "On how to transform the appearance of a cow-puncher into that of statesman." He has high ideals and advises us to look upward when we pray, for the sake of beauty. Then G. M. McCleary at once begins to manipulate his optics in countless upward directions. J. L. Proskine sent to a well known firm for a noted hair lotion to apply to his upper lip.

Professor Ewing emphasized input and output, to increase efficiency. He asked these questions: What are you doing? How are you doing it? And why are you doing it that way? Then with kindled inspirations he talks on evolution, how to make a pumpkin of a bean, or a railroad president of a brakeman. Here C. I. Smith, Cloyd, and Herrick relate their thrilling experiences of being on the road, but are interrupted by a shrill whistle. Upon investigating, Paul Reid, who has charge of the heating plant, is found to have increased the

efficiency of the boiler to one hundred and sixty pounds of steam. The steam gauge is found deficient; thereupon, Chester Roe expostulates on the gaugeless engines at his home. Shall the gaugeless engine be considered? Lehman sees an opportunity for an eloquent speech. Jim Clayton takes it up where Lehman leaves off and suggests that it must be the man in the boiler, as it has been discovered in an engineering exhibition, that every boiler contains a man in it. It becomes an intricate problem. There is a request for more time and Moor (more) head. But Bruehn and Joseph come to the rescue by readjusting the gauge.

During the past year the department has become a member of one of the strongest engineering organizations, the American Institution of Electrical Engineers, with T. H. Frankenberry as its first president. Donald Maglott, the son of our beloved instructors, Mr. and Mrs. Maglott, has won distinction in various departments; just last year he was Captain of one of our military companies. Don works hard and believes in "paying the Price."

But the Engineers alone are no longer "It". They have compromised with the Pharmacs. The yearly combats between the Engineers and Pharmacs is now a matter of history. What an additional refinement! So more class feuds! The last relic of barbarism has truly been eliminated. What a splendid substitute for discord is harmony, sobriety for rowdiness! "These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron."

On the 29th day of November, 1911, the following committees were chosen to serve in the council of arbitration; A. C. Cole, Frank S. Huff, Floyd Pocock, and J. E. Brinson of the Pharmacy department. R. T. Callaghan, H. R. Daubenspeck, G. M. McCleary, Paul Reid, E. M. Moorhead, John Cloyd, and C. W. Lambert of the Engineering department. Past history has shown that "The march of human mind is slow." But these men have proven that the Pharmacs and Engineers can apply ethics as speedily in government as in commercial enterprises.

The council of Arbitration comes to an agreement: the war god can find service no longer with his bloody hatchet. Feeling lie is no longer wanted the war god dies and is buried with all due respect. At the hour for burial the students meet on the campus; the flag is lowered to half-mast; the bell tolls while the Engineers and Pharmacs line up on each side of the funeral pyre with bared heads, as the band plays "Nearer My God to Thee." Then slowly march the pall bearers with the casket and flowers. John Cloyd with his soft phonetic voice delivers an eloquent funeral oration, after which the flames devour to ashes the cruel emblems of past feuds. As we take a last look we see Professor Mohler going thru acrobatic feats which have not yet been interpreted.

The Pharmacy department has thirty-one members; one-half of these have already passed the State Board examinations six months before the required time. Their literary qualities were favorably exercised during the past year. They furnished whole programmes in the literary societies. The Quinine Quartet sang, "Not tonight Frank not tonight". Frank Huff recited from Romeo and Juliet and, like Romeo mad with love, acted well his part. When he comes to

the line, "I wish I were thy bird," Eva McCleary is seen nestling closer to A. C. Cole. G. L. Bryant sang "Love's 'Young Dream" with a degree of feeling and pathos that can only come from experience.

Now we come to the department of Liberal Arts with its literary brilliancy. Here we trace the sparks of fire of Professor Freeman. He quotes at the rate of three hundred and forty words a minute, until we see pictures of life in nature, art, and commerce. After quoting at this rate for forty-five minutes, he stops, takes a breath, tells a story, then again takes us into the mysterious problems of life. All sit thrilled and awed; all see the beauty of Greece and the grandeur of Rome; all live in the Elizabethan age. The ring of the bell breaks the spell and we shudder when we hear these words, "Tomorrow bring your new classic, the following day bring a written theme covering the book, on the third day bring your examination tablets and be prepared for a test."

Rachel Smith has been enkindled by this enthusiasm. She has mastered four languages, but finding she had more to say than she could express verbatim, she has associated herself with R. R. Foley, Captain Simpson, and N. L. Woodard, in editing a bi-monthly college paper, "The Northern Light." This is the living light-fountain, a light which enlightens and will continue to enlighten those who have gone before, also those who shall follow.

O. F. Carpenter has long been recognized as a star. He has been instructor as well as student the past year. Besides excelling in Literature, Science, and Philosophy he is the editor-in-chief of our Annual, the "Northern."

R. B. Lisle and J. L. Manahan have decided momentous questions by debating like a Calhoun and orating like a Webster. We are confident their names and fame shall live long after them.

But the leader of men and women is he who can discern possibilities in the youths of his country and knows how to develop them. The profession of teaching offers such opportunities. Cora LaRue, Leonore Ream, and Stella Steinmetz have prepared themselves for this work.

Luella Williams has decided to specialize in Domestic Sciences, but whether the training shall be practical or academic remains to be seen. The knowledge of this valuable art can not be attained, however, in the tennis court playing love games with the Class President.

To the Music department we are indebted for much enjoyment at chapel, for recitals, and entertainments. Leota Gilbert, Fern Reynolds, Grace Dunlap, Theo. Cooper, and Uarda Hays Seidner had to repeat selection after selection to answer the encores. Edna Baldwin's favorite piece is the Erown two-step. Lela Degler likes martial music best; she played military airs with so much enthusiasm that everybody was inspired to act for his country, excepting Captain Simpson, who sat awed and transfixed.

Nor has the moral nature been neglected. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have kept pace with the world's movements, which bespeak the high standard of an institution of learning. When the blue and red aeroplanes left the campus last fall in quest of members, Earl Simpson, Paul Ernsberger, Chas. Aldrich, and R. W. Pratt stood at the helm of the blue; by their persuasive power and able

maneuvering they came in first with the air ship loaded so full of students that the booster's smile is still traceable in the Secretary's physiognomy. The Y. W. C. A., too, has progressed. Their home has been transformed and refurnished. The old organ has been replaced by a new piano. Much of this change is due to Mary Howey and Fern Reynolds.

All the labors, the rewards, the trials, and pleasures of our college days, here close with this glorious week. We have been the heirs of the past half century of Ohio Sortliern. We have enjoyed the best she had to give. Each year shall, we believe, add improvements so long as the University lives and live she must and will. It is now time for the class of 1912 to say Farewell. Our places are to be filled by others. "We shall find a way or make one", yet as we go we shall look back as to a bright sun beam amid the shadows of the past. There are those before us today who hold especial claim upon our gratitude. To the President and Professors we extend thanks for care and for the interest taken in the graduating class of '12. As we bid you adieu, believe that we will ever cherish in our hearts the thought, that largely to you we owe the privileges we have enjoyed. May you ever be able to look with feelings of heartfelt satisfaction upon all your efforts for the advancement of those who are enrolled upon the register of your staunch and noble institution and especially upon this band whose lot it is now to bid you Farewell.





CLASS PROPHECY



ARLETTA CORA LARUE

TO propesy the future destiny of the members of this class of '12 has been no small undertaking. None of you, I think, are able even to imagine the weight of responsibility that has rested upon me for months. I have spent long hours pondering over your future. Withholding all visions which forebode evil, I shall now reveal to you all else that I, through the gift of prophecy, am able to foretell.

As I sat one evening before an open fire pondering over the future, I watched the grotesque shadows as they flitted hither and thither about the room. Suddenly there appeared before me the figure of an old man bent with age. A long, white beard swept over his breast, above which I saw a face wrinkled with care. Over his shoulder he carried a scythe and in his hand a queer old clock. As I watched him, he slowly turned the hands around on the dial until they pointed to 1932.

I had scarcely had time to wonder at his sudden appearance when another figure stepped forth. It proved to be one of the genii, who control the destinies of mankind. On his arm he carried a piece of tapestry, which he said possessed the power to transport me wherever I wished to go. When I asked him how I should be convinced that it possessed such a quality, he replied, "I will spread the tapestry and we will both step upon it. Then, if you but make a wish to go any place you choose, we shall both be transported there immediately." Filled with curiosity to know whether or not what things he told me were true, I made a wish to go to Washington. Instantly I found myself in that city.

The first person I met there was H. R. Daubenspeck. He told me that he had recently superintended the construction of a railway which extends from

Washington to Pekin by way of Behring Strait. In building this railway it was necessary to construct a tunnel under the Strait, a task which had required years of patient labor. A less persevering man than Mr. Daubenspeck would surely have sought fame in some less arduous task, but he had patiently, perseveringly, and persistently labored on and won the applause of two continents. I have still further proof of the patience, perseverance, and persistence of this distinguished man for he told me that, although he could verify the statement of one, William Shakespeare, that "The course of true love never did run smooth," he had, nevertheless, finally persuaded Luella Williams, class secretary 12, to become the sharer of his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and disappointments. He said that he owed all of his success to her for it was she who, through all his discouragements, had urged him to the goal.

The great railway for which we are indebted to the efforts of Mr. Daubenspeck and his wife was built while R. R. Coley was Secretary of Interior. He served in that capacity during the administration of Roscoe Baker, who was the first president elected by the Socialist Party. Mr. Baker was the most popular president the U. S. has ever had. He astounded the whole civilized world when he delivered his first inaugural address, a part of which I shall quote to you.

"Man's relation to the soil is a basic relation. The history of land is the history of the race. On the land we are born, from it we live, and to it we return again. To whomsoever the land at any time belongs, to him belongs the fruit of it. The great cause of inequality in the distribution of wealth is inequality in ownership of land. It was not nobility that gave the land, but the possession of land that gave nobility.

"Justice demands that each individual born into the world have equal chance for the enjoyment of all natural opportunities and especially those upon which he is dependent for existence. Land is a bounty of the Creator bestowed upon no man, but upon humanity as a whole. Here it ceases to be a subject for private ownership. What a man creates he may justly claim as his own but what nature supplies is the birthright of all."

Time forbids that I should quote more of this great address, which is universally acclaimed the most profound inaugural address ever delivered. Suffice it to say that it will be immortal in the annals of history.

During my stay in Washington I met R. B. Marchand, U. S. Senator from Ohio. It is a standing joke among the friends of this distinguished statesman that, when he arose to deliver his first speech in the senate chamber, he astonished that august assembly by giving nine long Raes for the Philos.

Another acquaintance whom I met was F. D. Tanner, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The face of this famous jurist wore such a haggard, dejected expression that I ventured to ask the cause of it. He replied, "You know I was always opposed to Woman Suffrage and the Recall; nevertheless, they each became a law of the U. S. Now they are causing no end of trouble, just as I said they would. Not long ago a case came up in which I was compelled to render a decision. It was a case in which Paul Ernsberger claimed that Grayce Dunlap had a copyright on some music of which he was the real author. I rendered a decision against Miss Dunlap. Now the women from all over the coun-

try have sent in petitions for my recall. The list is headed by such prominent women as Uarda Seidner, Ida Powell, Floye Crabbe, Ellen Palmer, Theo Cooper, Lucile Pool, Leonore Ream, and Stella Steinmetz. I am sure to lose my office." I asked him if he was married; he quickly answered, "Never while the women run the country." The poor man was the picture of despair. I tried to console him, but all such efforts by one of my sex were futile.

It was Chief Justice Tanner who showed me a copy of the Ohio State Journal in which I read that Mary E. Howey had given such universal satisfaction, during her first administration as governor of Ohio, that she had been elected for the second term by an overwhelming majority.

In the same paper I read an interesting account concerning the career of N. R. Carter, another member of the famous class of '12. When he left the O. N. U., the Republic of China had just been established. Hearing that the new republic was facing many perplexing problems he at once set out for that country and took an important part in the adjustment of these difficulties, and in the establishing of the United States of China upon a firmer basis. He later became its second president. The new republic conforms in many respects to the United States of America. Mr. Carter proved his statesmanship by guarding that government against many of the perplexing questions which have caused so much difficulty in our own land. He made Woman Suffrage, the Recall, the Initiative and Referendum, a part of the national constitution of his adopted country. He served his time as chief executive, refused a third term, and is now framing a code of procedure which, when completed, will far surpass the Justinian Code.

"Ad Astra per Aspera," under which he had so often stood when on the Adelphian stage, became his motto and he is still persevering along the old lines, growing gray in hard and continued service.

Another important personage whom I met in Washington was the noted general, E. C. Reed, the one-time first lieutenant of Company D. He gave me a glowing account of his conquest of Mars, in which he had recently led the armies of the United States. He told me also that at the time of this conquest Ada Lee Eradt was sent as a nurse by the Red Cross Society. "As such," said he, "she rendered efficient service to my sick and wounded soldiers."

Since my first venture upon the tapestry had proven so satisfactory, I, at this time, formed a wish to be transported first one place, then another, throughout different parts of our country.

While in Coshocton, O., I saw a sign which read as follows: L. P. Lake, Justice of the Peace. Marriage ceremonies performed while you wait.

In the same place I learned some interesting facts concerning the career of L. S. Leech. Soon after completing his college course he went to Brazil, S. A., to practice law. There is undoubtedly no relation between his going to Brazil and the burning of the school buildings at Roscoe. He climbed rapidly to fame in his chosen profession. He has occupied every judicial position from justice of the peace to village mayor and thinks that he has not yet attained the climax of his career. He is married and has six children, all staunch Demo-

crats. His motto is "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

In Cincinnati I saw Eva McCreary, proprietress of a wholesale drug store in that city. The world has dealt very kindly with Miss McCreary; neither the lapse of time nor the responsibility of business have as yet erased her characteristic smile. It was she who told me that E. O. Dauch and D. Allen Bond were superintendents of schools in the Republic of China and that Charles Aldrich had gone as a missionary to the Fiji Islands, having taken a Mann with him as a companion and protector.

At a theater in Chicago I met Edna Pugh, who is starring in "Polly of the Circus." From her I learned that Effie Roop had become a very successful instructor in piano at the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and that Fern Reynolds had married soon after leaving the O. S. U. and was living on a farm near Norwalk, Ohio.

Going to Los Angeles, Cal., I saw a person who looked familiar and yet the name had passed from my memory. I tried to recall it but in vain, until I was spoken to by W. J. Walker. He told me that he went west to grow up with the country and had been keeping pace with its rapid progress. In politics he is a progressive but belongs to the wrong party to have his merits recognized in that state. His business is practicing law, making political speeches, taking care of a wife and nine children, writing on the subject of Woman Suffrage, and lecturing on how the whole people should rule except in the home. I should be glad to give a more extended sketch of this famous man, but time forbids.

At this time I wished that we might be transported to the O. S. U. and instantly found myself amid her old familiar scenes. Although the scenes were familiar, there were many changes. The Lehr Memorial, no longer a possibility but a splendid reality, raised its noble tower above the buildings which I remembered so well. So far distant was a girls' dormitory, which I learned had been built in 1915 by Pearl A. M. Stahl.

At the hour for chapel I entered the Auditorium where Dr. Smith still presided. After listening to the old familiar strains of "Work for the Sight is Coming," I heard the following interesting announcement: "R. B. Lisle, who will give the second number on the lecture course, will be here Wednesday evening. He is a lecturer of great renown being well known both in this country and in Europe. He will give his famous lecture on 'There is Only One Girl in this World for Me.' Let every one be out." Dr. Smith then told us that L. H. Streck, who had graduated from the law department in '12, had become a wealthy corporation lawyer and had just sent a check for \$5,000 with which to buy books for the library. He also said that J. T. Kelbaugh had recently been placed at the head of the Science department at Chicago University.

After chapel I went to room thirteen of the Administration Building. Here I found a new teacher, Rachel Smith, an assistant to the venerable Dean Whitworth. She had not been able to improve upon his methods for I learned to my utter dismay that *utor*, *frutor*, *fungor*, *potior*, *vescor* and their compounds still govern the Ablative case.

In the library I found a copy of the Ohio Educational Monthly in which I

read the following advertisement : J. L. Manahan's new work on Modern Educational Method has just come from the press. Anyone intending to take up teaching as a profession will do well to procure a copy for it contains a complete discussion of education, correlation, concentration, co-ordination, compensation, subjugation, and insubordination. The chapter on compensation is of especial interest to all teachers. Price \$1.00 at all book stores.

I also found a copy of the Northern Light in which I read the following interesting items: Helen Ottmer is instructor of history at Cornell. She has just completed a history of the world, which is attracting great notice for it is the most complete work of its kind ever offered to the public.

O. F. Carpenter, who has for some time been teacher of psychology at Harvard, is now president of Columbia University.

The great Prima Donna Madame Leota Gilbert is touring Europe in company with the noted pianist, Mrs. Leila Degler Simpson. They are accompanied by Mrs. Simpson's husband, W. Earl Simpson, the editor-in-chief of the Brown Book.

A. C. Cole, a former graduate of the pharmacy department, has recently been appointed chief chemist U. S. A.

G. M. McCleary is at the head of the Hammersmith Engraving Company, which makes a specialty of College Annuals. He will be remembered as the young man who, during his last two terms in college, carried five studies and kept regular company with three young ladies, corresponded with two more, and was business manager for the Annual Board. The records show that he never missed a class, and the young ladies say that he never missed a call.

G. L. Bryant is a successful druggist at Wellington, Ohio, where he located soon after completing his college course.

The librarian showed me a volume of poems which was the latest work of George Milton Harris, a noted American poet. He took his first step on the rounds of the ladder of fame when he became class poet in 1912. Ever since then he has been climbing steadily, round by round. It is thought that he may yet reach the top. He has already become so famous that he is known as the Longfellow of the twentieth century.

I had hoped to be able to tell what the future had in store for each member of this class, but just at this time my attention was attracted by a strange looking object which was approaching through the air. It proved to be an airship which had been sent out under the auspices of the Scientific Association of the O. N. U. to the new planet, Leo, discovered by O. G. Lyon. In a few moments it reached the earth, whereupon the occupants who were Jim Clayton, C. I. Smith, J. R. Cloyd, Chester Roe, Ralph D. Hill, and J. L. Proskine, all began to talk at once. They raised such a tremendous uproar in attempting to tell of their wonderful adventures that I awoke and the vision vanished.

With my awakening came a fuller realization that life is a reality, not a dream; that the future destiny of each member of this class depends upon his own individual effort. The life of each one of us will be very largely what we wish it to be. The good which we shall do for others will be the true measure of our success.



CLASS POEM



GEORGE MILTON HARRIS

When upon the waste of waters,
Sailors, searching for a guide,
Look about the arching heavens;
View the stars on every side;
Till at last, far in the azure
Looms a brilliant beacon light,
And the storm tossed ship is guided
Safely through the darkest night.

So it is with our ideals,
Far beyond our reach they lie;
In the future we behold them,
Bright as stars against the sky.
If we choose them and obey them,
They our guides through life will be;
If we follow where they lead us,
We will reach our destiny.

They're the stars of hope that glisten
When our sun seems to decline;
During darkest days of progress
They're the lights that ever shine;
They our aspirations kindle;
They our plans of life evolve;
O'er our doubts they cast a shadow;
Light the paths of bold resolve.

Men of old had old ideals;
We today new visions see;
Through the nations now are ringing
Words that calmed Lake Galilee.
And the thirst for blood and slaughter
Soon forevermore shall cease,
For the voices of the nations
Call for universal peace.

And the time must come when banners
By the right shall be unfurled;
When the "patriots of the nation
Shall be patriots of the world."
Right shall conquer in the struggle
'Gainst the selfish and the strong,
'Gainst the armies of injustice,
The conservers of the wrong.

We have learned that men who battle
And are slaughtered in the van,
Better than the kings they fight for
Can control the rights of man.
We have learned that trust in truth, that
Speaks through manhood great and small,
Will o'ercome the few's oppression,
By intrusting power to all.

Classmates, we with new hearts beating,
At this dawn of our new life;
We with youth that gives assurance
Right will conquer in the strife;
For whom work is recreation,
For whom victory has wide scope,
We who nothing know of failure,
Guided by the star of hope,

Ours it is to see that tyrants
Push no neighbor from his path
Who would then have laws enacted
To restrain their neighbor's wrath.
Ours it is to teach men freedom;
Teach them where its boons begin;
Teach them life, for "souls are never
Free without till free within."

All of good is aid to mankind,
Wet it is by man suppressed:
Man with many fears and failings
Sever can be fully blest.
Cut from men of nobler action
Other men must learn the right;
Love for all mankind must rule them.
Ere they witness freedom's light.

Man will never cease to murmur
Cuntil Truth impels his acts;
Love alone for every duty
Makes his life free from attacks.
Never will oppression vanish
Cuntil each man plays his part :
Every prison-door will open
When love dwells in every heart.

High and low alike are equal,
And their tasks are great and grand;
Each must cheer the shipwrecked sailor
Tossed upon the beaten strand :
Each must bind the heart that's broken :
Make the beggar's life sublime :
Soften every deep affliction,
And blot out the paths of crime.

He is great whose toil and labor
Cheers the lowly and oppressed :
He is rich whose golden treasures
Are contentment, joy, and rest :
He is brave whose strength can conquer
Each injustice, crime, and sin :
He is king who governs rightly
All the passions from within.

Perfect life is our Ideal,
Perfect mind and heart and soul :
All the gifts that God has given
Lead tis onward to that goal.
Eack of Nature's robe the mystic
Sees a life he dare not name:
Yet with faith in its perfection
He prepares that life to claim.

God is Lord through Independence,
The fulfillment of man's mind
Is a satisfied Ideal
Like which there is none in kind.
But man's longing for completeness
Raises him above that plain
Where the ox finds his enjoyment,
Where like slaves men toil in vain.

When a slumbering nation rises
With a deep desire for light,
Dawning day looks down upon it
And dispels the gloom of night.
Then the people thank the heralds
Who have crossed the ocean wide,
Bringing light to darkest places
And the strength of truth beside ;

And we glory in the nation
Whose Ideals, high and sure,
For humanity and justice
Shall forevermore endure.
We rejoice that men of purpose
Drive stagnation from its throne ;
Start the wheels of progress moving,
Erasing millions to their own.

Freedom's Light will soon be scattered
Unto all the ends of earth,
Starting from the manger-cradle
Where true freedom had its birth.
Onward, like a mighty comet,
Has the Christ Light sped along,
Giving light to men in darkness
Teaching men how to be strong.

In the future our Ideals
Will to each of us reveal
Paths that lead us to the sunlight,
And the paths that crimes conceal.
When the ones who grope in darkness
Shall be lifted to the light,
Springs of good that well within us
Shall reflect a fairer sight.

When man toils beside his brother,
Conscious that he's in the right,
Teaching him the ways of wisdom
While upon him shines the light;
Soon in all its glow the harvest
Shall requite him for his toil,
For he's trained the fruits of culture
In the soul as in the soil.

Thus humanity progresses,
Gaining more than what is sought;
Blazing trails through field and forest;
Making paths for love and thought ;
Binding nation unto nation,
By the laws of love and truth;
Giving duty high position,
In the glowing eyes of youth.

Knowledge lifts us from the shadow,
Where the darkest doubt holds sway ;
Duty goads us on to labor,
Soon as dawns the light of day;
Goads us on to where in grandeur
Our Ideals quickly rise ;
Love abides throughout the journey
And awards the final prize.

Men today their lives are sifting
Through alluring lucre's sieve,
Veiling substance by the surface,
Knowing not what life can give.
Mere frivolities, destroying
Bright and deeper things of youth,
Are the misty, murky fog-banks
All along the sea of Truth.

Why does youth, with all advantage,
Spurn the worth from day to day ;
Choose the husk that wraps the kernel,
Casting all things else away?
Why distress with meanest trifles
Each aspiring soul and mind?
Let them follow high ideals!
Let them toil for all mankind !

Men who toil in field or market
Or in legislative hall
Must forget the things material
For the Power that rules us all.
When the self shall be forgotten,
Through the ages men will trace
Paths where wealth and rank and honor
Came to aid the poor and base.

Then the world shall be as pure
As the kingdom of a child;
Love shall rule the world of wisdom
Where the Truth is undefiled.
Truth that through the darkest ages
Wisdom's path can clearly trace,
And proclaim that all true Learning
Is a-growing large in grace.

Toward the future we are wand'ring
Where unknown things hidden lie :
Clouds and sunlight are so blended
That they veil the azure sky;
Heaven's dim and tinted shadows
Are reflected in the soul,
In the feelings that within us
Rise and pass beyond control.

We have lingered on our journey,
During brightest days of youth,
And have gleaned from learning's meadow
Rarest flowers of Love and Truth.
Now our paths will lead us onward,
Some by rippling, singing brooks,
Where bright flowers bloom in beauty
In their cool and shaded nooks.

Some will lead o'er rocky barrens
Downward through the vale of tears;
All will lead to where life's treasures
Lie in store for toil of years.
Morning's sun has risen quickly
And is passing into noon,
And beyond the line its setting
Will upon us fall so soon.

But each lengthening, lingering shadow,
Bathed in twilight's guise of gray,
Gives assurance of the dawning
Of a bright and perfect day.
When the Love that speaks transcendent,
Through the blazing stars of night,
Shall reveal the Great Ideal
Where He reigns in Realms of Light.



VALEDICTORY

THE ERA OF CONSCIENCE

N. R. CARTER

THE most ordinary observer of events can not but notice that there has been a great awakening on the subject of individual responsibility in the affairs of men. Just when it began or where it originated would indeed be difficult to determine. But that the ever-increasing martyrs of advocacy are rewarded with the encouraging signs that the people are conforming their action to the abstract principles in which they profess belief is surely convincing testimony of this awakening.

The wave of reform initiated by those at the forefront of social progress has swept into every cove and corner of the community. The patriots of today, the men whose names are echoed in the public press and who are now and then covered with calumny, are the nation's heralds in its incessant movement toward the zenith. And for these patriots we must bear the same high respect which we accord to the fathers of an earlier day, who piloted the nation through crises no less serious than those which confront it at this hour.

Through the providence of God, the progress of the world has been slow and steady, marked by gradations, that each step recognized as a distinct victory may serve as an incentive to renewed action in reaching the goal of perfection—the attainment of the human ideal.

These steps of the world's progress have ranged themselves, apparently for our better understanding, in eras. It is only by looking backward over the history of the past, noting what was the incentive of all these past eras, and who

were the men that led the van in each period, that we can truly estimate the value of the present, that we can understand why today, so strikingly different from all ages passed, should be called the Era of Conscience.

The first era of civilization might have been termed the Era of Consciousness—when men knew or cared little for more than physical existence. But the leaven of the human inspired some chosen one to desire something better and higher; so individual consciousness gave way to social consciousness, and the family, the tribe, became of more importance than the individual. This gave rise to a higher moral quality—a sense of loyalty which taught men the value of union and of service to others. But the need of leaders, which the most primitive society demands, became a source of evil as well as good. It brought forward superior men; but their superiority was based upon physical force and prowess.

This was an era of strife that could have no ending except that which finally came in the first crude beginnings of national life—feudalism, when the mass of mankind were little better than slaves. Though this condition from our modern point of view seems only an evil, yet it was the necessary element of good. Men learned two lessons: obedience to authority and the value of loyalty.

The age of feudalism gave way to a still more highly organized society—the Age of Monarchy, of Despotism. This meant that there were at least gradations of slavery; that if there was a powerful leader, there were also powerful men under him, and that those actually oppressed were growing fewer in proportion as the ages passed. This period was followed by what may be called in government the era of church ascendancy, a period in which the Christian religion seemed destined to be crushed in the struggle of the church for temporal power. But again all things worked together for good and the age of the Reformation dawned.

This meant, besides its supreme value to religion, the awakening of the human intellect to a sense of individual responsibility. The next period, the Renaissance, with its great intellectual uplift for man was followed naturally by the demand for religious liberty. This brought to the new world the makers of our great country, with their ever-living ideas of righteousness. What we today owe to these Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers can not be estimated. But we know that to them we are indebted for one of the essential principles of American liberty—the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience.

It was not strange that the period of religious liberty should have been followed in the next century by the period of civil liberty. This has been called

the age of Revolution because for the first time men began to have the idea of equal rights of individuals. It was this doctrine of individual rights as enshrined in the Declaration of Independence that became the corner-stone of our nation. It is this doctrine which in spite of all seeming contradictions has made us a great people.

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that the first great result of civil liberty should have been that material progress which ushered in the commercial era.

A review of the nineteenth century shows that the progress of the world has sprung more than all else from new ideas—new ideas interpreted in action.

The nineteenth century gave an impetus to civilization such as had never been felt before. It has been called an age of material progress; but should rather be called an age of invention, of discovery, of new ideas; a century of scientific achievement, of scientific success. It was a century of true success from the viewpoint of service. Never were so many things added to the comfort, convenience, safety, and happiness of all mankind.

But the nineteenth century had something still better for man. For the first time it was realized that these material benefits should be for all human kind, and that the man benefited was greater than the benefit. The nineteenth century, we may well say, was a wonderful century in its material, mental, and moral advancement. Yet it was most wonderful of all in the preparation for its greater successor—the twentieth century, which may truly be called the Era of Conscience.

And how has this era come to pass? How has the conscience of men been awakened? May we not say emphatically by man's realization of his duty to his fellowmen? The progress of the world, the evolution of mankind, has reached the point where the dignity and worth of man, the individual, is recognized and the sense of human brotherhood, of human unity, has been made for the first time impressive. A new epoch for faith, a new era of conscience, seems indeed to have come, and to the twentieth century is given only the problem of its perfect fulfillment.

To those who see only the surface of things the present seems rather the day of the rule of evil. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The very fact that so much evil is presented to our view is proof that at last the wickedness of the world is being brought from its hiding in darkness to the healing sunlight of the day. Corruption thrives only in secrecy. When it is brought to public view good people rise with all their might to destroy it. We still have a large body of citizens who fail to use their rights of civic duty; we still have corrupt party-managers and law-makers; we have plutocracy, and widespread denial of the brotherhood of man.

But the great wave of reform that is sweeping over our country at this time is sure to leave strewn upon the sands of time the bleaching images of these evils. Evil will always rise in its might to resist; the struggle will be fierce, often a fight to the death of righteousness. Yet may we not believe that in this twentieth century the battle will be to the strong, the strong will be the righteous, and righteousness will prevail? Then we will recognize the result of a nobler conception of manhood, a widely awakened individual conscience—the standard of greatness measured by the example of the Master, the greater the man the greater his service to mankind.

It is often said that men are raised up for their times to meet some great need of the world. Washington, for instance, seems to have been sent into the world to save our land for a free people and to make us a nation greatest among nations. It is good to believe that we are so favored by God that he would specially prepare for us a great leader and founder, and the thought should increase our patriotism and our reverence for our country. But it is just as true that every man is born for his time. Upon each of us is laid the responsibility of service equal to our powers. And it is this responsibility felt by a constantly increasing number of men that has made this an Era of Conscience.

Francis Peabody, in his illuminating book, *Christ and the Social Question*, said, "Xever before were so many people, including all classes and conditions of men, so stirred by a recognition of inequality of social opportunity, by calls to social service, and by dreams of a better social world."

To solve the questions of labor, which involve the happiness of men, women, and children in such numbers, men are beginning to seek the guidance of conscience, to frown upon class privileges, to demand laws that will destroy the unrighteous and oppressive power of the interests and that will regard the rights of the least as well as the greatest member of the community.

The awakened conscience of the people is making plain the fact that political corruption, drunkenness, national vice, and a score of kindred evils in our cities, states, and nations are simply unrighteousness, dangerous alike to the liberties of the people as a whole and to their character as individuals. It is because of this awakened conscience that the people of our country are beginning to say these evils shall no longer thrive in our midst, we will rise in our might to put them down.

But in the conflict with these enemies we have no use for the sword, but there is a stern demand for that courage shown by Americans on so many battlefields. The spirit they have shown as soldiers of war we should exhibit as soldiers of peace in the noblest work to which the patriot can be called—the

supreme and sublime effort to bring a little nearer, day by day, the time when brotherhood and charity shall rule instead of avarice and greed; when special privilege in every form shall be destroyed and equal rights to all enthroned as the ruling principle of public, and the guiding principle of private life.

These fundamental principles can only be attained when we as individuals faithfully and conscientiously exercise every civic duty incumbent upon us. In a monarchy all power is vested in the individual sovereign. In our republic the people as a whole are sovereign. Then what is our responsibility as individuals? Each of us is one ninety-millionth of a sovereign. Small it may seem but it marks the distinction between the sovereign and the subject. Some of us may say, if the affairs of state were left entirely with us, public evils would not exist. If this be true with the whole duty, why not then more perfectly exercise it when the great division of duty has made our individual burdens correspondingly light? If we are unfaithful in part would we be more faithful with all? He that is faithless with a portion can not be trusted with the whole.

So to meet and overcome the evil in our midst nothing can be more powerful than the individual influence of educated Christian men and women. "It is the human mountain peaks that catch the sunlight first," and the fact that so many noble Christian men and women are today helping to swell the great wave of reform that is passing with its cleansing and vivifying influence over our great country is clearly a sign that the sun of conscience is rising, and we may confidently hope it will soon reach the brightness of perfect day.

And now at the close of what, as a class, and as individual members of the class, is the crowning event of our college lives, an occasion which is a joyous triumph shared by each alike, let us dwell for a moment upon the pleasant memories of the past and the fond anticipations of the future. We have come to the parting of the ways. We must now go forward without the inspiration, the wise guidance, the careful instruction, the delightful companionship that have made our college life so rich a blessing. For us it must hereafter be a cherished memory, only. We would, therefore, at this last moment seize the opportunity to seal this blessed memory with a few words of appreciation of what we have received from Northern before we as students bid it a tender, affectionate farewell.

To you, our honored Founder, words are not adequate to express the sincere emotion of our hearts. To you we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude that can not be repaid. As sponsor of the Ohio Northern University may you feel that the class of 1912 has added perceptibly to your laurels. May you feel again that your struggles and self-sacrifices for the upbuilding of this institution have

borne worthy fruit; that this class has, indeed, added to the reward you have been reaping in other classes that have gone before LIS from the University, in its half century of existence, and which will be added to by those who are to follow. Yet we yield to none in our respect, admiration, and affection for you. You have been to us a constant inspiration and example. You have taught us to regard you as our truest, most sympathetic friend. We can only hope that in our future careers we may be a credit to you and to beloved Northern. Your presence here to-day is the crowning pleasure of the occasion.

Before passing I am sure you, my classmates, will unite with me in conferring upon Dr. Lehr the same tribute which was so aptly spoken by that most eloquent writer, Dr. Lord, in characterizing Alfred the Great; Thus:

"He had a beautifully balanced character and a many-sided nature. He had the power of inspiring confidence in defeat and danger. His judgment and good sense seemed to fit him for any emergency. He had the same control over himself that he had over others. His patriotism and singleness of purpose inspired devotion. He felt his burdens, but did not seek to throw them off. He felt his responsibilities as a Christian ruler. He was affable, courteous, accessible. His body was frail and delicate, but his energies were never relaxed. He had no striking defects. He was a model of a man and a king; and he left the impress of his genius on all subsequent institutions."

I am sure the application is obvious, so no words have been changed to make them more exactly the measure, in title as well as meaning, of one to whom the name of Founder is given with the same reverence as that of king given to the Founder of English liberty.

To you Dr. Smith, whom as a class we are proud to claim as our chief guide, as our President, the bearer of the enviable title of President of Ohio Northern University, we wish to give some expression of our appreciation of your tireless efforts in our behalf, as well as in behalf of the university whose reputation we prize so highly. We feel that we have indeed been fortunate to have passed through our college course under your direction and control. We realize how greatly we have profited by your guidance, and trust that in the after years, if any of us should achieve a success you may deem worthy, you will feel that your labors have not been in vain and that we are ever cognizant of your service to us. Be assured, too, that we invoke the richest blessings upon you in your zealous efforts to advance this worthy institution, and may your noble aspirations in its behalf be realized to their fullest measure.

To the members of the Faculty, instructors in each department of the University, we are glad of this opportunity to thank you for all you have done

for us, for the patience, care, sympathy, and kindness you have shown in guiding our not always willing feet up the steep paths of knowledge. *You* have done your part to send us into the world well trained for our various places. If **we** succeed the credit will be to you, as much, if not more, than to ourselves. You have rightly won our lasting gratitude.

Lastly, my dear classmates, I speak for myself, yet not for myself alone; your hearts will I know re-echo the sentiments I will try to express to show with what deep and sincere regret we part each from each, and each from **all**. To say "Vale" to the associations we have here enjoyed, to friends we have made, whose friendship we trust will be lasting, yet can never have again the peculiar flavor of college-classmate days, is an experience which can not be other than sad.

We have shared each other's joys, we have felt each other's sorrows, have rejoiced in each other's triumphs, and sympathized with each other's failures. We have plodded together over rugged roads of learning, we have shouted together over our athletic victories, and mourned together over our defeats in class-room, on campus, and in the field. We have met and ever rejoiced in the association.

But now we must part; must go our several ways to engage in the varied occupations we have chosen or may choose. Our university days are over. We must now mingle not with those whose interests are alike, if **not** identical with ours, but with the motley crowd which cares little or nothing for one small integer. We are thrust upon ourselves and our own responsibilities as never before. We must win our spurs, not before the eyes of kindly classmates but in the gaze of an unsympathetic world. **We** must part. But may our association here be a constant influence in each of our futures, and may we go into the arena girded with the strength of **our** college memories, and spurred with the ambition to win the success of which **our** class-mates will, **with us**, be proud.

And now to Northern, to Founder, President, Faculty, Classmates, a reluctant, last, and sad Faren-ell ! Faren-ell !



LIFE'S STREAM

Our life is a mystic stream
With its source in the land of the Gleam,
Somewhere beyond our gaze,
A wonderful realm with radiant haze.

At first, a rivulet pure,
It glides along tinter skies azure,
From the mount of innocent Truth
Into the gladsome valley of Youth.

Here, always the sunshine bright
Scatters the gloom of the passing night.
So clouds in the sky,
So storm on its breast moves the waters awry.

Gathering strength in its onward course
It enters the plain of Manhood's Force;
So longer the current smooth or the water clear
For channels rough and skies of gloom are here.

Thus ever onward the flow
At times mid the lightning's flash and thunder's roll:
Then through sunny climes serene
Where no shadows mar the pleasant stream.

It tires of the Plain
With its shadows, its sunshine, and rain;
It longs for the Ocean of Rest,
Seeking peaceful sleep on its breast.

Reached is the haven at last;
Forgotten the channel and course of the past:
Joyously rests the stream
On the Ocean, its home in the land of the Gleam.

V. R. DRAY.

JUS' COMIN' HOME

TO DR. L. G. HERBERT.

(In an address at Ada, Dr. Herbert, after paying many fine compliments to the town, expressed his intention of making this his home when he retired from active life. Mr. Halverson has woven his sentiment into verse :)

Jus' coniin' home to settle down,
Sometime when I get old.
Jus' to live in the dear old town,
'Mid friends, with their hearts of gold.
Jus' to meet the men uncrowned,
Where the hearty welcomes sound,
Where a smile I always found;
"Jus' comin' home."

Jus' coniin' home from the battle's front,
To dwell in peace, sometime;
Jus' to withdraw from bearing the brunt,
When others press into the line.
That's when my voice can no longer plead
The teaching of Him, whose spirit men need,
To save this nation drunk with greed;
"Jus' comin' home."

Jus' comin' home in the sunset hours,
To rest awhile, sometime ;
To breath the perfume of fragrant flowers,
Where hells of memory chime ;
Far from the scenes of sorrow and pain,
Eack where God's smile I can see again;
Praying my last words may echo this strain;
"Jus' comin' home."

FRANK A. HALVERSON.

THE LATEST PEACE CONFERENCE

EVENING SESSION.

It was Thanksgiving week in the old town of Ada,
And every one knew that not far away
Was the season of dread to the innocent Pharmacs;
The day that is known as "Engineers' Day."

To the rest of the students the affair was a secret;
What was planned for the night not a soul dared to tell.
Each Engineer smiled as he passed by his comrade,
And said to himself, "For our plans, All is well."

At last the day came; the streets were all silent;
Dame Nature had curtained all scenes from the sight.
All "good men" were toiling, their culture enriching,
While "others" lurked round under cover of night,

Awaiting the signal to bid them assemble.
But hark! hear the sound of the bugle and drum!
Hear the wild piercing cries break forth from the stillness,
As down through the streets in procession they come!

Through the dark, barren trees the north wind was shrieking;
Sure none but a "rookey" would dare show his head;
For he who witnessed the scene of a "ducking"
Was content to retreat to his warm cozy bed.

But behold now a sight, before never thought of;
See Pharmacs and Engineers march side by side:
Hear them shout loud and long in chorus united;
Hear them sing the same song with genuine pride.

How gayly they danced. these men of Old Northern,
Dressed each as he was in bedroom attire.
The wind sharp and shrill not a bit did they heed it,
For deep in their hearts was friendship's bright fire.

Wow proudly they waved their once rival banners!
How loudly they cheered him so lately a foe,
As on through the streets in united procession
The brave Engineers and glad Pharmacs go.

How changed was the scene that past years had witnessed!
No cringing from fear; no cries rent the air;
So thoughts of a bath in the water so icy,
For pleasure and joy dispelled every care.

And now in the chapel the rollickers gather,
And there many pledges of friendship they make;
And having decided to meet on the morrow,
Sow home to their couches their late way they take.

MORNING SESSION.

At the hour of worship again they were gathered,
And now on the campus their places they take,
While between the two lines, down deep in earth's bosom,
For the bloody *War Hatchet* a deep grave they make.

The service begins, how impressive, how solemn,
How attentive they stand, with heads bowed and bare!
While high in the tower, the college bell tolling
Sends forth its sad tones on the cold morning air.

And now down the street in solemn procession
With step slow and steady the pall bearers come,
Led on toward the grave, that is yawning and ready,
By the weird shrilling notes of the bugle and drum.

The weapon they bear, all blood stained and gory,
Is symbol of many a long, cruel fight,
When Pharmac and Engineer seeking for glory
Fought fiercely from morn until late in the night.

The service is over, the long strife is ended.
Down deep in the earth the hatchet they cast.
There it lies buried deep 'neath the soil of Old Northern;
The grief that it caused is a thing of the past.

Many words were there spoken, as pure as the snowflakes
That fell on the scene, but they'll soon pass away;
But the deed which was done will remain through the ages,
And continue to strengthen from day unto day.

GEORGE M. HARRIS.

SPRING TIME

Above the rugged mountain peak
Arose the sun of silver bright,
And sent its brilliant beams to seek
The lily sprinkled in the night.

In wooded hollow, far below,
They glittered in the sparkling rill,
That murmured in its rapid flow,
With sounds that broke the solemn still.

Upon the weeping willow bough
Above the noisy little stream.
The oriole is building now
Her nest among the leaves of green.

Beneath the lovely sky serene,
The bleating sheep and grazing kine
In yonder grassy fields are seen
To seek the shades and there recline.

From hives go forth the buzzing bees :
And, mid the valley's fragrant bloom.
They visit all the flow'ry trees.
And hum through all the sweet perfume.

Through all the calm and sunny day,
The fresh and gentle breezes blew,
While Nature clad so grand and gay
Gave proof that spring had come anew.

LLOYD MATSON.

LYRICS

BY MARIE DILLE

NIGHT

Low sinks the sun behind the trees;
Its gentle rays fall warm on all;
While o'er the land wakes the evening breeze,
And lo, I hear the night bird's call.

The rosy flush dies in the west,
The last pink fades from vale and hill;
The weary world has gone to rest,
And only I am restless still.

Now, like piercing points of light,
The stars come slowly, one by one,
And crown the ebony crown of night,
Who like a monarch reigns alone.

The velvet darkness floating o'er
Has wrapped a world of care in sleep;
And only I am left alone
To mark how slow the hours creep.

"THE CALL OF THE WEST"

Ye rugged hills, ye mountains high.
Ye snow-clad peaks that pierce the sky,
Ye soft west breezes sighing by,
I hear you calling and reply.
Out where the winds blow wild and free,
Where stately stands the tall pine tree,
'Tis there my soul has yearned to be,
And you are calling, calling, me.

"AMBITION"

Wake ! Wake ! ye Dreamer, Wake !
Throw off the chains that bind your soul.
Hark to Ambition's mighty call !
Behold ! she beckons to the goal !
Weep not o'er ashes of a dream ;
Your mourning ever will be vain.
Your tears will quench the spark of hope,
And it will never glow again.
Lift up your head, and face the light ;
Your life is yours, your soul is free ;
The past alone is marked by years ;
The future is Eternity.

THE WEST

As I sit alone in the twilight,
And list' to the evening breeze,
There comes to me, in its murmur,
The whispering of tall pine trees.
I can smell their fragrant perfume
On the soft and balmy air,
And I know that they are waiting,
They are waiting for me there.

I can see once more on the hill-side
The noisy little creek ;
Well, I **know** what 'tis saying,
I can almost hear it speak,
As it falls o'er rounded boulders ;
And it echoes far and near
Calling "Ah, come, we're waiting,
We are waiting for you here."

THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE

WHEELER McMILLEN

From pole to pole, with speed mad soul,
 I ride in my automobile.
From sea to sea, with scorching glee,
 I ride at my steering wheel.
Across the plain, with proud disdain,
 I sweep, in my automobile,
A myriad miles, with road burnt smiles,
 Till the suns in the star vault reel.
I hold the strength at finger length,
 In my big black automobile,
Of thirty pairs of prancing mares,
 All dashing to beat the de'il.
On lightning wings, my motor sings
 The song of the automobile.
No fear of fate can check my gait
 Nor the throbs of my automobile.
Like a charged cohort, the engines snort
 In the heart of my automobile.
I snatch the breath from grimmest death,
 And laugh with my steed of steel.

THE BURIAL OF THE MAINE

(In March, 1912, the wreck of the Battleship Maine was raised from its bed in Havana Harbor, towed out to sea, and buried with fitting ceremonies. The following little poem expresses the sentiment of the occasion):

SILENCE the lips and bow the head,—
The Maine parts from her noble dead.
Upon the sea once more she floats,
But, resting on a bier of boats.

Be not ashamed if dim your eye,
And in your heart there is a sigh.
The flags on sister ships will weep,
When she is given to the deep.

Soft chant the waves in sweet refrain,
To the memory of the slain.
Dear God, console the hearts that ache,
For those who died for freedom's sake.

E. G. ROGERS.

LIFE LESSONS

I paused at the roadside, one bright summer day,
Just at the turn where we oft stopped to play,
For there at my feet, with its head in the dust,
Lay a sweet little daisy, cruelly crushed.

A fair, thoughtless maiden had just passed that way,
Saw it wave at God's sunbeams as if 'twere at play;
The simplest of flow'rets, yet 'twas doing its best,
In its own humble way, His praise to attest.

She plucked it—'twould give her a moment's delight—
Then tossed it aside to die as it might;
And there it lay bleeding—Humility's flower—
Loved thru the ages, shorn of its power.

In my mother's old garden there grew a moss rose,
'Mongst all her bright blossoms this one I chose;
She had guarded and reared it with tenderest care;
Many heartaches she'd soothed with the blossoms grown there.

I did not desire it so much as a treasure,
Cut to flaunt 'mongst the children at school for my pleasure.
It pained her, I know—her child's mind distorted;
It grieved Him, I know, to see His plans thwarted.

Each bud as it opened breathed love and good will;
In my heart burns this message she lived to instill.
No wonder that poets have loved this sweet flower,
The symbol of God and His infinite power.

But now gazing back o'er years that have flown,
I know that He'll give me whatever's my own;
So I'll struggle no longer, nor covet, nor shove;
His roses shall grow with their message of love.

Why do we grasp for things just for an hour?
Why do we wrest from our brother his power?
Though at heart we're not greedy and thirsty for gold,
Yet we tread the same pathway that Cain did of old.

The heart longs and pleads for things earth cannot give;
'Tis the soul, groping, homesick, and yearning to live
In the mansions He promised and went to prepare,
With the loved ones we've known here—now gone over there.

That's why I know there's a God upon high;
That's why I know we've a home in the sky;
For when I'm heartsick and burdened with care,
His "Lo, I am with you" answers my prayer.

PEARL A. M. STAHL.

THE LEGEND OF THE MONONGAHELA

Monogahela, a young chieftain,
And his warriors, brave and strong,
Camped beside a winding river
Whose clear water sweeps along
Through the narrow mountain valley,
Where the air is fresh and free,
Just beginning the long journey
Downward, downward to the sea.

They had come to find provisions
For their squaws and warriors old ;
Food and clothing to protect them
From the winter's biting cold.
After many days of hunting
On the hills and by the shore,
They secured game abundant,
To provide their winter's store.

On the morrow, at the rising
Of the glittering god of day,
They will leave this pleasant valley,
And begin their homeward way
To their fani'lies and their village
By the Susquehanna's side,
Where the camp-fire brightly burning
Casts its gleam upon the tide.

Sad and pale, Monongahela
Sat enwrapped in thoughts profound ;
Happy were his sturdy warriors,
As they danced the campfire 'round,
Or discussed the many pleasures
That their coming home would bring;
How the vale of Susquehanna
Would with shouts of triumph ring ;

How their squaws, in loudest voices,
Would proclaim their great success
That through all the dreary winter
Would relieve them from distress ;
How when snows and storms were raging,
In their wigwams they would stay
Happy with their squaws and fam'lies ;
All their thoughts were bright and gay.

But their joyful conversation
Made Monongahela sad ;
He had none at home to love him,
Like the other warriors had.
Though he knew the Indian maidens
All would bid him welcome home,
Yet among their goodly number
There was none he called his own.

Then to be alone, he wandered
From his wigwam far away :
Far adown the winding river.
Steadily he kept his way.
Still his mind was filled with sadness.
For his wig-wain vacant stood,
Where the winding Susquehanna
Downward pours its shallow flood.

Could he ever, thought the chieftain,
Find a maiden, bright and fair ;
One to calm his wildest longings,
And for whom he'd always care ?
All alone he mused and wandered
By the gently flowing stream ;
Still unconscious of his going.
Walked as one in deepest dream.

Suddenly the sound of voices
Fell upon his quickened ear.
And with greatest stealth and caution
He approached that he might hear.
What surprise was there to greet him !
How he gazed upon the sight !
Twelve star-fairies, light and airy,
Dancing in the moon's pale light.

One star-fairy had more beauty
Than the other fairies had,
And her presence cheered his being—
Cheered his heart so lone and sad ;
And a strong desire possessed him
To embrace his fairy love ;
But at his approach they vanished
In the starry realms above.

Lonely now and disappointed,
Yet exulting in his love,
Strong Monongahela tarried
For the coming of his love.
Near the spot where he had seen her,
Built he there his wigwam wide,
Door toward the fairy play-ground,
Looking out upon the tide.

In this door-way, sad yet hopeful,
All his warriors homeward gone,
Night by night he sat and waited
For his fairy love's return.
Thus a year was passed in waiting
And one clear, cool autumn night,
He had just begun his vigil,
When the fairies came in sight.

Faintly did he hear the rustle
Of their fairy garments light ;
Loudly came his heart's pulsations,
As he viewed this longed-for sight.
Now he sees them at their gambols ;
Now he spies his loved one fair
Playing with the other fairies,
Lightly tripping through the air.

Closer now he steals upon them;
Now upon tip-toe he stands;
Now she comes so very near him
That he grasps her in his hands;
And the other fairies, frightened
At their sister's sorry plight,
Rose with many a sigh and murmur,
And began their airy flight.

Proudly did Monongahela
Eear her to his wig-warn wide,
And she learned to love her captor,
Dwelling by the river's side;
And when brave Monongahela
Roamed where sunset embers burn,
"Fairy" watched, with eager longing,
For her husband's safe return.

Thus another year was ended;
And one evening hand in hand,
They were sitting by the wig-wam,
When they spied the fairy band
Lightly from the skies descending
To resume their sports once more
Upon the old-time fairy play-ground
Close beside the river's shore.

Then to "Fairy" came a longing
To rejoin them in their play;
So she lightly kissed her husband
As she did each close of day;
And with many vows she promised
Soon to him again to come,
When she's told her fairy sisters
Of her earthly joy and home.

But her sisters long entreated
Her to go with them again,
Back into that land of beauty,
Back again to fairy land.
Thus persuaded to revisit
Worlds from us so far and dim,
She came back to tell her husband
That she'd soon return to him.

But her brave Monongahela
In the woods had gone to roam;
He had wandered far that evening
And was late returning home;
And his "fairy," all unthinking,
Had departed, hand in hand,
With her joyful sister fairies
To their distant starry land.

Once more in her home of beauty,
She forgot her husband bold,
For the fairies made her happy;
So her heart of love grew cold.
But Monongahela missed her;
Far and wide he called her name;
Fruitless were his constant efforts,
That he might her love reclaim.

So he still continued searching,
 Wandering by the river's side;
Weak and weary, hungry, thirsty,
 With no one to aid, he died.
When again the chill of Autumn
 Turned the leaves to brown and gold,
To the same, broad, curling river,
 Came the fairies as of old.

And the one that had more beauty
 Than the other fairies had
Felt her heart grow weak and heavy,
 And her look was wan and sad.
Then she bade her fairy sisters
 Each a tender, fond farewell;
Walked directly to the wig-wam,
 Where upon the ground she fell.

Crying loud, "Monongahela"—
 Naught but echoes made reply;
Still in vain, "Monongahela"
 Was her one, and only cry.
All night long for him she waited
 But he came not back again
To the wig-wam by the river,
 Where the two had happy been.

When the sun rose o'er the mountains,
 Gilding all their peaks with light,
Forth she started on her journey,
 Now to wander day and night.
Days and months and years she wandered
 Through the vale, and mountains high;
Still she cried "Monongahela"—
 Naught but echoes made reply.

Still when gathered 'round their firesides
 The old settlers tell this tale,
How she sought Monongahela,
 Where the stream winds through the vale;
And they also say the river
 From this hero gets its name;
That its murmur, like the calling,
 Is forever just the same.

And today, in golden Autumn,
If your heart is tuned a-right,
You can hear the fairy calling
Through the stillness of the night,
As she wanders through the forest,
Sending forth her mournful cries,
And her wail, "Monongahela,"
On the river falls and dies.

GEORGE M. HARRIS.



A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

My dear and respected sir,
I send you this your love to stir.
'Tis you I've chosen first of all
On whom to make a leap-year call.
I've given you this foremost chance—
Your heart and hand not asked in jest—
And hope you'll grant my fond request
And send me back without delay
Your answer saying "Yes" or "Nay."
But if your hand does not incline
In wedlock clasp to join with mine,
Then you must leap-year laws obey
And down to me five dollars pay.
Besides, kind sir, a handsome dress,
I ask no more nor take no less.
Now you may think this letter funny,
Eut I must have either man or money.
Please let me know at once your choice.
If in *your* name I'll not rejoice,
I'll wear you dress, sir, just the same,
Tho I should take another's name.
Now if the writer you should guess,
Send this back to my address;
And, if for me there is no hope,
Send me back six yards of rope.
I'll close with lots of love and kisses
From one who cares to be your Mrs.

THE WAY

Apologies and Condolences to Walt Mason.

Once a boy from the mines,
Where the sun never shines,
Had a dream that to-day has come true.
For he saw, thru the haze,
Many studious days,
To be spent at the O. N. U.
With his bones on a whiz,
All ready for biz,
He landed in Ada one day.

As he strolled up the street.
 A young man did he meet,
 With countenance haggard and gray.
 "Oh, this school life is bum"
 Said the miner's new chum,
 "Just plugging and plugging along.
 My folks never write,
 And it's surely a fright
 How everything keeps going wrong.
 In Latin, I know, I don't stand a show,
 For the Prof. has it in for me.
 In my classes I feel like a man made of steel ;
 So knowledge for me do I see.
 So I think I'll go home,
 Where my folks at-e alone.
 As for the old farm I yearn.
 If I stayed here my life,
 I might get a wife.
 But not a thing would I learn."
 With his soul sick and sad,
 The marooned miner lad
 Told the tale to the nest man he met.
 "Go beat it, ki yi,
 The weary, they die,"
 Exploded the cranky old vet.
 "In life play to win ;
 Stand up on your pin;
 If you fall, climb right up again.
 Don't growl about luck ;
 Don't think that you're stuck,
 And you'll rake in the friends and the sen.
 Keep a stiff upper lip;
 Don't let your nerve slip,
 And don't be a happy luck chap.
 Throw in your grit ;
 Don't howl if you're hit.
 But hammer with vigor and snap.
 Be a lad with backbone,
 Who can keep up his own.
 As you trot to the end of your span.
 Don't growl at the rain;
 Think joy and not pain,
 And live so you know you're a man.

FRANK A. HALVERSON.

OUT OF THE MILL

Give up! Give up, men! Don't block the way!
The women are here! And they've come to stay.
Don't try to stop them! For it's no use,
And it only proves that you're a goose.
You've buried them deep in the household mill,
Cut women! — You cannot keep them still!
You swore they couldn't and shouldn't pry
In public affairs but, you lie! you lie!

For several thousand years, or so,
They've obeyed you lords in this world below;
Eut now their Rights sends its urgent call,
And a daring resolve seizes them all;
They will not alone on you depend
Their precious Rights to always defend.
They say they have found on many a day
That they couldn't rely on what men say;
So they will vote and will go the round
Of what you call your unhallowed ground.

For a couple hundred years, or so,
There has been no peace on this world below;
The women are grumbling, "It isn't fair;
Come, give us a breath of your upper air.
We've had enough of your lordly ways,
And we would help rule in future days.
Give LIS a taste of your power and might.
We want a chance and an equal right;
We've served you well in the mill, you know ;
Now you're bland fellows—come, let us go!"

I'm not so sure of your being bland,
But no alternatives before you stand.
You fear the men will be put to rout,
Yet there is no help, you must let LIS out!
We've been in the mill, you know, so long
That we are not so uncommonly strong;
While you have gained by your ruling alone
And ought to be able to hold your own.
But if you can't, better get into space,
And let some woman have your place.

We've heard you argue again and again
 That women do not equal men;
 That is all rubbish and will not go,
 And down in your hearts you know it's not so.
 What worries you and makes you so ill
 Is that you may have to grind in the mill.
 Don't worry, the women will do their work;
 Because they vote, they're not going to shirk.
 So lay down your cudgels and give them way
 For women are BOUND to have their say.

GRACE COMBENDURFER.

SONG—O. N. U., MY O. N. U.

(Tune, Maryland, My Maryland.)

Thy banner greets the morning air,
 O N. U., My O. N. U.
 The Orange and Black, so pure, so fair.
 O. N. U., My O. N. U.
 We'll keep it proudly floating there,
 Forever placed within His care.
 All things for thee we'll do and dare,
 O. N. U., My O. N. U.

Our loyalty we must proclaim,
 O N. U., My O. N. U.
 Our hearts are burning with its flame,
 O. N. U., My O. N. U.
 O, may we live to guard from shame
 The purity of the Southern's name,
 That's borne by countless Sons of Fame;
 O. N. U., My O. N. U.

O, Alma Mater, grand and free,
 O. N. U., My O. N. U.
 Your loyal sons we'll ever be,
 O. N. U., My O. N. U.
 For every heart's inspired by thee
 To benefit humanity,
 And win another victory
 For O. S. U., My O. N. U.

C. T. CONKLIN.

TRIBUTE TO NORTHERN

Tune: Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The Boys Are Marching.

There's a college good and true, that we all love, O. N. U.
And its standards we will raise where'er we go,
Till the fanie of Northern dear will bring forth a rousing cheer
As a beacon giving out a living glow

CHORUS.

Nine long Rahs for dear old Northern!
For our colors, hip hurrah!
For we never will turn back on the Orange and the Black—
Every heart is loyal, we will win the day.

Let each voice join in our song, as we boost our school along,
Where all students they are on an equal plane.
As an army in the fight, with the spirit of the right,
To each heart beat raise your shout with niight and main.

CHORUS.

Rock ! Rock ! Rock ! Ohio Northern !
Rah! Rah! Rah! for O. N. U.
Of old Northern's name we're proud, shout it out both long and loud
For each voice speaks of a heart that's ever true.

Then when college days are past, and we bid goodbye at last
To our Alma Mater's kind and tender care,
As our place we take in life, 'mid its pleasures, 'mid its strife,
Dear old Sorthern will be with us everywhere.

FRANK A. HALVERSON.

OUR O.N. U.

Comrades join in the praise of Northern,
 'Tis the school for you and me ;
Let our hearts bring our devotion,
 Pledging faith and loyalty
To our cherished Alma Mater,
 Our "Mother" kind and true ;
We will stand by her forever,
 Our own loved O. S. C.

Memories bright around her cluster ;
 Friendship's ties are strong and sure.
And the bonds of dear old Northern
 Forever shall endure.
When at last our ways have parted
 And we've bade our last adieu,
Other hearts will care for Northern,
 Our own loved O. N. U.

Comrades, guard the name of Northern :
 Keep her honor pure and bright :
May she stand through years eternal
 Scatt'ring far the shades of night.
When we've gone in life's great battle,
 We'll give praise where praise is due,
Thanking God in heaven above us
 For our own loved O. N. C.

IRVING GARWOOD.

LITERATURE



WHY I BELIEVE IN WOMAN SUFFRAGE

ELIZABETH BURKHOLDER.

WOMAN should vote because she is woman; man, because he is man. The two are unlike. Woman has different aspirations, different needs, a different point of view, and a different way of reaching conclusions; consequently, man is, by nature, incapable of representing her. No matter how willing man is nor how hard he may try, he can never fully put himself in woman's place and see exactly from her point of view. So long as this difference remains, woman must go unrepresented in the state unless the means of representation are secured for her.

No one will deny that the most ideal home relations depend upon a proper consideration and appreciation, by both men and women, of their differences in temperament and that the home life determines the character of the state. In fact, state and home are so closely related that the state has been defined as an enlargement of the home. As economic, social, industrial, and moral questions affect both home and state similarly, so laws, state and national, pertain, in some way, to the home. Just as mercy, obedience, justice, and love are essential to the home life, so are they to the welfare of the state. All admit that woman adds dignity, beauty, and sympathy to home life. Then why are we so prone to spurn such an influence upon the political world, which would necessarily result from woman's use of the ballot.

Many and dire have been the consequences predicted as to the result of woman suffrage. From New Zealand round to California the objectors have painfully and monotonously prophesied the same calamitous results. With tearful eloquence they have portrayed heart-rending pictures of neglected babies, uncooked food, and deserted hearths. But alas! So contradictory are many of their arguments, that, to women who are thinking for themselves, they only provoke a smile. For instance, many have said that women do not want the ballot, that they are wholly indifferent to it, and yet maintain that they would no sooner have that privilege than they would become so enthusiastic over it that they would neglect all their domestic duties. Woman is regarded by some as living in an ethereal realm, from which she should never descend to have a voice among the "rabble," while others stand horrified at the thought of corrupt women demoralizing the state.

If the prediction had materialized in the states and countries where women have been enfranchised, we might well oppose the movement. The time for mere theorizing is past; we want the facts. One hundred and forty-five mayors of cities in five of our equal suffrage states testified to the good results of municipal suffrage, many being very enthusiastic over the purifying effects resulting from woman's great moral courage. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe received letters from six hundred and twenty-four editors, ministers, and Sunday School superintendents in the equal suffrage states, sixty-two of which were opposed to women voting, forty-six in doubt, and five-hundred and sixteen in favor. If they had stated that few women voted, that those few were corrupted and easily bribed, that polling places were unfit for refined persons to enter, that worse

men were elected, that women had no public spirit, that bad women voters outnumbered the good, that it led to family quarrels, that it only doubled the vote, that woman lost her womanly graces and her great love for her home, all would be different, and we could not too quickly arm ourselves against the enemy of the most powerful influence in the world—a woman's virtue. But in Australia, New Zealand, Finland, Norway, the Western States, wherever woman is enfranchised: the report, as a whole, is otherwise; woman's influence in the state, as in the home, has proven one of far reaching influence for good.

But you ask, "What reforms do women propose to secure with the ballot? What advantage to the common welfare will result from woman suffrage?"

Woman has a keener insight and greater interest in the moral and humanitarian side of politics than man. She is not much concerned with mere partisan politics. Her interest centers around questions affecting education, public cleanliness, public morals, civic beauty, charities and corrections, public health, public libraries, and kindred subjects which more intimately affect home life and conduce to the uplift of the home. A few men have shown a vital interest in such questions; but the vast majority are concerned, if at all, only to a slight extent, and soon lose sight of them in the scramble and excitement of partisan warfare.

It is claimed that, through her indirect influence, woman is now represented. The ridiculousness of such a contention is obvious. The vote of a man with a wife, a widowed mother, four daughters, and a half dozen unmarried sisters counts one, while the vote of the bachelor next door, without a female relative in the world, counts for just as much. And the object of voting is said to get the wish of the majority. George William Curtis said that a woman may vote as a stock holder in a railroad extending from one end of the country to the other; but, if she sells her stock and buys a house with the money, she has no voice in the laying out of a road before her door, no matter how much tax she pays. The indirect method is absurd. If a woman wanted to go to San Francisco, it would be little comfort to tell her she should go by way of Liverpool and Cape Horn. There is not a vicious interest nor political machine in the whole country but what is eulogizing woman's great "Indirect influence." We should heed the war maxim, "Always do that thing to which your adversary particularly objects."

Often we hear it argued that the great majority of women do not want the ballot and that it is an injustice to force such a responsibility upon them. But who does not know that every great reform in society has been secured by the continued efforts of a persistent few, and that these reformers are almost invariably opposed by the very ones whom the reform is to benefit? Whether the majority of women do or do not want the ballot has absolutely nothing to do with the justice of this question. Should the few women—if they be few—who have a wider vision of usefulness be fettered and their influence lost to humanity, because of the indifference of a majority? When Elizabeth Blackwell began to study medicine the women at her boarding house refused to speak to her. Mary Lyon's first efforts for the education of women were ridiculed not only by men, but by the most of women as well. Many of

of the laws relating to women, which everybody now approves, might never have been enacted had it been necessary to wait until the majority of women asked for them.

Woman is no longer confined to the precincts of the home. The press of economic and social conditions have forced her to enter the various pursuits, often in direct competition with man. Certain industries are now almost wholly carried on by women. Because of this condition, it is imperative that she have a voice in the framing of legislation which so vitally concerns her physical and moral welfare. In the solution of the great labor problems who is better



TWO WAYS OF SEEING THE QUESTION.

able to know the needs of the toiling women and children than the working girl herself? It is the conviction that not only is the ballot her inherent right but that the use of such a right is an absolute necessity to safe-guard her welfare, that is causing such a vast number of the more than six-million working girls in the United States to champion the cause of woman suffrage.

Too long have we heard of women living on the plane of gossip and petti-

ness. A new era is dawning for her. Nothing can so broaden woman's outlook upon life as an interest in public affairs. What man would not prefer discussing state and national problems at home with a wife who both fully understood and realized the importance of such problems, than with a miscellaneous crowd of men in a club room or hotel? It is this added privilege in the home that strengthens family ties. The children look upon their mother, no longer as one living in a prescribed sphere, ignorant of the outside world and its problems, but as one to whom to look for instruction on these very questions. "It is a new companion that awaits man in woman today—surely a more glorious thing than a slave." When he seeks to understand rather than oppose and govern her, he finds how much greater is her love and tenderness. In her new status she will wield a greater influence for good, widen her life and range of interest, strengthen her intellect, and make her life not only richer and fuller to her country but infinitely more charming in the home which she loves and in which she will ever reign supreme.

WHY I OPPOSE WOMAN SUFFRAGE

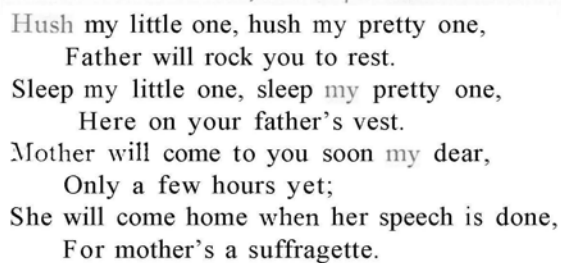
ANNA STEVA.

FROM remotest antiquity it has been evident that the sphere of man and woman is separate and distinct. Man, as the highest type of animal life, has the widest differences in duties. It is natural, it is scientific, that woman should be as womanly as possible and man as manly. This condition makes the most ideal family relation. The American home is the foundation of American strength and progress, and in the American home woman holds a position of so grave a responsibility that she cannot assume other responsibilities without neglecting her duties to her home and family.

The demand which woman is making for all the rights and duties of man is absurdly unscientific. The duties of the two are clearly defined. To the strong physique of man belong the labors and duties of the outside world; to the finer and more spiritual nature of woman the labors and duties of home and society. Does it then seem advisable to add to the already long list of woman's duties the responsibility of directly helping man govern the millions of inhabitants of the United States?

Woman does not need the ballot to represent her and give her a voice in making the laws. The home is a unit. That its interests range through both the spheres of man and woman is admitted by all. To argue that man can represent the home in all its relations is absurd; the same is true concerning woman. The home being a unit, and man and woman each an integral part of the home, both stand as representatives of the home in their respective spheres of activity. Then, since man is an integral part of the home is he not represented in the social achievements of woman, who stands as the representative of his home? No one, I think, will or can deny this. Man is the representative of the home in the political realm. In the same vein of reasoning, as above, woman being an integral part of the home is, likewise, represented in the political activity of man.

If woman should take upon herself that which has hitherto been considered man's **work**, would man, in turn, be willing to assume the duties of **woman**? If so, we can clearly see the appropriateness of this little poem.



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"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good and good works in her husband to promote."

The great cry of our present day suffragettes is, "We need the ballot to protect and give liberty to women." The slavery of our American women exists only in the warped imagination and heated rhetoric of a few agitators. American women, to-day, enjoy freedom of person, property, and profession, absolute and entire. When women are no longer safe under the protection of father or husband, it is the fault of our civilization and not of our laws. The chief characteristic of a truly civilized society is that every member, rich or poor, by virtue of his being a part of the social structure, shares the privileges which pertain to the community as a whole. These privileges are the gifts of inheritance, of nature, and of God.

Let us see whether or not our present day laws are favorable to women.

- First: Consider the wife's dower right.

Second: The statutes contain a large number of special provisions for the benefit of female employees in factories and mercantile houses.

Third: The husband is liable for necessities acquired by his wife.

Fourth: A woman engaged in business cannot be arrested in an action for a debt fraudulently contracted.

Fifth: A husband's creditors have no claim upon the proceeds of a policy of insurance upon his life for the benefit of his wife.

These and a number of other laws have been enacted, wholly, in woman's favor.

Compare the laws of the states in which women do not vote with the laws of equal suffrage states and you will find that in almost every respect they are equal to and, in many respects, superior to the laws of the states in which women vote. Then considering child labor laws, we know that Oklahoma is conceded to have the best child labor laws in our country; yet when Oklahoma was framing these laws did she look to any of the equal suffrage states as an example? No she did not, but on the contrary patterned after some of our eastern states.

The suffragettes claim that woman suffrage will mean an increase in woman's salary. But can salary be affected by the ballot? This is strictly an economic problem, which is governed entirely by the law of supply and demand.

Men to-day are not withholding the ballot from women. The reason why women to-day are not voting is due to the fact that the great army of women who remonstrate against extension of suffrage are not only as intelligent and sincere as those who ask for the ballot but can point to an overwhelming majority of women who uphold their views. To comply with what is supposed to be the desire of nearly all women is one thing; to vote to force the ballot upon more than 90% of the women of this country is quite another.

Suffrage for women has been agitated since 1848. In these 64 years slavery has been abolished, the silver question settled, but still the suffrage question remains unsettled. If woman suffrage is of such great importance why are not the suffrage advocates able to convince the public that women are oppressed,

that men are unfair and tyrannical? Women have never enjoyed such complete educational and religious freedom as the women of America are enjoying to-day.

Many of our present day suffrage agitators are withdrawing their active co-operation from civic and philanthropic societies, thus attempting to boycott this class of work until such time as they shall be allowed to vote. Does this seem virtuous in woman?

Woman's virtues would not be prominent or influential in the political arena. Her finer qualities would naturally shun this sphere and her opposite qualities would be drawn into it. Men resort to unjust means in gaining political ends; we would naturally find this same condition existing among women.

With woman thus dabbling in politics it seems inevitable that in the eyes of man she must lose those beautiful characteristics of womanhood, which make her worthy of the highest honor and esteem. Man would no longer feel responsible for woman's welfare, and it is only as woman's natural protector that some of the noblest traits in a man's character are developed.

Man's idea of woman's refining influence is well expressed in Schiller's "Honor to Women."

To them it is given, to garden the earth with the roses of Heaven.





“THE ABANDONED MILL”

J. L. MANAHAN.

ABOUT three miles south of Huntsville stands an old “Abandoned Flouring Mill.” It is situated at the foot of a large hill. Around it are many large trees.

As we approach from the east our attention is at once attracted by the quaintness of its appearance. Its form is almost square. At the southeast corner is the old water-wheel, which is still standing erect, as if ready for work at any moment. The water in the mill-race, once active and clear but now silent and muddy, is covered by a heavy coat of moss. A dense growth of weeds overlap the stream in such a way that it is almost hidden from view. The noise of the crickets and the voice of the frogs give evidence that life still exists about the old mill.

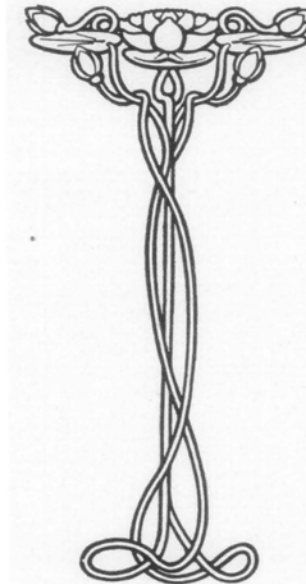
A few steps from this wheel is the east entrance, the door of which hangs loosely upon its one good hinge. Lying on the floor just to the right of the entrance is a large plank, upon which are dim wheel-marks of the miller’s truck. No doubt this is the old gang plank which has not been used for many years.

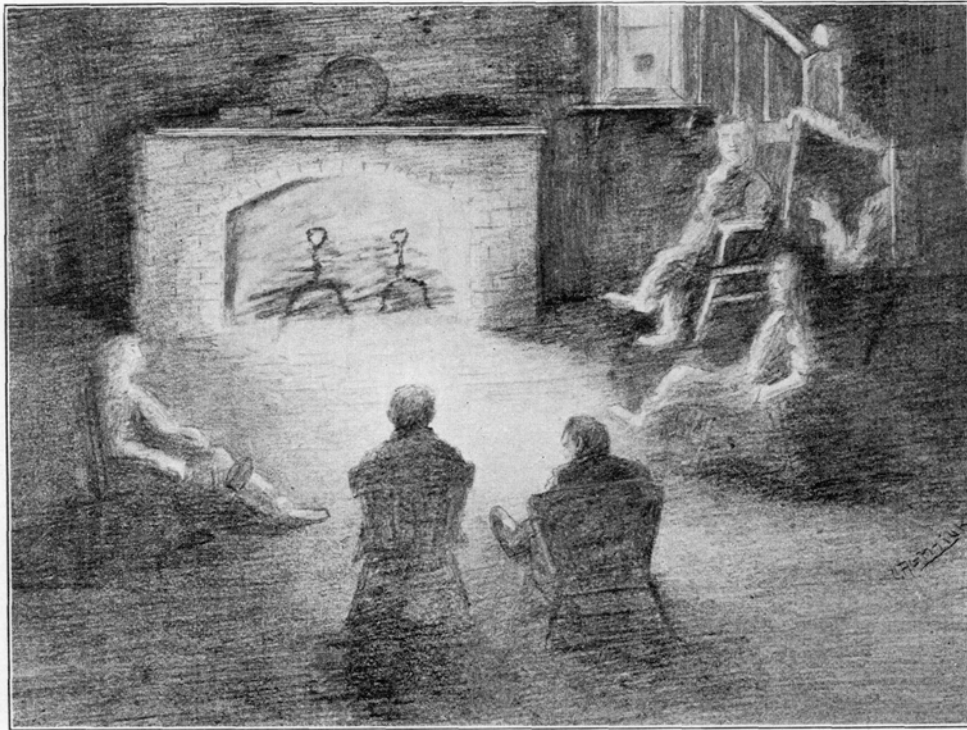
As we move forward a short distance our attention at once passes to the old machinery. The monstrous belt-wheel is very rusty, thus bearing witness to the

fact that it has long remained silent. Above the engine are seen the various belts which were once active but now densely covered with dust. The spider's beautiful network hangs loosely from the roof and everywhere crickets are seen playfully flitting about. The roughly hewn timbers, constituting the framework of the mill are rapidly falling into decay, thus declaring that in a few years more the mill will no longer be a standing representative of pioneer architecture, but only a mass of ruins showing where the mill once stood.

As we pass on the west side we see a large wheat bin, in which two mice are seen silently stealing away. At the rear of this bin there is a heap of material. Undoubtedly it was once good wheat, which long since has been changed into a mass of decay imprinted by the tracks of the fleeting mice.

The mill, having served its purpose, having honored its clay, will soon have passed into the unavoidable realm of decay.





FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

MARIE DILLE.

FRIDAY, and the thirteenth; surely if ever there was a time when ghosts should leave their graves and goblins, witches, and imps of every description, should find the earth a pleasant play ground, this was the night of all nights. The low hanging, scant half-moon dodged behind an occasional cloud bank, while the stars winked wickedly down upon the naked trees, thru which the November wind howled and shrieked horribly.

It was such a night as would have tempted the most comfortably laid ghost from his resting place.

The place? A farm house almost invisible in summer amid the rank vegetation. But now since the leaves had fallen, it stood there bare and hideous with its windows staring vacantly at the lonesome moon. A long strip of ivy torn from its lower fastenings, but still attached to the lofty eaves, swung to and fro across the wide, blank wall, all the while swishing dismally and shedding its dead leaves at every motion.

A generation ago this had been the home of a prosperous farmer, a pretty wife, and a family of happy children. But a tragedy had befallen that household.

First the pretty wife was missing, and never found; then one by one the little children ceased to play beneath the shade trees. Soon after, the farmer, too, was gone.

Mystery and horror surrounded the place and the years that followed only intensified that horror. There had been a tenant or two since then, who being ignorant of previous happenings had remained a few days then hurriedly withdrew. Already twenty years have passed away since any one had dared to spend a night in the terror saturated atmosphere of the old farm house. yet to-night in its unkept grate a bright fire is glowing and into its flickering light thirteen faces are peering from the gloom of the great, *dim* room. To-night of all nights they are come to arouse the long undisturbed spirit into action.

An old clock on the stairway had been forced to run, after its long idleness, and as the cobwebs cleared away, its thin hands began *slowly* to creep over its ugly face. A rusty bell from within harshly rasped out each passing hour.

There had been a feeble attempt at conversation among the watchers, but to no avail for the sound of one's own voice seemed horrible in the deathly stillness: only the clock ticked on *slowly—dismally—monotonously*. Sine it wheezed, then "ten"—then "eleven." The stillness grew deeper; each watcher stirred uneasily if he caught the glance of another upon him. All eyes were turned to the clock as the hands neared midnight; then there was again a spasmodic attempt at conversation, followed by nervous, hollow laughter; again silence and the hands crept slowly on, till at last it began to groan out the hour of twelve.

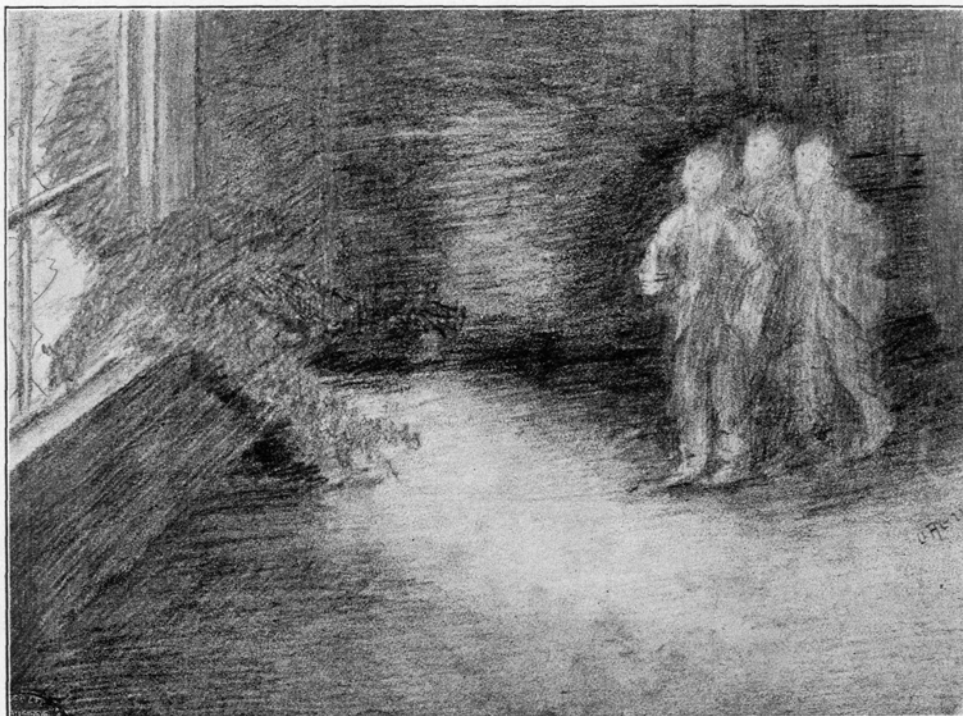
Before the last sound had died away there came a shriek, loud, shrill, and terrible, followed by a crash as of a heavy body falling in the chamber above; then a long, hair-raising cry that seemed to freeze the blood of the listeners. So terrible it seemed they could only stare speechlessly at each other with fear-dilated eyes. Then it came again, the awful cry as of the last hopeless wail of a lost soul. Then the watchers started. Ten of them fled out into the night away from this abode of terror. The other three lighting candles in the glowing grate mounted the stairs, past the old clock, and on to the chambers above. Just as they reached the landing the wail came again as if to guide them on to discovery or to destruction. The sound came from a room at the extreme end of the long dark hall. Thither with hesitating steps, the searchers groped their way among the grotesque dancing shadows. Pausing before the door from whence the sound had come, they listened. Hearing nothing they cautiously opened the door. 'The first one entered: his candle flickered and went out. Another made the attempt and the second candle was as promptly extinguished. Then the third made the trial with a like result.

The darkness lent new horrors to the situation. A thousand minute sounds could now be heard that had been inaudible in the light. The stairs creaked as if betraying a stealthy tread while a slight motion of the door brought from the rusty hinges a groan that caused the listeners to clutch each other in terror.

Summoning what little courage they still possessed they fearfully entered the darkness of the room. No sound came as they paused on the threshold.

The pale moon beams, as they fell thru the paneless window, cast a gauzy shroud over a dark figure of hideous proportions that seemed to stand there waving its huge arms menacingly at the intruders. For a moment they hesitated, then cautiously approached. A closer view revealed the fact that it was only the great ivy, in whose claw-like tendrils, the shutter had been caught and torn from the window.

Was it only the rusty hinges that had caused the shriek? Was it only the shutter swinging with the ivy and crashing against the wall that had caused the sound of the falling body? And was the moan in reality only the effect of the wind in the keyhole? Perhaps—yet sometimes when the pale moon beams wander over the ancient structure and the wind sighs mournfully around those mysterious crannies. I wonder if the wind's low moan is not answered by a sadder moan from within, not caused by mortal man tho, sometimes, heard by mortal ears.



THE COLLEGE LOAFER

BY HELEN THOMAS.

THE college loafer cannot be recognized by his face, for that part of his anatomy is usually invisible. It is obscured by a felt hat, very saggy around the brim, together with a cloud of tobacco smoke issuing in a steady column from a pipe tilted at a forty-five degree angle. The hat and pipe are aided by a bottle-neck sweater, striped with very loud colors which make him appear to have just escaped from the penitentiary.

The wall of some building frequently constitutes a support for this amiable chap, against which he idly reclines with hands distending the pockets of his trousers to a surprising extent. Four inch cuffs ornament the lower extremities of the aforesaid trousers, which display remarkably well a pair of lavender hose above tan oxfords of a very light hue.

When this delectable fellow condescends to move from his support, he folds himself, as nearly as possible, into his pockets and starts down street with a very shambling gait. It makes no difference if he does walk slowly, for he has at least eight years in which to complete his college course.

He enters the class room just three minutes after roll call and takes up his position on the last seat near the window. Here he sits with knees on the back of the seat before him, book open in his hand, and a far off look on his face as he gazes out of the window. At the close of the recitation he saunters out to stroll down street once more.



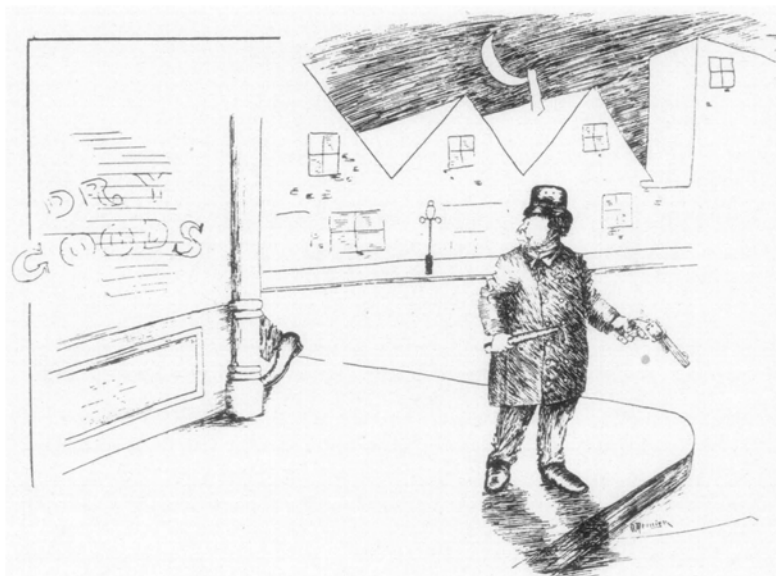
EXPERIENCE ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WINTER TERM

J. L. MANAHAN.

ON Nov. 14, 1911, began the Winter Term at the Ohio Northern University. Even though this first day of the term was stormy, as is usually the case, every one about the university appeared to be extremely busy. The students were seen parading from one building to another as if they were searching for a "Fountain of Youth", to which Prof. Freeman had alluded in his morning announcement.

The chapel service was unusually lengthy due to the great number of announcements which are always necessary at the beginning of a term. The chief of these announcements was the one by Prof. Freeman concerning the "Y. M. C. A. Membership Contest." As a result of this announcement many young nien have embarked upon the airships and are now journeying toward that glorious "Fountain of Youth." This Fountain is so eagerly sought because it not only returns youth to the gentlemen, the roof of whose highest apartment has become the fly's paradise, and to the spinster of forty summers, (more or less), but because it will so inspire the students that they can go to class without studying their lessons, look wise, and recite like a young "Solomon."

The most characteristic features of this day were the heavy frowns and disgusted looks upon the countenances of those students who were overheard while speaking about the many conflicts in their term's work. Some were even lamenting the fact that it would be impossible for them to arrange for more than four classes under Prof. Freeman. "Well," said one young "Solomon," "perhaps we can take those four branches, make a recorded grade of "A" in each, get acquainted with all the new girls, and have a general good time." It is very evident that this gentleman needed to get acquainted, for he certainly was a stranger.



PAT'S PROMOTION

FRANK A. HALVERSON.

“D O you want a job?”
 “What doing?”
 “On the police force.”

Pat Clancy was passing through the door from the Police station when the question was asked him. He was broke after a jamboree in New York while sight seeing in the great Metropolis, having spent the Winter in the woods of Northern Michigan. His pile was gone, the last had purchased his liberty from the Police magistrate, for disorderly conduct.

“Sure,” said Pat looking shrewdly at the plain clothes man. He noticed that he was well dressed and had the air of authority about him. He was of a muscular build and his eyes seemed to twinkle as he regarded Pat, while a smile hung around the corner of his mouth.

“Aré you afraid of a dark street?”

“Afraid of nothing on feet,” said Pat.

An hour later Pat Clancy left the Police station, with his name entered in the books as “Patrick Clancy. Policeman.”

At the corner of the building a uniformed officer met him. He stopped Pat, by saying “So you’re under the Fighting Chief. Take a word of advice and be on the look-out to-night. A new man always finds trouble the first night. I am just telling you, if you don’t put up the goods you’re fired in the morning.”

“Be Heavens,” said Pat to himself as he gazed at the vanishing figure of his adviser, “I’ll kill the first man that interferes with me to-night.” Then he remembered the Chief’s instructions “Be always on the look-out for trouble and do your best.” Pat remembered the peculiar way he said it.

The shades of night were falling over the city as Pat went on duty. A dark street it was, as the Chief had said. But Pat felt equal to the task assigned him. He was to keep order; and he would at all costs. He was an officer of the law and that was different from being a lumber Jack in Michigan.

"What is that fellow trying to do," Pat ejaculated to himself as he saw a man trying to climb the fence that surrounded a large mansion. I'm wise to your game thought Pat as he tip-toed up to the place where he had seen the man. He was not there. Pat peered over the fence. Then he gave a start, for actually the fellow was trying to lift a window. Lightly Pat vaulted over the fence, with his baton ready for instant use. The burglar ran. Pat followed. Down the path that led to the stables hastened the man, with Pat gaining at each step. Just as Pat was reaching out his hand to grasp the burglar, he turned and struck Pat a wicked blow on the face. Pat staggered. Quickly his senses returned and with double quick action Pat followed. The man dodged behind the stable. As Pat dodged after him he was met by another blow. It did not stop him. The man was going to strike again but Pat grasped him in the darkness. They clinched. The burglar was breathing hard, as Pat's fingers clutched his arm. "You will, will you? strike an Officer. You'll go before the Magistrate for this, so ye will."

Pat could have sworn that the burglar laughed as he jerked himself loose. Before he could escape the policeman had him again and in a moment Pat felt his feet slipping from the ground. Down they went, Pat under the burglar, yet his arms were locked around the burglar's body. He could not move. Tighter Pat pressed his antagonist, until the breath was leaving his body.

The burglar was not finished. Without warning he threw his head up and the next moment Pat received a stinging blow on his face. His hands relaxed and the man sprang up. Pat, dazed, clutched him again. Another wicked blow missed his face.

Pat's Irish was up. With a bellow like an enraged bull he rushed the burglar. He forgot that he was an officer of the law. The law of self-preservation became the issue of his actions. His ponderous fist found the burglar's breast and he fell in a heap. Pat was furious.

"Yer Son of Darkness," Pat shouted as he stood over the fallen man, "Do yer think that you can fool a man from Michigan?"

"Let me go!" the robber raised his head.

"Yes, to the police station."

"They know me there," said the man raising up, "you're new on the job and I'll give you this to let me off," holding up a purse.

"None of your fooling" said Pat, sternly.

How it happened Pat never knew. The burglar sprang at him again. Pat was ready. In a moment it was all over, and Pat had his man handcuffed.

On the following morning there was consternation at the Police station. The Chief was not there. His wife was called on the telephone and she said that he had been out all night.

"Are there any prisoners?" the Magistrate asked.

"Clancy, the new man, brought one in" said the sergeant.

LORD ENRICK'S CLOCK

C. A. WALTZ.

SEVERAL years had passed since I had last seen or heard from my old friend, Garing Irvwood. In his college days he had been noted for his superiority in Chemistry, and he had done much original work in radioactive substances. As my readers know, his name today is known all over Europe and America as the greatest scientific detective the world has ever known. Imagine my surprise when I received an invitation to spend a few weeks with him in his London home.

During my stay with him he was engaged in unravelling several small affairs, mainly robberies, which, in themselves, were uninteresting and did not call forth any exceptional powers of my friend. But a few days before my return to America he was called to unravel a mystery which gave indication that it would require the greatest skill my friend had ever yet displayed.

One morning, as we sat at the breakfast table reviewing old times and college escapades, we were interrupted by a violent ringing of the door bell. On answering the summons we found our visitor to be Inspector Yarnell of Scotland Yard. He appeared to be in a very excited frame of mind and began his story without any preliminaries.

It appeared that Sir Henry Upton, one of the most distinguished lawyers of England, had suddenly died while seated in a chair in the laboratory of Lord Enrick, the scientist, who has made such remarkable discoveries in the radioactive elements of uranium and thorium. Sir Henry, according to the story of Lord Enrick, had called to see him on a purely legal matter and while they were conversing had suddenly thrown up his hands and expired without a word. Lord Enrick had at once summoned a physician and notified the authorities at Scotland Yard. The physician's opinion was that Sir Henry had died from a sudden paralysis of the nerves, affecting most severely the nerves of the heart.

These were the only particulars obtainable, but the affair looked suspicious for it was known that Lord Enrick and Sir Henry were engaged in a lawsuit over some of the former's discoveries. The police authorities had forbidden the removal of the body or the alteration of the laboratory in any manner until the appearance of Irvwood.

As the Inspector finished his story, Irvwood immediately signified his intention of visiting the laboratory and ascertaining any further particulars which he might obtain there. At his request I accompanied them.

The laboratory of Lord Enrick is situated at the rear of his home in Kenwood Square. Arriving there we found two inspectors on guard who, on seeing us, at once unlocked the door and ushered us into the laboratory. Here I found things much the same as one would expect to find them in any laboratory. There were the usual tables, retorts, fume-closets, test tubes, etc. But what struck my attention as most unusual was a tall and peculiar looking clock which stood

directly opposite and about ten feet from the chair which contained the body of Sir Henry. This clock was probably ten feet high and, in many respects, resembled a grandfather's clock with the exception that its mechanism was more complex.

Irvwood went to work immediately and some of his methods were not only interesting but also amusing. He carefully examined the body of Sir Henry, especially the face which was almost black appearing as though it had been burned. He ran the tips of his fingers over the face and then pinched it severely in several places. He next examined it carefully with a powerful lens and then with a small X rays instrument which he had brought with him. After this examination lie informed us that the man had indeed died from paralysis and that the condition of the nerves and blood vessels showed that this had been produced by a powerful shock of electricity. Having drawn this conclusion, he said that for the present it would be well to keep a secret sui-veillance of Lord Enrick. He next proceeded to ascertain the cause of the shock which had killed Sir Henry. He had the body removed from the chair and then more thoroughly examined it. His conclusions here were that the entire force of the shock had been centered in the man's face. He then went to work in earnest in the examination of the entire laboratory. The chair on which the body was found was closely examined; the floor was gone over, Irvwood crawling on his hands and knees over its entire surface. He then had the floor torn up in the vicinity in which the chair was located. He examined the walls, every instrument on the walls being taken down and carefully scrutinized. But when he arrived at the clock, he stopped, backed up, and finally seated himself in the chair meantime keeping his eyes riveted on the clock's dial. After remaining in this position for at least twenty minutes wrapped in intense thought, lie suddenly jumped up and went to the clock and began to take it apart. When lie had taken off the dial and removed some of the wheels he called our attention to what lie had found. In the interior of the clock was a small, thick metallic box which had an opening connected with another small opening in the dial of the clock. "Here," said he, "is the cause of Sir Henry Upton's death." Perceiving that we did not understand he began an explanation, which, to me, was at first meaningless.

However before he began his explanation, lie desired to know at exactly what hour Sir Henry had died. From the account of Lord Enrick, as told to the inspector, we learned that Sir Henry had called upon him at about fifteen minutes after eight. They had been talking for fifteen minutes. for Sir Henry had died at exactly eight thirty. Irvwood next announced that he would like to see Lord Enrick. When lie had made his appearance and greeted tis, Irvwood preceeded with his explanation.

"This box contains radium, the most powerful radioactive substance known. There is enough here to kill a hundred men under the proper conditions. That these proper conditions were brought about and caused the death of Sir Henry Upton I will now demonstrate. As you undoubtedly know the most important

physiological actions of radium radiations, so far studied, are their power to produce luminosity in the human eye, to cause the same kind of peculiar burn of the skin as do X rays, and in certain cases to paralyze the nerve centres. On observing the mechanism you will find here in the bottom of the frame a powerful electrical generator which is connected with the city electric lines. Observing further in the upper part here you will see that this metallic box is connected with the works of the clock in such a way that at a certain hour it is touched off much as an alarm clock—but only for a few seconds. This then is my theory of the case; the electrical generator, the metallic box containing the radium, are connected so that they both work in conjunction. By adjusting this little lever here, they can be set to go into operation at any second. The electrical generator would act to set up a field of electrical influence which would tend to increase the action of the radium particles in that it would cause them to move in any direction desired. This had all been arranged so that any one sitting in that chair would receive the full force of the radiations. As you undoubtedly noticed, this clock on striking makes a peculiar noise, sufficient to attract the attention of any one unacquainted with it. Therefore, Lord Enrick knowing that by the activity of Sir Henry Upton he would lose an important case which would mean the loss of a fortune to him, desired to get rid of him and took this remarkable plan of carrying out his designs. So he invited him to call upon him at his laboratory under some pretense of business. He came at the time specified, was courteously received, and seated in the chair which was especially tendered him. The conversation began, was carried on for some minutes until the clock struck. The peculiarity of the striking instantly attracted the attention of Sir Henry. But that instant meant death to him for you well know what happened.” Up to this time we had all been so deeply interested in Irwood’s thrilling recital that we had failed to pay any attention to Lord Enrick. But at this instant our attention was attracted by a sudden movement on the part of Irwood. We all turned just in time to see him seize Lord Enrick but he was too late for a sharp report sounded and Lord Enrick dropped to the floor, having committed his second murder.

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

FRANK A. HALVERSON.

THE time to do things is now, as a moment lost is forever gone beyond the pale of the recallable. There are no stop offs for lunch on the train of time. It runs on schedule, on earth's invisible track, and there are no wrecks or floods to delay the service. There are all kinds of service on this train providing you are ready to go when the train stops at your station. There may be a sleeping berth or a parlor car for you, or again the best may be in the coaches with your feet propped on another seat. But there is always some place for you when Time's train slows down at your station if you are ready to go.

Out on the Tide of the ocean may be seen a majestic ship sailing proudly on the billows. It seems to laugh at the fury of the mountain-high waves on which it rides. It is running on scheduled time. It left in the face of a violent storm. Back in the harbor a little fishing smack awaits the abatement of the storm, when it will sail out to the fisheries and anchor. It had to wait for the tide.

Man is the creator of his own time and tide. If he is prepared to go when the call of Time and Tide comes all is well. But again the call is heard to the fisherman when the Tide comes in. Time is always beckoning with opportunity from the signal mast. There are many wrecks on Life's main that answered the call before they were prepared to weather the storms of reality. Many proud ships lying at the bottom had an inexperienced captain.

Time and Tide call every day. Opportunity is not elusive. It whispers from the Future eternally. If it did not man would be contented to stay down when once he had slipped his berth on the ship of the tide or the train of time.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF "THE ESTILL HOUSE --

1. Remember, the rules of this institution must not be violated, namely the ten o'clock rule must always be held sacred.
2. Tie your dogs outside, where they will not disturb the slumbers of the inmates of the house.
3. You shall not gaze at the stars more than three times in one evening.
4. When the alarm clock goes off, it is time to travel.
5. Do not wait for the wild lion to be unloosed, for it will then be too late. Opportunity knocks but once. SKIDOO.
6. It has been the standing rule of this house that one night a week is a God's plenty; a word, therefore, to the wise should be sufficient.
7. Do not engender the wrath of the inmates of the upper deck; something is liable to *bust*, and great will be the explosion thereof.
8. All wild animals found running loose on these premises will be muzzled. (By order of the custodian of this house.)
9. Do not turn your telescopes on the inmates of the upper deck, for you may see a rising son (or setting son) instead of stars.
10. Guests will please come early in the afternoon, so they can get in their eight hours before ten o'clock, so as not to violate Prexy's rule (Article 1).
11. Guests desiring to play hide-and-go-seek will please go to the barn instead of the veranda.
12. Because there is noise on the upper floor, this does not extend the privilege to the ones below; so put on the soft, soft pedal.
13. Article VI. shall not be subject to change without consent of the upper house.
14. All persons -found violating any of these rules, thereby subject themselves to severe punishment, which shall consist in imprisonment in the *pie house* with a muzzle on for a period of sixty days, or a shower bath straight from the nozzle, or both, in the discretion of the court. Remember the pressure is constant.
15. These rules and regulations are subject to change, alter or repeal without notice.BEWARE.

COMMITTEE ON RULES AND REGULATIONS.

IN CONVENTION THIS 24TH DAY OF JUNE, 1911, A. D.

SIGNED EARNES, HURER, AND SCHWART.

Committee.

INFORMATION, ADVICE AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE WAY TO HEAVEN—turn to the right and go straight ahead.

The following gleaned from class work and examination papers illustrates the fact that the O. N. U. cannot be surpassed in wisdom:

PROF. FREEMAN —Who wrote "Twelfth Sight?"

MISS MASON —Julius Caesar.

(Freeman never seemed to notice.)

FREEMAN —Miss Spriggs, who wrote "My country 'tis of thee?"

MISS SPRIGGS —Marlowe wrote the words; DeQuincey set it to music.

IN a recent examination paper the following expression was found: "Just as these words left his mouth, Lady Macbeth entered."

IN answer to the question, "Who was Aesop?" this information was imparted: "He was a man who wrote a book of fables and sold the copyright to his brother for a bottle of potash."

AMONG compositions the following were found: The roof of the barn was bent like the back of an old man.

"THE man started at the death-like countenance on his face."

MR. KELBAUGH is very fond of small fruits. He was seen, the other day, eating the currents off of the electric wires.

BROWN —"Sermons by the Devil" is not a good book for young preachers to study.

KING —Shadows on the curtain are interesting to outsiders.

BAKER —You are early of late; you were always behind before; but now you are first at last.

MISS DILLE —Do not let your fondness for rare specimens lead you too far.

CAPTAIN MARTIN has just spent a very busy year taken up by business and friendly calls —mostly friendly.

IN the mind of the engineer there are two classes of students: the educated, and the mollycoddles that play drop-the-handkerchief on Saturday afternoons.

CORRESPONDENCE

Barnesville, O., Oct. 31, '11.

DEAR MR. CARPENTER:—Did you get all stuck up this morning during chapel exercises? It would tickle me if you did. I had to laugh when I read the account in the newspaper this afternoon. Not because the students were stuck fast but because I could imagine Dr. A. E. S. about that time. He must have forgotten to tell the boys and girls to be good the day before.

Do they think some of the students did it?

Respectfully,

NEW YORK, OCT. 31, '11

PROF. A. E. SMITH,

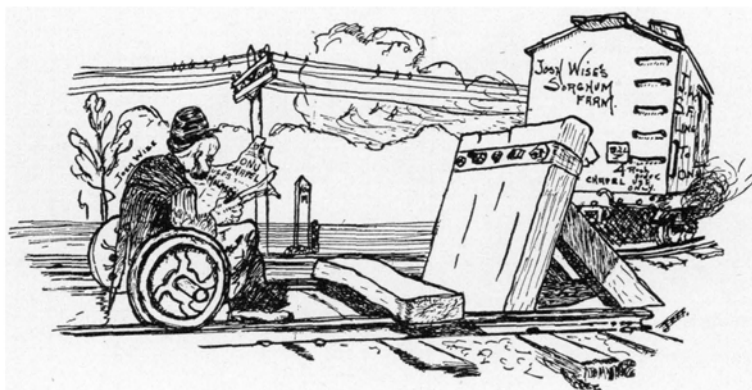
Pres. O. N. U., Ada, O.

DEAR SIR:—Owing to recent heavy demands, Orleans Molasses has advanced 3 3-8, points over October prices. Quotations for Nov. 1st is 21 5-8 steen, & umpysteen. Market lively latter part of Oct., but steadier at present. However, the usual discount, & plus 5% when used for "Educational Purposes Only." Can not guarantee these prices to *stick*, but assure you the molasses will. All other syrups showing strength, both in price and quality.

The continuance of your patronage earnestly solicited.

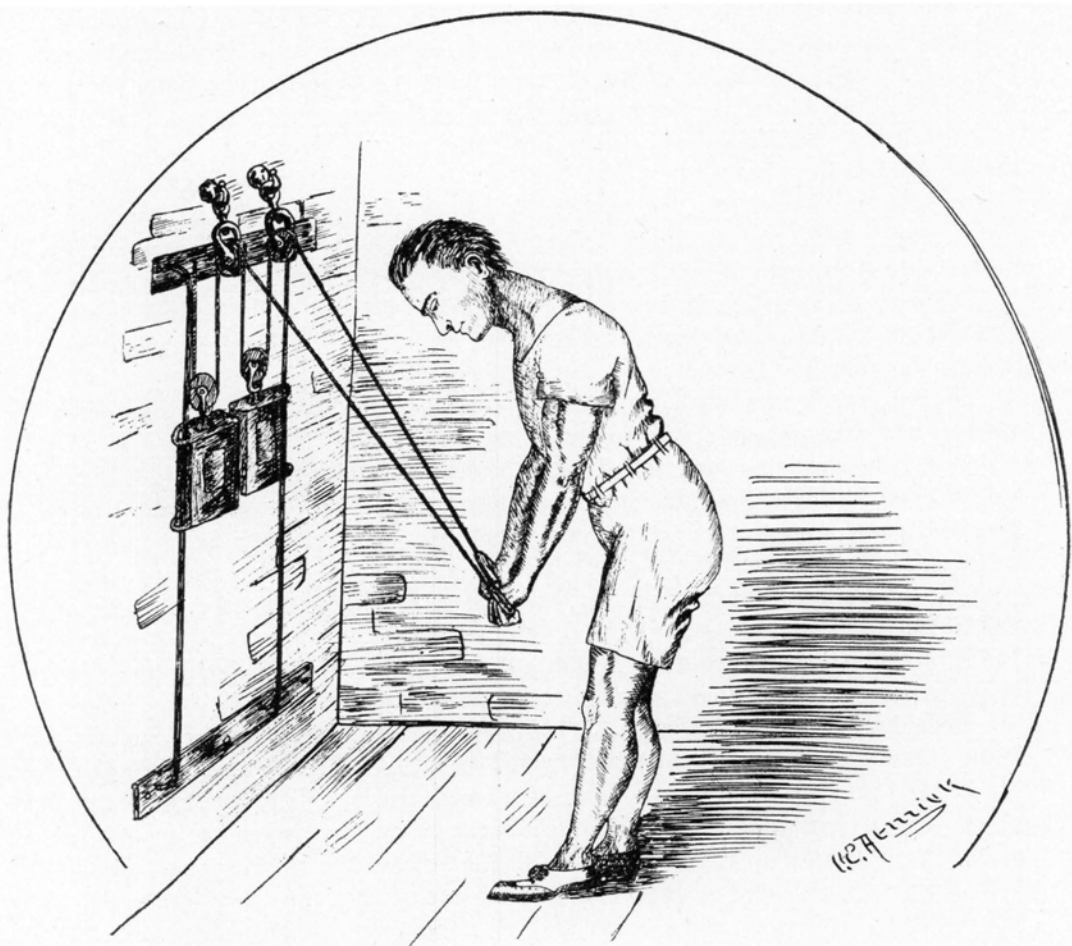
Very truly,

THE JOSH WISE & SORGHUM REFINERY (LIMITED).





THE HOME STRETCH!



BASEBALL-1911

THE record of Northern's baseball team of 1911 shows that of the twenty games played but eight were won, one tied, and eleven lost.

The season opened with but four of the previous season's players : Capt. Bowman, Ford, Roberts, and Thompson, around whom to build the team. Some good material reported for practice and a promising team began the season, playing a fairly good grade of ball.

All went well at home. Wittenberg, Antioch, Heidelberg, Otterbein, Alumni Stars, and even our old rival Wesleyan went down in defeat on the local field. But with the starting of the team on its post-season trip the Fates seemed to be against us and the season ended in a succession of defeats.

Failure to hit the ball at the proper time was the principal cause of the numerous defeats. Lack of "inside ball" and consistent team work figured in many defeats. Then, too, the injury of Thompson necessitated a change in the line-up, which sent Bowman behind the bat. This shake tip in the infield proved disastrous many times during critical plays in the games that followed.

Thompson was the one individual who did not fail to hit the ball, while Bowman and Ford rank next with averages about equal. Ford also led the team in bunting.

Moran was a whirlwind at sprinting. He covered more ground than any other out-fielder, and stole the greatest number of bases.

Dan Thomas' first year of ball was a success in every respect. He played a fast game at first and rendered great service on the coaching lines. His snap and ginger put spirit into the men even when the score was against them.

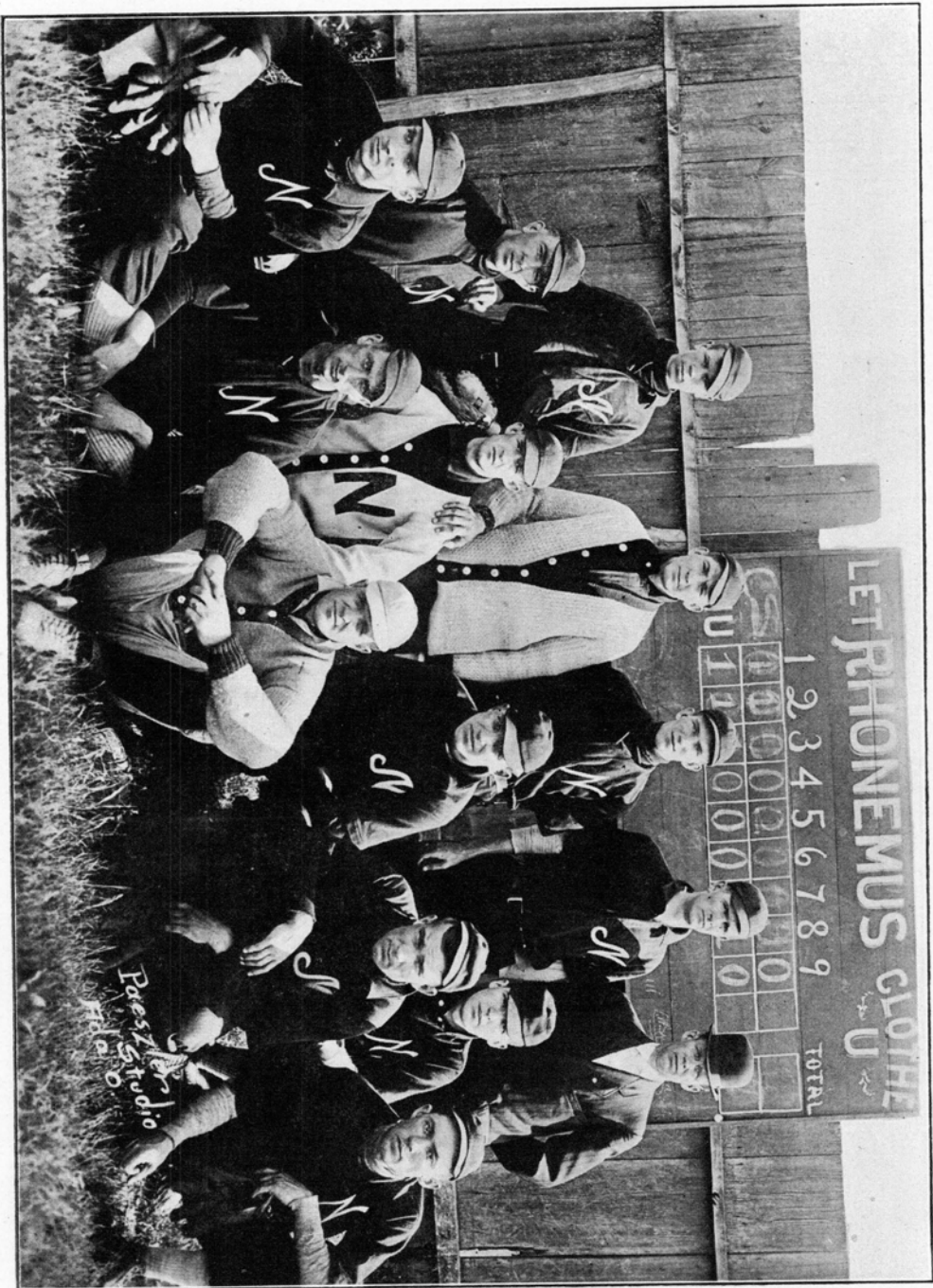
Capt. Bowman and Ford were the features of the infield, playing their positions of short and third in an all-star manner. Both had good arms and could hurl the ball across the diamond with terrific speed.

Spruhn held down second base during the entire season. Clack served as utility man both at home and on the trip.

Both Small and Walsh played an extremely high class game in the out-field. Very few errors are charged against them, and their batting was fair.

Northern's pitching staff composed of Farrell, Roberts, Jennings, and Bazel, opened the season with twirling of the highest order, but owing partly to the indifference of some of their members, and partly to the poor support given them, they weakened and were pounded freely during the latter part of the trip. Although the records of Roberts and Farrell show three victories for each, the former can be credited with the most effective work of the season. Farrell achieved fame by his pitching the tie game against Wesleyan and again later in the season by defeating them on their home grounds. Jennings was not worked as often as Roberts and Farrell, but nevertheless made a creditable showing. He won his game against Heidelberg, and held the Cuban All Stars down to six scattered hits; for this he was highly commended by their manager. Bazel won the Alumni game of Commencement Week.

At the close of the season Perry Ford was unanimously chosen Captain for 1912.



BASE BALL TEAM '11.

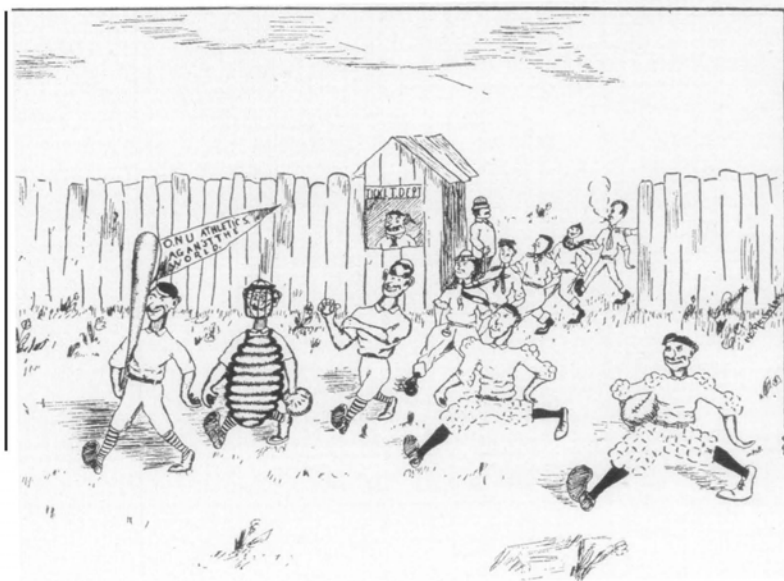
RESULTS OF THE SEASON

DATE	OPPONENT	WHERE PLAYED	WINNER	SCORE
April 22	St. Johns.....	Ada	St. Johns..	7-5
" 29	Wittenberg	Ada	Sorthern	14-3
May 5	Kentucky State.....	Ada	Kentucky State.....	4-3
" 13	Heidelberg	Ada	Sorthern	5-4
" 17	Ohio Wesleyan.....	Delaware	Tie	2-2
" 27	Antioch	Ada	Sorthern	6-0
June 3	Otterbein	Ada	Sorthern	2-1
" 5	Cuban All Stars.....	Ada	Cuban Stars	9-5
" 7	Ohio Wesleyan.....	Ada	Northern	10-4
" 8	Alumni	Ada	Sorthern	16-4
" 12	Antioch	Yellow Springs.....	Sorthern	5-4
" 13	Muskingum	New Concord.....	Muskingum	4-0
" 14	Mt. Union.....	Alliance	Mt. Union.....	2-1
" 15	Mt. Union	Alliance	Mt. Union	
" 16	St. Vincents.....	Brady, Pa.....	St. Vincents.....	5-1
" 19	St. Vincents.....	Brady, Pa.....	St. Vincents.....	3-0
" 20	Perry Independents.....	Perry, Pa.....	Northern	2-1
" 21	Slippery Rock Normal...	Slippery Rock.....	Slippery Rock.....	3-1
" 22	Slippery Rock Normal...	Slippery Rock.....	Slippery Rock.....	12-0
" 23	Slippery Rock Normal...	Slippery Rock.....	Slippery Rock.....	6-3

Games won, 8; lost, 11; tied, 1

PLAYERS.

1 — Bowman, Capt.	5 — Jennings	10 — Thomas
2 — Spruhn	6 — Ford	11 — Thompson
3 — Morand	7 — Bazel	12 — Small
4 — Black	8 — Walsh	13 — Farrell.
	9 — Roberts	



FOOTBALL-1911

FOOTBALL prospects were not very bright at the beginning of the school year, 1911. The Athletic Association was heavily in debt. No funds were available for securing the services of a coach, and no one seemed very enthusiastic about raising even sufficient money to furnish the team for the season. Realizing that something had to be done, the Athletic Board and the enthusiastic Capt. Peters got busy.

An appeal made by Prof. Smull in chapel was responded to with a subscription of \$168.00 which was financial assurance of a team. Prof. Long was elected Faculty Manager and John Cloyd, Student Manager, while Capt. Peters assumed the arduous duties of coach.

Without a doubt the season was the most successful in the history of the school. Of the nine games played, five were victories; and since the University of Pittsburg and Notre Dame were entirely out of our class, at Buchtel and Mt. Union were the only real defeats.

During the season, Northern scored a grand total of 190 points, while her opponents registered 111. Crossing Notre Dame's line in the first game of the year and making 103 points against Muskingum are two features of the season of which we are proud.

To Capt. Peters is due great credit for the year's success. Without his coaching it is doubtful if a team could have been maintained. Besides playing the star game of the backfield, he directed the team with rare generalship during the entire season. The times that Pete failed to make a substantial gain, when called on to carry the ball, were few indeed.

Gardner was the individual star of the team. His playing every minute of the game was not without good results, for seldom has there been a wearer of the orange and black that has played as consistent and fast a game as Gardner.

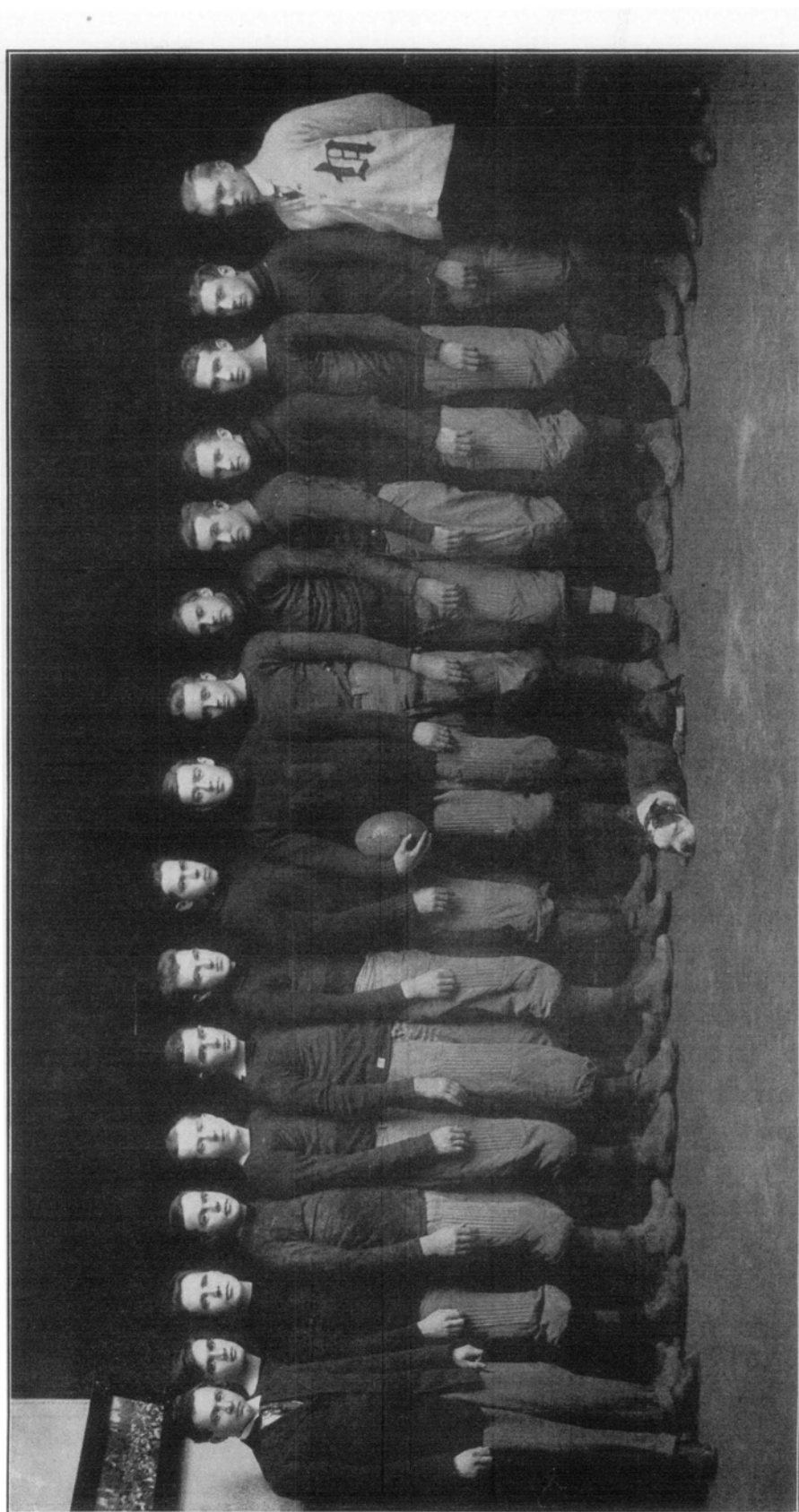
Young, at center, and Neiswander, at guard, were the products of last year's second team. Although Young was extremely light for his position, he played high grade ball. His passing was strong and accurate at all times and he kept cool at critical stages of the game.

Neiswander, like the other guards at center, was hidden most of the time when the fight was fiercest; so few spectacular plays are credited to him. However, since the strength of Northern's team was largely in the steadiness of the line, too much cannot be said in commendation of the work of the line men.

Martin's first season of football certainly deserves mention. Starring was not a part of his routine, but he played with a vigor that brought results.

"Duce" Wilson had very little to say but every one knew when he was in the game. The gains made through his side were few. When playing on the offensive he nearly always tore a gap in the opponent's line.

Stump deserves recognition as one of the best ground gainers on the team. He frequently created a sensation by breaking through the field for long gains. He has the distinction of crossing Notre Dame's line in the first game of the season.



FOOTBALL TEAM '11.

Kahlbaum, the stalwart Hawaiian, has for three years held the position of right tackle. He played a hard and consistent game at all times and captained the team in the Antioch game when Peters, because of illness, was unable to be present.

Aggressiveness and tenacity backed by great strength made Haight one of the best linemen. In tackling Haight seemed to excel, being able to stop many line plunges unaided, and nearly always the man tackled fell for a loss.

Grisbaum, the fleetest man on the team, played a swift and spectacular game at end. Besides his playing, he was of great service with his "lots of pep boys."

The work of Myer at quarter was of high order. He was a good general and used his head in directing the team. His work on running "punts" was fair and, when on defence, he saved many a score by his open field tackling.

Compton excelled in checking interferences at his end of the line. He was a veritable hawk at grabbing Pete's forward passes out of the air. His work on the whole was splendid.

McGammon played a hard game at right half, and was one of the stars of the Buchtel game. But owing to injuries received in that game his football record for the season was cut short.

Erown, Captain elect for 1912, was one of the best charges in the backfield. Besides his good work in advancing the ball, he was of invaluable service on the defensive. Time after time he stopped the line bucks of opposing teams by hurling himself into the gap, or by low, hard tackling under heavy interferences.

On the whole Northern's work was characterized by speed and good team work, the result of which the scores below show.



SECOND TEAM

IN reviewing the past football season it must be remembered that the success of the varsity team was due largely to the faithfulness of the second team men who were on the field every day for practice. Without these players and their opposition in the scrimmage, the first team could not have been gotten into condition to meet the warriors from other colleges. Although these players were seldom applauded from the side lines, we wish to assure them that every lover of sport at Northern appreciates their good work.

Members of Second Team Awarded Official "O.N.U."

John Strawn, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Karl F. Myer	W. R. Davis
Robt. H. Pool	Scott Blayney	W. R. White
Harry L. Barr	Walter J. Rhinehart	Glenm Storms
Jas. T. Pearce	Lester E. Pearce	J. E. Strickland
Geo. E. Reckwith	Clifford Rowland	Henry A. Shuniate
D. W. R. Morgan	Worth Leavengood	Roy W. Heffner
	J. L. Proskine	

STATISTICS OF THE FOOTBALL "N" MEN

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	POSITION	WEIGHT	HEIGHT
David E. Gardner.....	Portsmouth, O.....	L. E.	184	6' 0"
Earl S. Haight.....	Vergennes. Vt.....	L. T.	177	5' 10"
Charles W. Neiswander.....	Bluffton, O.....	L. G.	177	6' 0"
Marshall E. Martin.....	Albright. W. Va.....	L. G.	194	6' 0"
Harold J. Young.....	E. Pittsburg. Pa.....	C.	152	5' 10"
H. Wilson	Punxsutawney, Pa.....	R. G.	173	6' 0"
J. Paul Kahlbaum.....	Honolulu, Hawaii	R. T.	205	6' 3"
John B. Compton.....	Oil City. Pa.....	R. E.	173	5' 10"
Leonard Grishaum.....	Pottsville. Pa.....	R. E.	170	5' 10"
Russell J. Myer.....	Ada, O.....	Q. B.	140	5' 9"
Claire A. Stump.....	Bradner, O.....	L. H.	155	5' 10"
C. Alyn Brown.....	Hartford. Conn.....	R. H.	178	6' 0"
Carl R. Peters.....	Fostoria, O.....	F. B.	200	6' 0"
F. E. McGammon.....	Punxsutawney, Pa.....	R. H.	176	5' 10"

Average weight 163 $\frac{2}{3}$.



RESULTS OF THE SEASON

DATE	OPPONENT	PLAYED AT	WINNER	SCORE
Oct. 6	Notre Dame	South Bend. Ind.....	Sotre Dame	32-5
" 13	Heidelberg	Tiffin. O.....	Northern	14-0
" 18	Central Mennonite	Ada. O.....	Sorthern	38-0
" 21	U. of Pittsburg.....	Pittsburg	U. of P.....	22-0
" 27	Muskingum	Ada. O.....	Sorthern	103-0
Nov. 3	Buchtel	Akron, O.....	Buchtel	26-0
" 10	Wittenberg	Ada, O.....	Sorthern	10-0
" 23	Antioch	Ada. O.....	Northern	10-5
" 30	Mt. Union	Alliance	Mt. Union	23-0

Games Won 5- -Lost 4.

Points scored by Sorthern 30. by Opponents 111.

TRACK ATHLETICS

IT is extremely difficult to arouse any interest in track athletics when no track is available for the use of the men. Such is and has been the case at Northern. Without the track on which systematic and daily training can be had, but few athletes have taken interest enough to work for positions on the team; consequently much good material has remained undeveloped.

That no track team can be gotten into condition without the track on which to properly train was proven at the 1911 Big Six Meet. Although composed of men of ability, some of whom held previous records that easily placed them in the high standing of their competitors, yet the only place taken by the squad was a tie by Babcock for fourth place; and all due entirely to the lack of a track, and the resulting laxness in training.

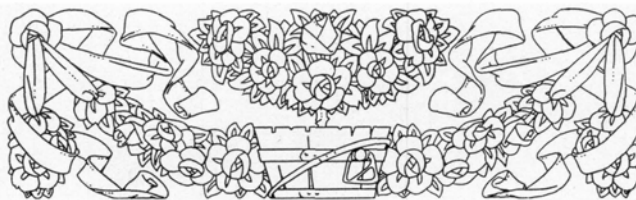
Cut a better day is dawning for Northern. Plans are now made for the construction of a modern quarter mile track on the Alumni Field. Its completion will place Northern on an equal footing with her many rivals.

The men selected to represent Northern at the Big Six Meet in 1911 were: sprinters—Hughes and Eabcock; high jump—Reed and Babcock; pole vault—Dennis; shot put—Martin; hammer—Kemmer. After the meet Eabcock was unanimously chosen by the squad for Captain of the 1912 team.

The first of the Junior-Senior Interclass Meets, held May 20th, 1911, was won by the Seniors with 84 points against 78 points for the Juniors.

The Intersociety Meet of Commencement Week was won by the Franklins with a total of $67\frac{1}{2}$ points. The Philos were a very close second with $66\frac{1}{2}$ points; while the Adelphians succeeded in scoring 39 points.

Babcock made the highest individual score winning in all 39 points. In this meet Reed cleared the bar at 5' 7", establishing a new Intersociety high jump record. Babcock also set a new mark in the running broad by jumping 19' 10".



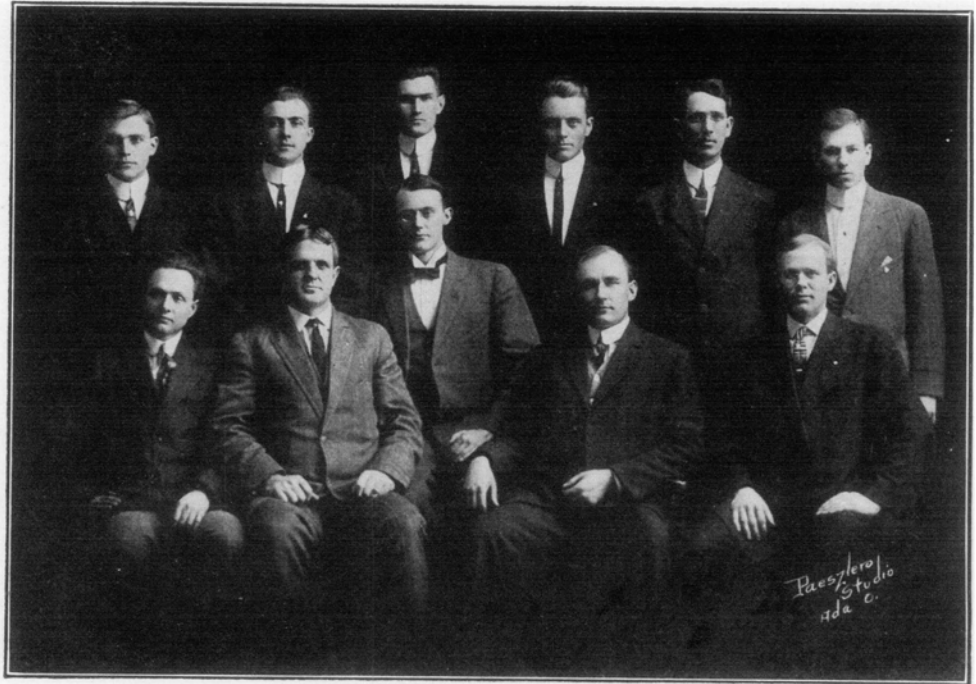
Track and Field Records Made in Local Meets

EVENT	RECORD	BY WHOM
50 Yard Dash.....	5 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds	Bender
100 Yard Dash.....	10 $\frac{1}{8}$ seconds	Bender
440 Yard Run.....	57 seconds	En-ery
880 Yard Run.....	8 min. 10 seconds.....	Blanchard
Mile Run	4 min. 50 seconds.....	Cloyd
Running High Jump.....	5 ft. 7 inches.....	Reed
Standing High Jump.....	4 ft. 6 inches.....	McKillip
Running Broad Jump.....	19 ft. 10 inches.....	Babcock
Pole Vault	10 ft. 5 inches.....	Hartwell
Hammer	130 ft.	Blanchard
Discus.....	82 ft. 8 inches.....	Blanchard
Shot Put	37 ft. 6 inches.....	Martin

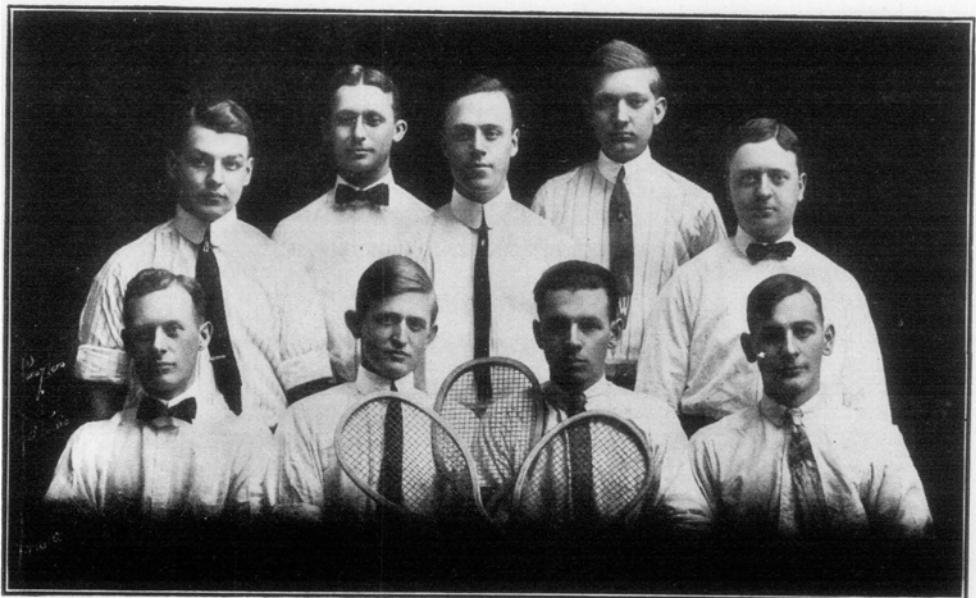


Records of Northern Men in Intercollegiate Meets

EVENT	RECORD	BY WHOM
Running High Jump.....	5 ft. 6 inches.....	Babcock
Shot Put	38 ft. 8 inches.....	Kahlbaum
Mile Relay	3 min. 48 seconds.....	Bender, Cloyd Emery, Rosenblum



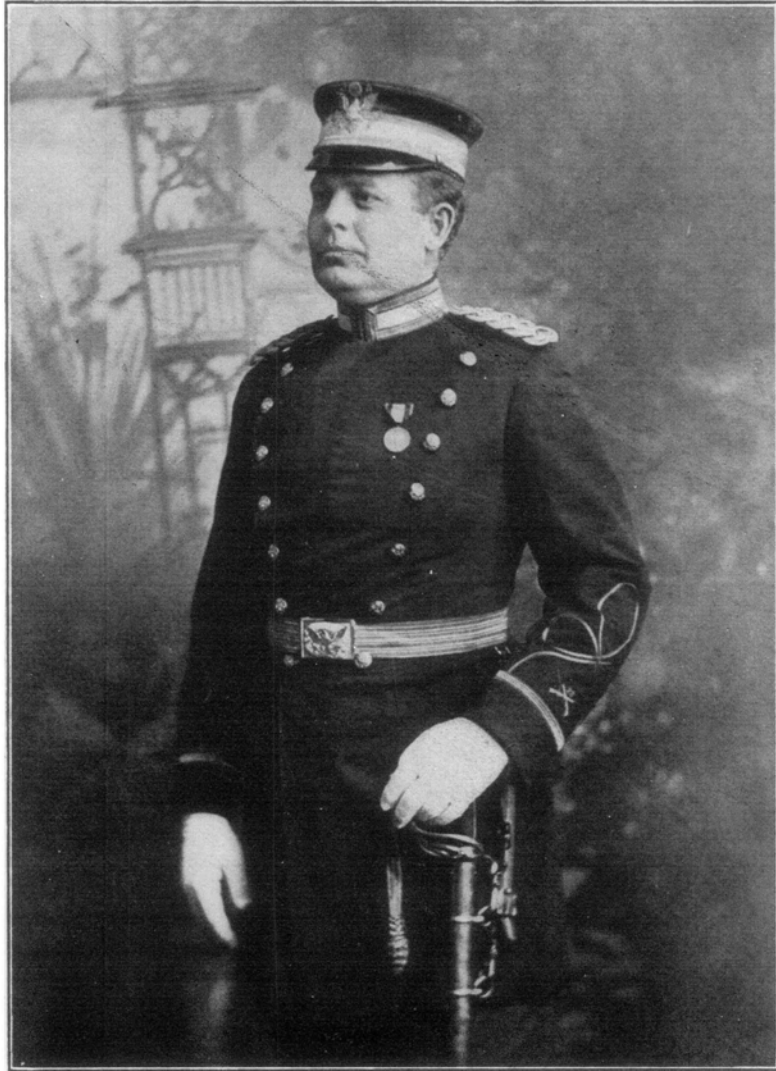
ATHLETIC BOARD.



TENNIS CLUB.



MILITARY



LIEUT. W. S. NEELY, 22ND U. S. INFANTRY.

Commandant



D. S. CUNNINGHAM
Major



FLOYD TURNER
Capt. and Ordnance Officer



K. H. SHULTES
Batallion Quartermaster



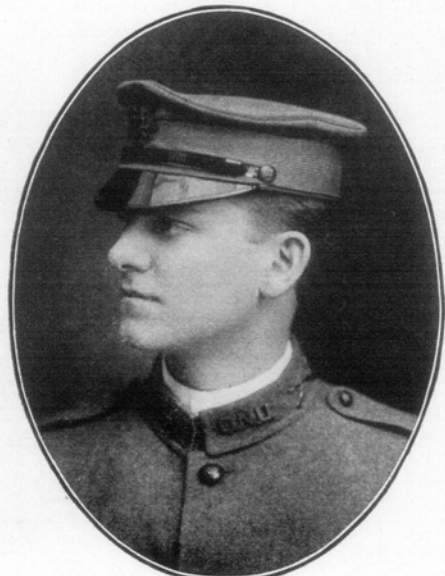
MARTIN URICH
1st Lt. and Battalion Adjt.



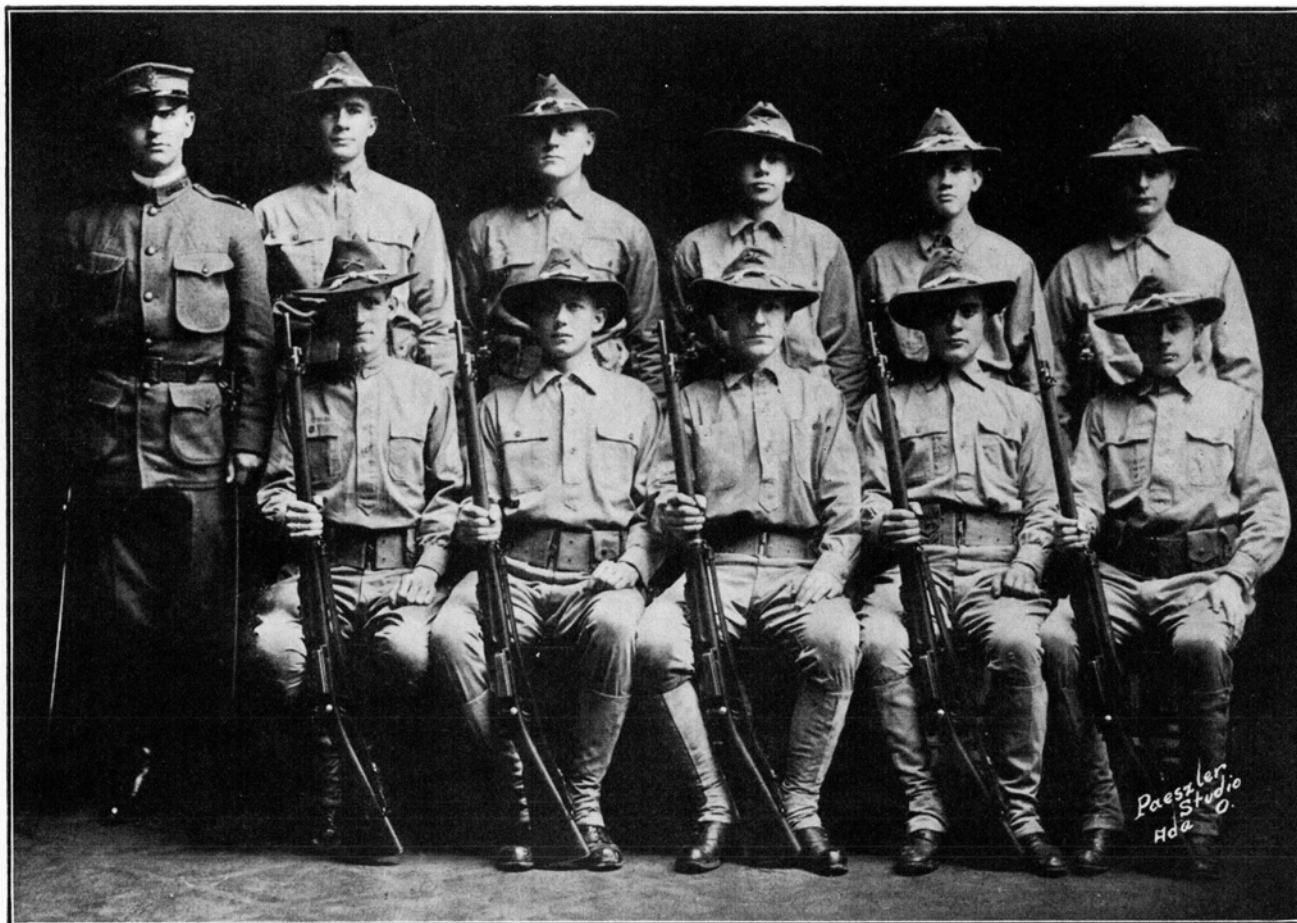
D. W. YAMBERT,
Captain



R. S. SMITH,
First Lieutenant



R. M. BORCHERS,
Second Lieutenant



CO. A CONTEST SQUAD—WALL SCALING RECORD BREAKERS. TIME 28 SECONDS.

Capt. D. W. Yambert
Priv. C. O. Brown
Sergt. E. C. Crawford

Corp. D. E. Barnes
Sergt. H. S. Everhart
Priv. R. D. Spellman

Priv. M. E. Gatewood
Sergt. F. R. LePage
Sergt. M. E. Higbie

Company A Roster

D. W. YAMBERT, *Captain.*

R. S. SMITH, *First Lieutenant.*

R. M. BORCHERS, *Second Lieutenant.*

A. WANGENHEIN, *First Sergeant.*

E. C. CRAWFORD, *Second Sergeant.*

M. E. HIGBIE, *Third Sergeant (Quartermaster).*

H. S. EVERHART, *Fourth Sergeant.*

F. R. LePAGE, *Fifth Sergeant.*

D. E. BARNES, *First Corporal.*

B. E. KIRTS, *Second Corporal.*

F. M. BILLHIMER, *Third Corporal.*

J. L. FERNANDEZ, *Fourth Corporal.*

J. B. COMPTON, *Musician.*

PRIVATES.

ANDREWS, R. Q.

ADAMS, R. B.

BARR, HARRY

BROWN, C. O.

BROWN, H. E.

BORCHERS, R. F.

BRECHT, F. L.

BUSO, E. F.

BELL, CLAKENCE

BENNETT, R. W.

COWEN, C. C.

CHAVARRIA, R.

EWING, F. A.

EWING, J. H.

EVANS, O. S.

FRANKS, TAYLOR

FREEMAN, T. M.

FERNANDEZ, A.

GIFFORD, H. N.

GEORGE, WM.

GEESEY, C. H.

GILLAM, C. B.

GEHMAN, R. W.

GERBER, H. H.

GATEWOOD, M. E.

HERZOG, C. W.

HAINES, R. S.

HASTINGS, JOHN

HUFF, F. S.

INGLES, O. C.

JENNINGS, W. S.

MOORE, H. W.

MARCANO, O.

MANAHAN, W. L.

OSTRANDER, JOHN

PRUSHING, R. D.

ROGERS, E. G.

RIECKEHOFF, A.

ROBERTS, J. B. G.

SMITH, F. M.

SCHUMANN, F. H.

THOMAS, J. L.

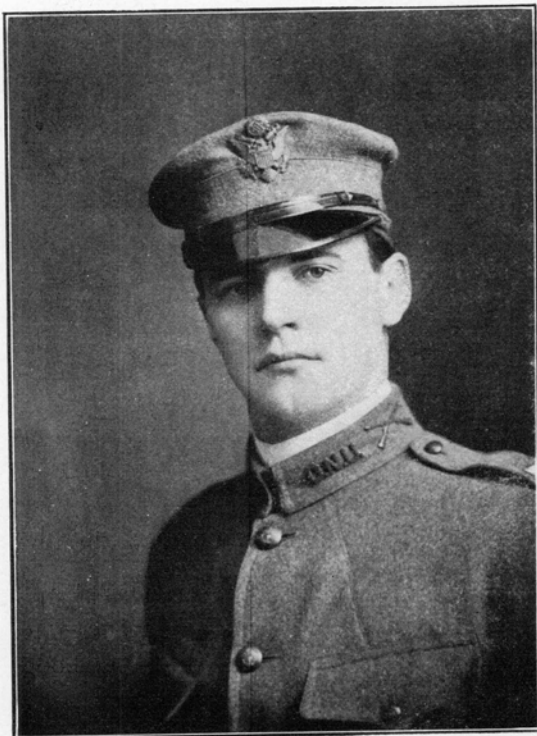
VANNORSDAL, ALBERT

WEYMER, C. B.

WINEI AND, H. O.

WYMAN, T.

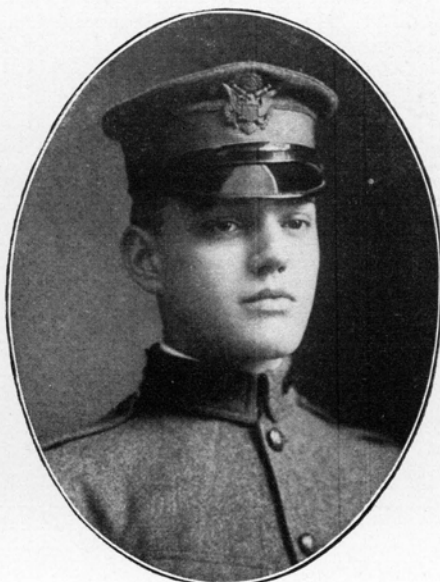
Officers of Company B



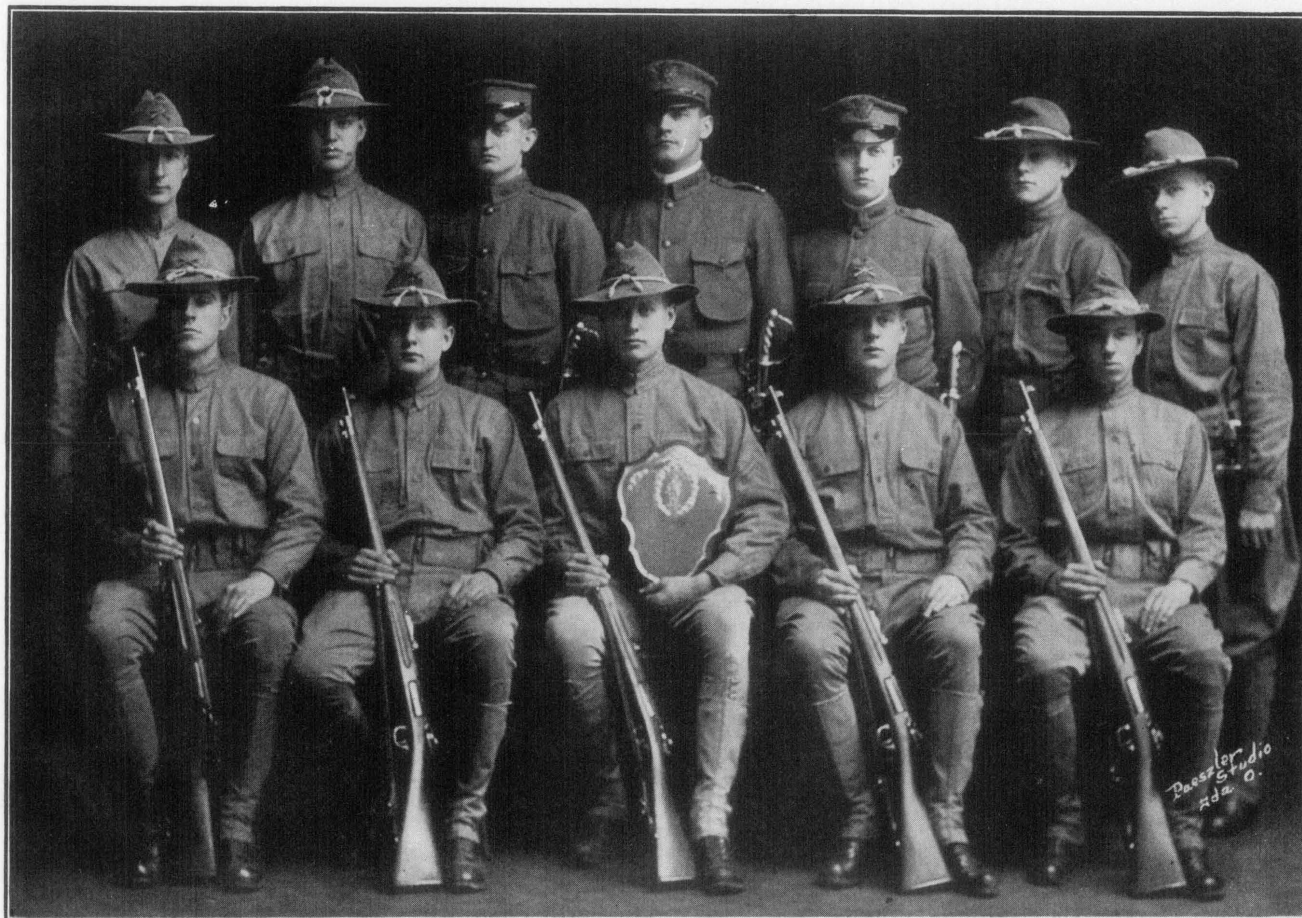
M. E. MARTIN,
Captain



J. M. CLAYTON,
First Lieutenant



G. F. GRIFFITH,
Second Lieutenant



WINNING SQUAD—ANNUAL INDOOR CONTEST. DECEMBER 15, 1912.

S. G. Gatewood	Lieut. J. M. Clayton	Lieut. L. S. Shaffer	W. W. Beck
G. F. Griffith	Capt. M. E. Martin	H. L. Essig	
J. H. Homrighous	Serg. A. G. Dustman	J. M. Powell	
W. C. Miller	H. M. Taylor		

Company B Roster

M. E. MARTIN, *Captain.*

J. M. CLAYTON, *First Lieutenant.*

G. F. GRIFFITH, *Second Lieutenant.*

L. V. LYLE, *First Sergeant.*

J. H. HOMRIGHOUS, *Second Sergeant.*

W. W. BECK, *Third Sergeant.*

G. T. HOWE, *Fourth Sergeant.*

R. W. HEFFNER, *Fifth Sergeant.*

C. E. BAKER, *Commanding Sergeant.*

W. H. WHEELER, *First Corporal.*

W. C. MILLER, *Second Corporal.*

C. C. MARSHALL, *Third Corporal.*

C. O. HALEY, *Fourth Corporal.*

F. H. NIECE, *Fifth Corporal.*

C. R. BEIGHTOL, *Sixth Corporal.*

PRIVATES.

HEWITT, H.
McCARTHY, C. C.
TREGUBOFF, S.
KELBAUGH, J. T.
ALLCROFT, A. N.
BASER, C. J.
LARCOMB, C. M.
LUTTON, A. M.
BRULE, A. A.
NOGGLE, G. J.
STUMP, C. A.
BROCKMAN, C.
HART, R. H.
BAIRD, H. H.
HAIGHT, E. S.

THORN, G. H.
CARRUTHERS, W. J.
SEUBERT, H. C.
BASE, J.
LAKE, C. C.
CRAIG, M. L.
SECREST, C. E.
WILLIAMS, R. L.
LUNN, H. H.
MUDGE, E. O.
NEWBERRY, R. W.
REILLY, F. P.
BACKLIN, L. A.
HOWARD, R. A.
WALGAMOT, D.

SHIVELEY, A. E.
REILLY, F. W.
BECKWITH, G. E.
BENSON, E. H.
MARSHALL, J. H.
ARTHURS, J. P.
McBREEN, G. L.
SHERIDAN, T. C.
McCORMICK, F. N.
SOUDER, W. H.
TREMAIN, S. E.
WAGNER, J. B.
CARTER, L. W.
EVERLEY, C. E.
BEALL, D. E.

Officers of Company C



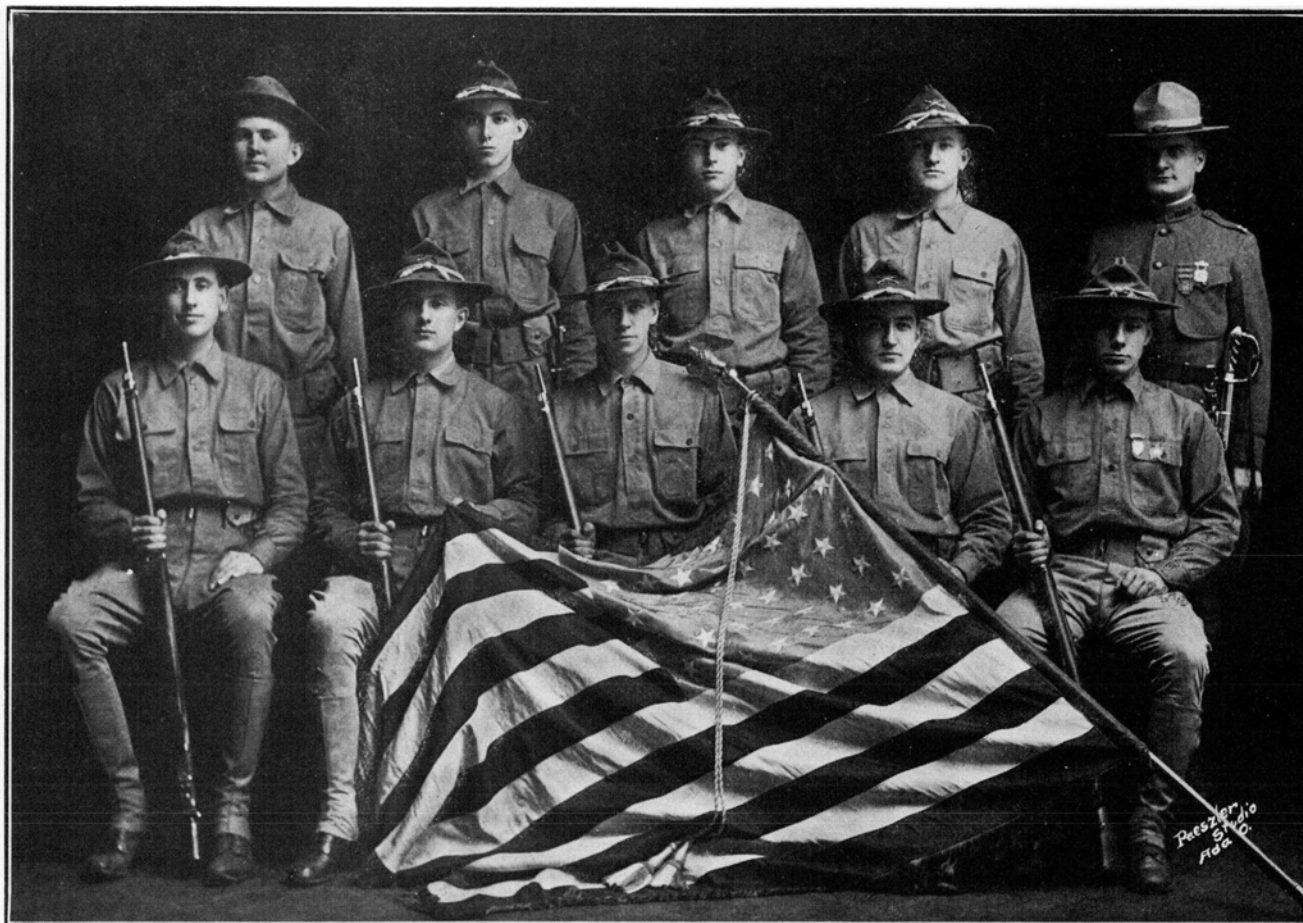
W. EARL SIMPSON,
Captain



F. PIERRE HILL,
First Lieutenant



HARRY E. DOBBINS,
Second Lieutenant



CO. C. CONTEST SQUAD.

R. E. Dennis
L. Abel

A. E. Jury

R. R. Stormer
C. R. Leavens

G. L. Kusian
H. D. Schoonover

H. C. Peters
H. E. Dobbins

Company C Roster

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HARRY E. DOBBINS, *Second Lieutenant.*

J. L. PROSKINE, *First Sergeant.*

R. J. SMITH, *Second Sergeant.*

B. S. BROWN, *Third Sergeant.*

H. D. SCHOONOVER, *Fourth Sergeant.*

R. E. DENNIS, *Fifth Sergeant.*

C. R. LEAVENS, *Color Sergeant.*

L. ABEL, *First Corporal.*

A. E. JURY, *Second Corporal.*

G. I. KUSIAN, *Third Corporal.*

J. E. DUNCAN, *Fourth Corporal.*

PRIVATES.

ALEXANDER, R. E.

ABRAHAMSEN, C.

ALLEN, O.

ALLEN, N. J.

ARNOLD, R. C.

BEAL, R. E.

BARGER, A. N.

BLACKHURST, J. A.

COBBE, R. C.

COFFEEN, R.

COPE, L. M.

CORNWELL, H.

DUNN, E. H.

HAMPTON, T.

HARTWELL, E. L.

LAKER, C. E.

LOTT, C. B.

MALLOY, H. D.

McALLESTER, G. M.

McARTNEY, R. W.

McCORMICK, T. N.

MOORE, G.

POLLOCK, B. E.

RAMBO, W. S.

ZULSKE, H.

Rizzo, A. E.

RAYO, T. R.

SCHAAL, E.

SCHAUWEKER, H. C.

SCHULTS, G. R.

SMYTH, G. W.

STORMER, R. R.

STRICKLING, P. R.

STROSG, G. W.

TREADWAY, H. R.

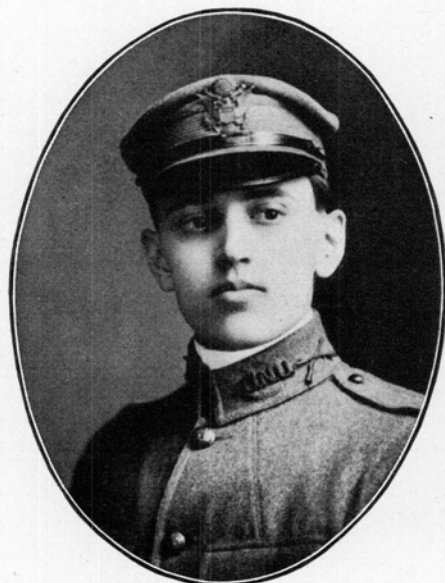
WHEAT, E. F.

WILLIAMS, W. W.

Officers of Company D



G. R. TRESSEL,
Captain



F. C. REED,
First Lieutenant



F. C. CLAPSADDLE,
Second Lieutenant

Company D Roster

MOTTO:—"Love of Country Prevails."

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E. C. REED, *First Lieutenant.*

F. C. CLAPSADDLE, *Second Lieutenant.*

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D. W. MAHAFFEY, *Second Sergeant.*

P. F. ALLEN, *Third Sergeant.*

D. P. RILEY, *Fourth Sergeant.*

H. E. MCKINNON, *Fifth Sergeant.*

A. YZNAGA, *Sixth Sergeant.*

J. F. BROZO, *First Corporal.*

G. M. THOMAS, *Second Corporal.*

C. V. THOMAS, *Third Corporal.*

P. F. CLARK, *Fourth Corporal.*

W. R. DAVIS, *Fifth Corporal.*

L. P. WOOD, *Sixth Corporal.*

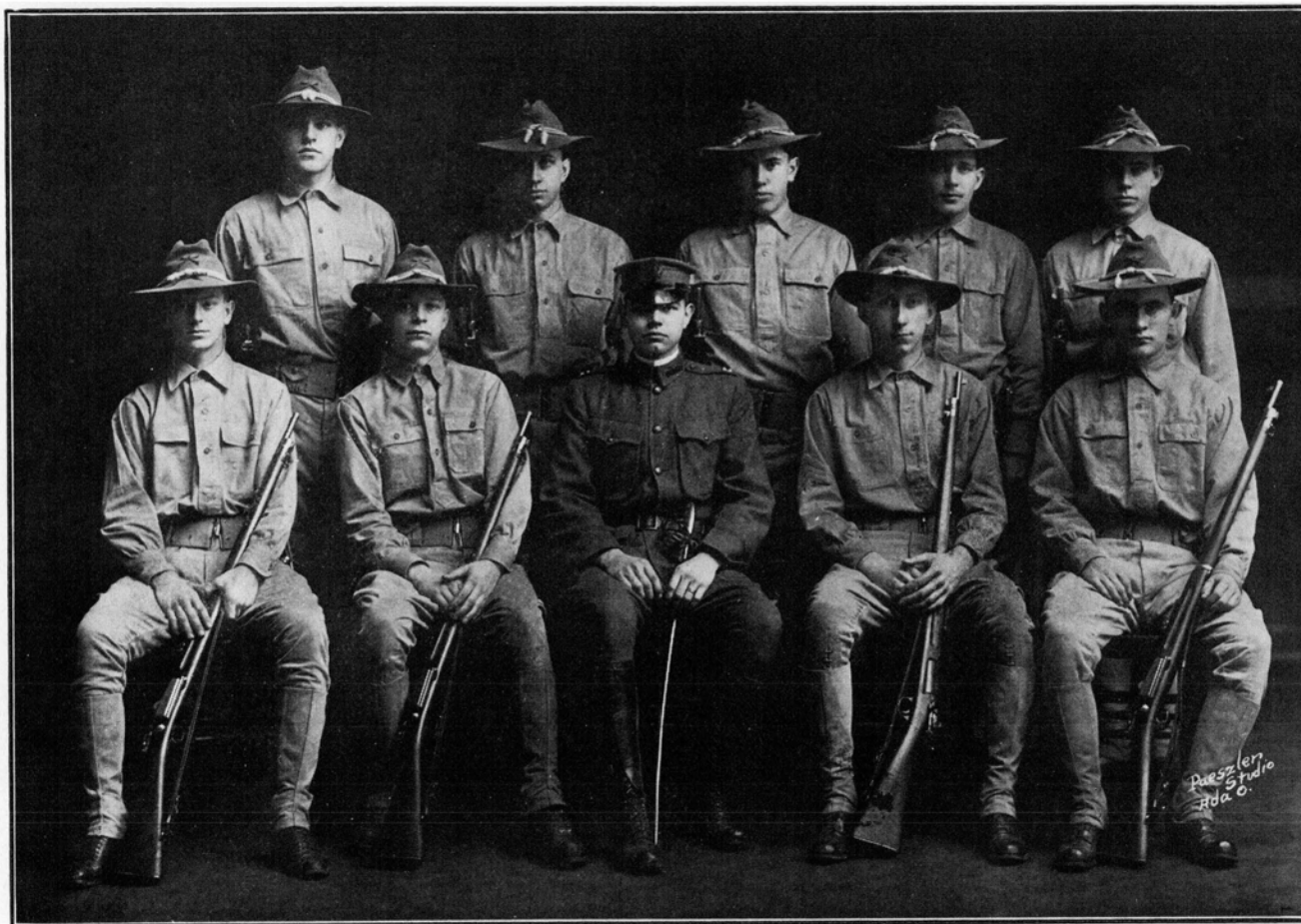
H. FLASHER, *Musician.*

PRIVATES.

ALLEN, O. P.
ANGUS, J. M.
AVERBACH, J. E.
BILLHEIMER, C. R.
BROEDE, R.
BROWN, J. E.
BRUCKEN, H.
BULL, G. H.
CARPENTER, O. F.
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FETZER, H. H.
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FREEBORN, C.
GLOVER, J.

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HOCKADAY, W. J.
HYATT, R. S.
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INGLE, C.
JUDSON, H. R.
LASH, M.
LEAVENGOOD, W.
LOVELL, C. V.
MARKS, D. J.
MAYFIELD, P.
MAY, W. W.
MCDANIELS, E. J.
MOLEGNONE, L. A.
MOWRY, OTIS D.
OTTER, G. W.
PARSONS, W.
PARSONS, W. C.

PARROTT, L. S.
POND, D.
QUIG, S.
RICHARDSON, G.
RESTOSKI, H.
SAUERER, D. E.
SELLERS, V. S.
SMITH, J. N.
SMITH, H. R.
SULLIVAN, W. E.
THOMPSON, E. A.
THAYER, J. D.
VEBER, H.
VANSICKLE, F.
WATERS, W.
WARNER, W. P.
WILLIS, W. P.



COMPANY D SQUAD.

W. R. Davis
D. W. Mahaffey

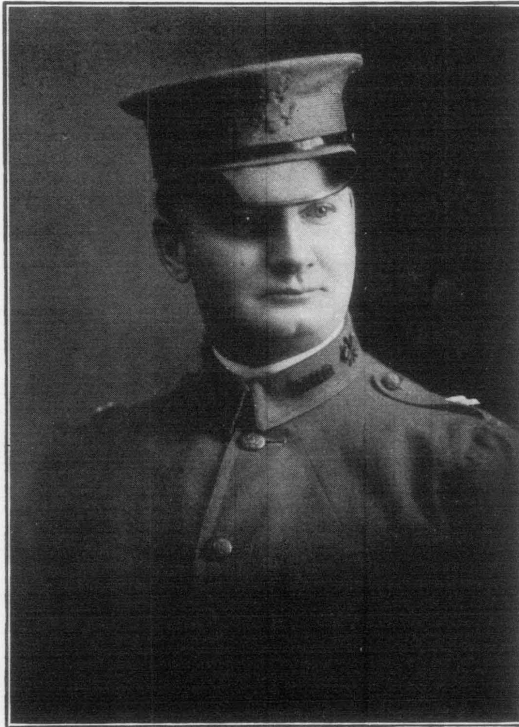
G. M. McCleary
J. F. Brozo

P. F. Allen
G. R. Tressel (Capt.)

A. Yznaga
F. M. Elliot

E. McKinnon
C. V. Thomas

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Second Lieutenant

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LEHR, H. E.

MILLER, JOSEPH

MILLIGAN, H. E.

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RAPPLEYEA, G. W.

SHERRAT, F. A.

MILLIGAN, H. E.

McINTIRE, C. F.

SHIREY, DON

SMITH, PERCY

SENOFF, E. C.

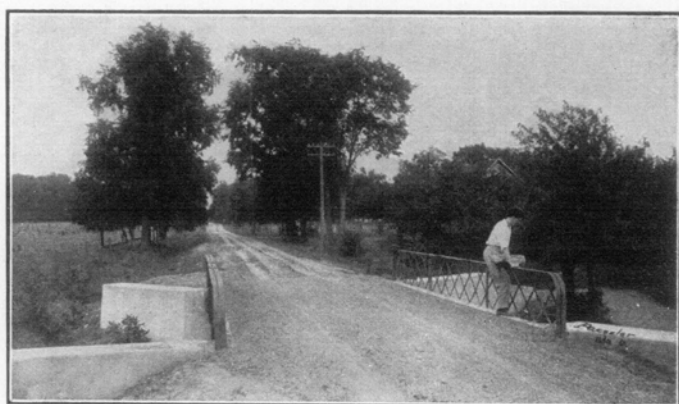
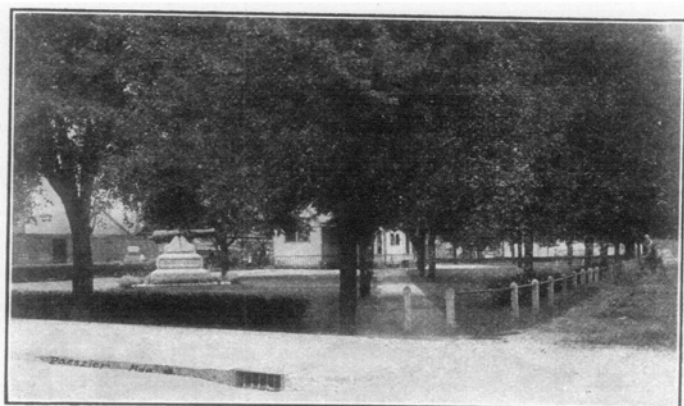
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VOKE, GEO.

WRIGHT, H. H. L.

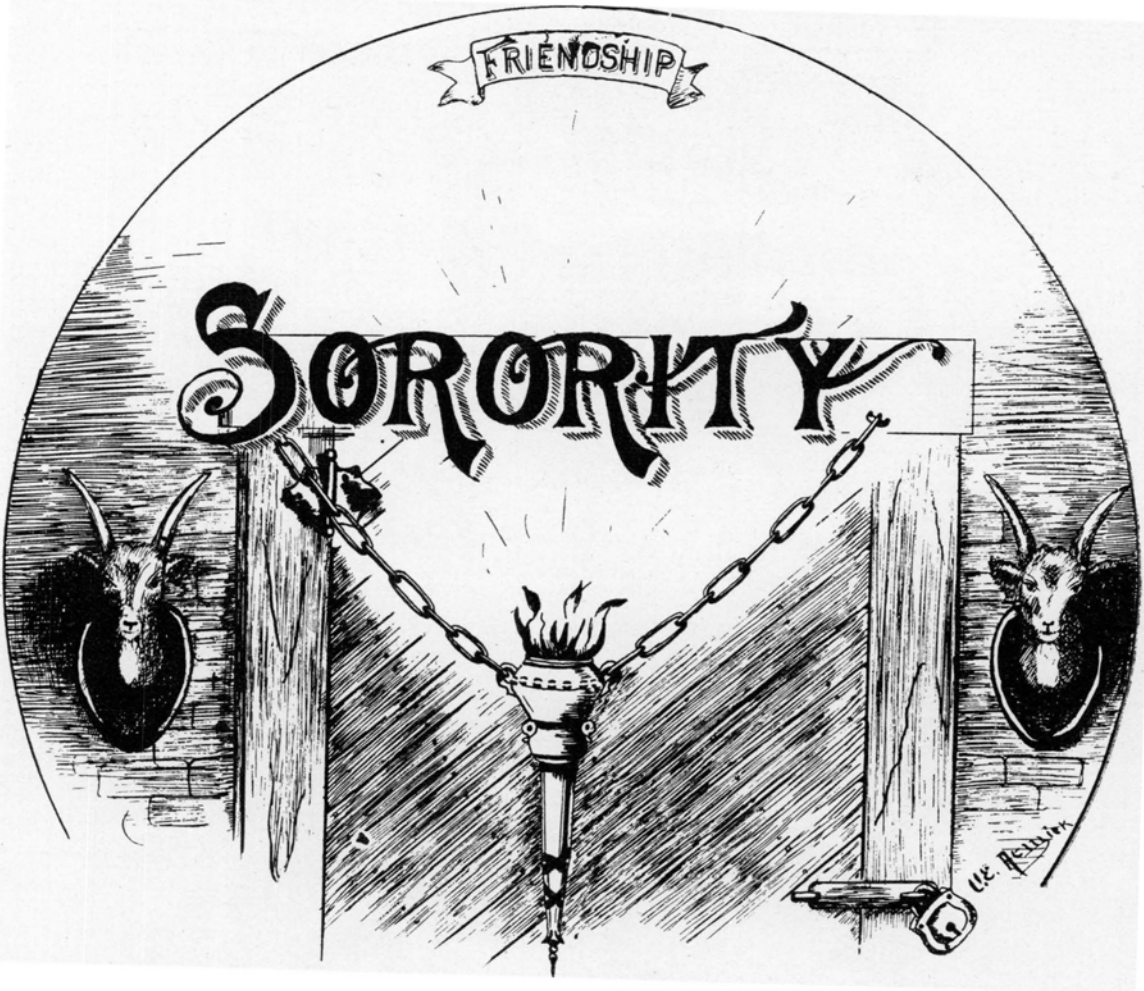
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NIXON, C. G.



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MAUDE MORROW

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MAE ZILLER

MADGE COMRIE RHONEMUS

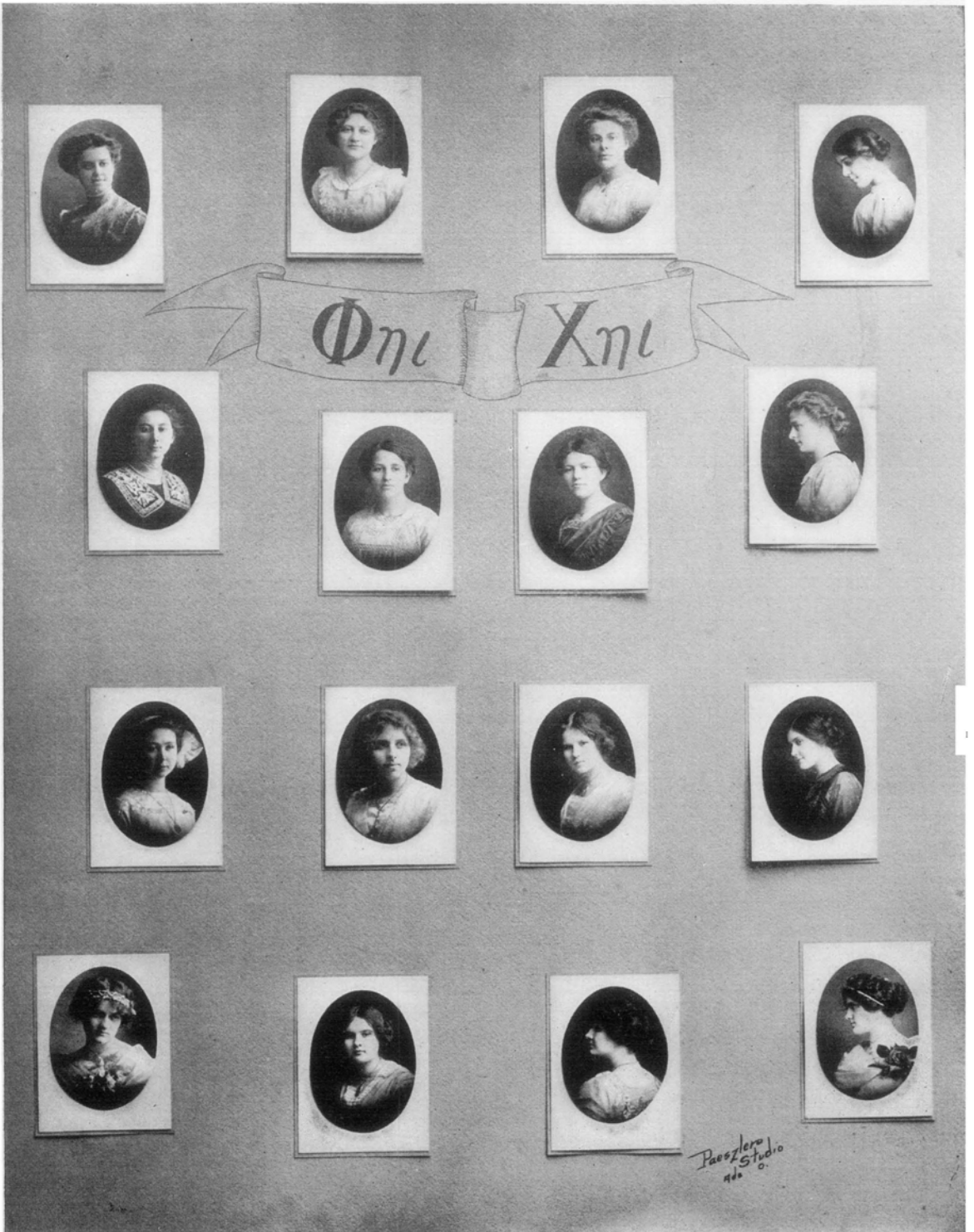
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PATRONAE

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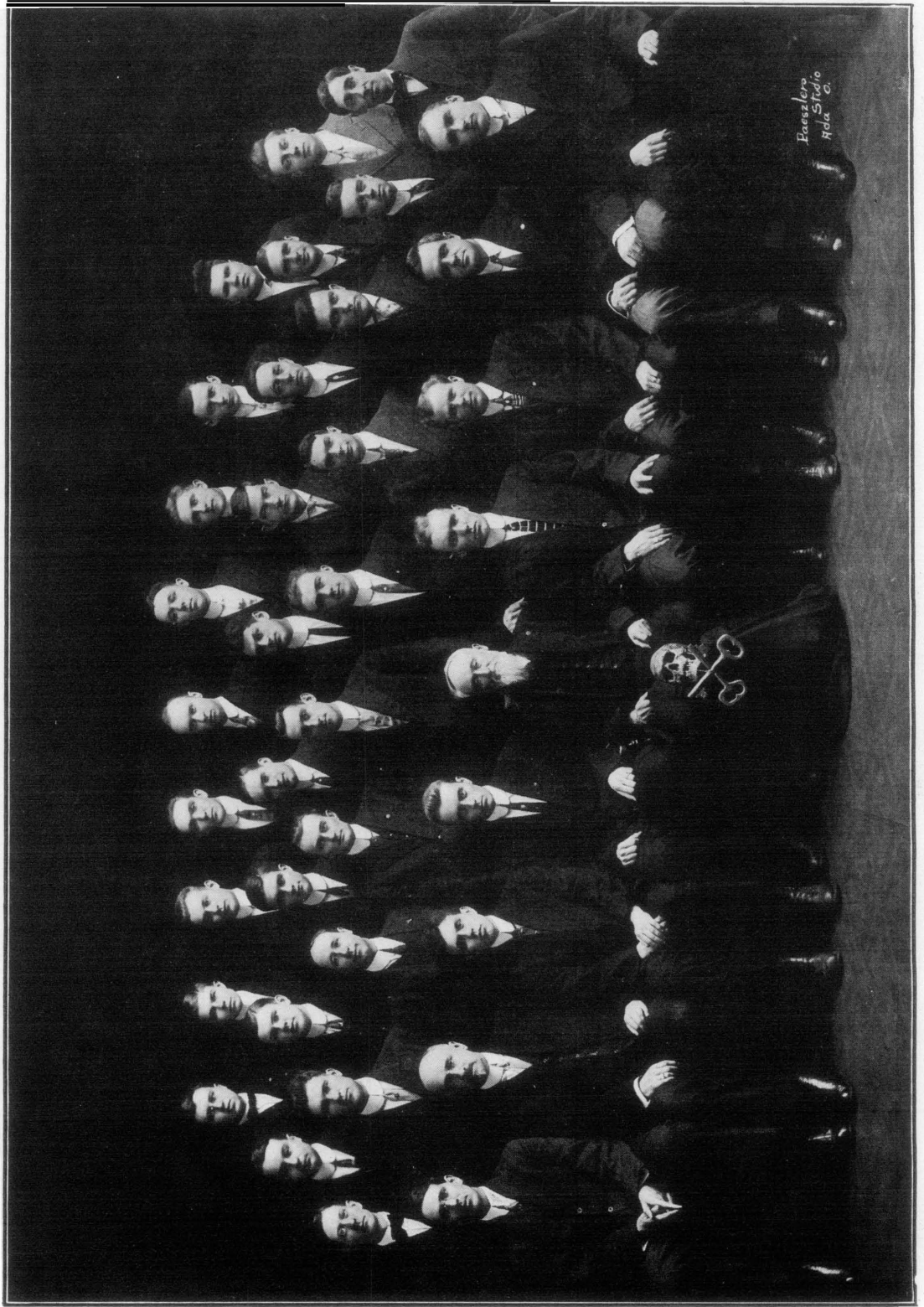
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ZETA	University of California
ETA	Colgate University
THETA	Kenyon College
LAMBDA	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Mu	Stevens Institute of Technology
Nu	Lafayette College
XI	Amherst College
TAU	Wooster University
UPSILON	University of Michigan
PHI	Rutgers College
PSI	Ohio State University
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ALPHA-IOTA	Harvard University
ALPHA OMEGA	Columbia University
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BETA-OMICRON	Colby University
GAMMA-BETA	Jefferson Medical College
DELTA-DELTA	University of Maine
DELTA-KAPPA	Bowdoin College
DELTA-SIGMA	Kansas University
EPSILON-EPSILON	Case School of Applied Science
ZETA-PHI	Massachusetts Institute of Technology
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LAMBDA-SIGMA	Yale University
OMICRON-OMEGA	St. Lawrence University
SIGMA-TAU	University of Maryland
OMEGA-KAPPA	Baltimore Medical College
OMICRON-OMICRON	Ohio Northern University
ALPHA-ALPHA	Purdue University
ZETA-ZETA	University of Wyoming
ETA-ETA	Massachusetts Agricultural College
ALPHA-THETA	University of Missouri
THETA-THETA	University of West Virginia
KAPPA-KAPPA	University of Texas
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XI-XI	University of Louisville
RHO-RHO	Norwich University
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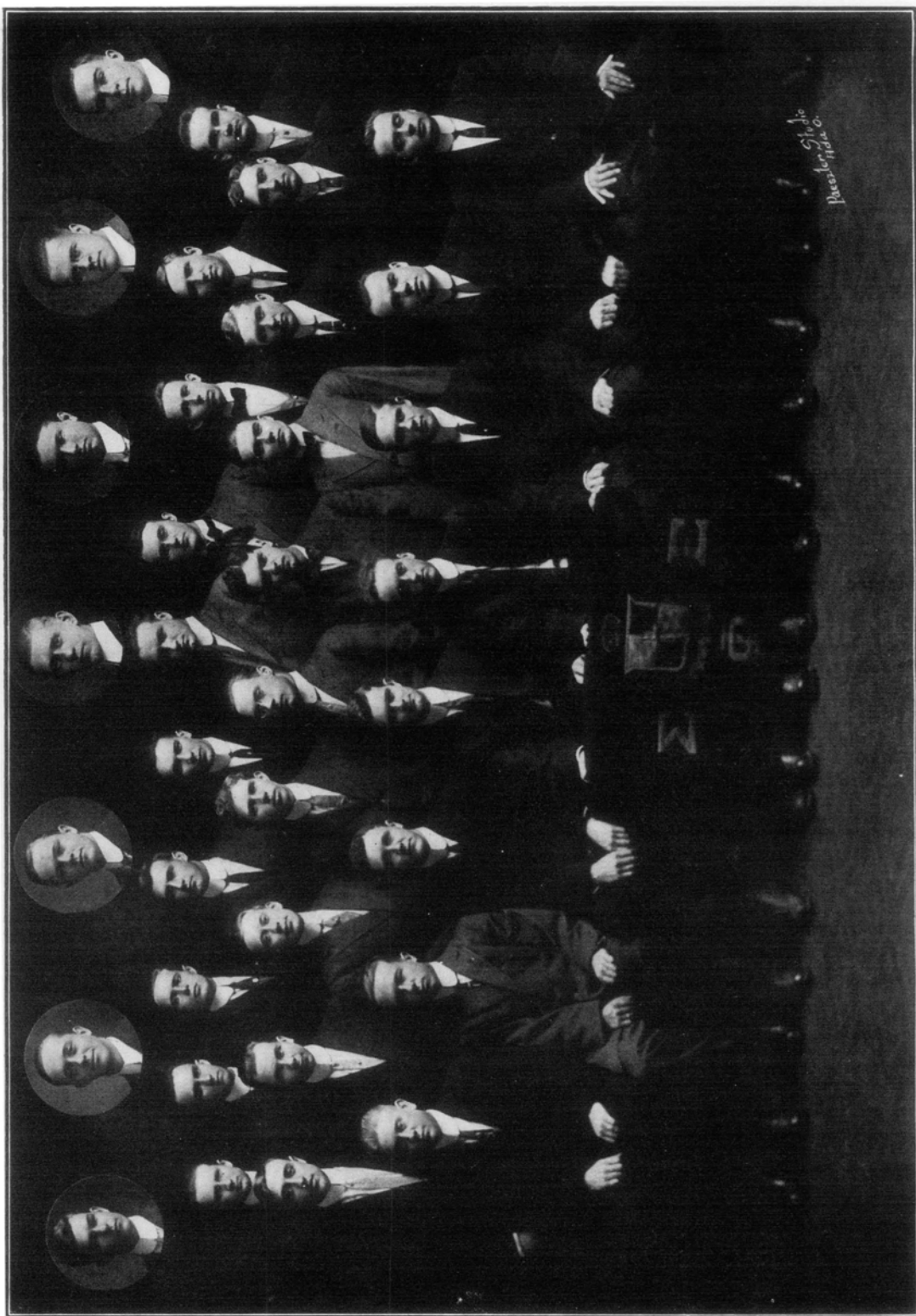
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F. S. BLAYNEY

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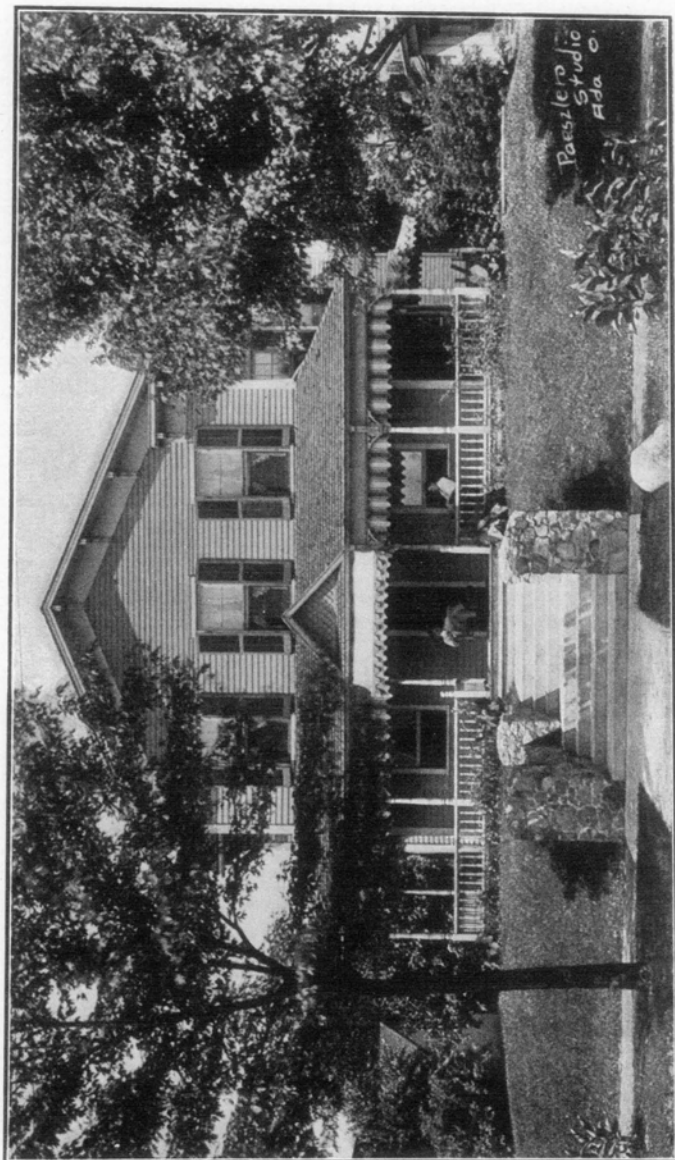
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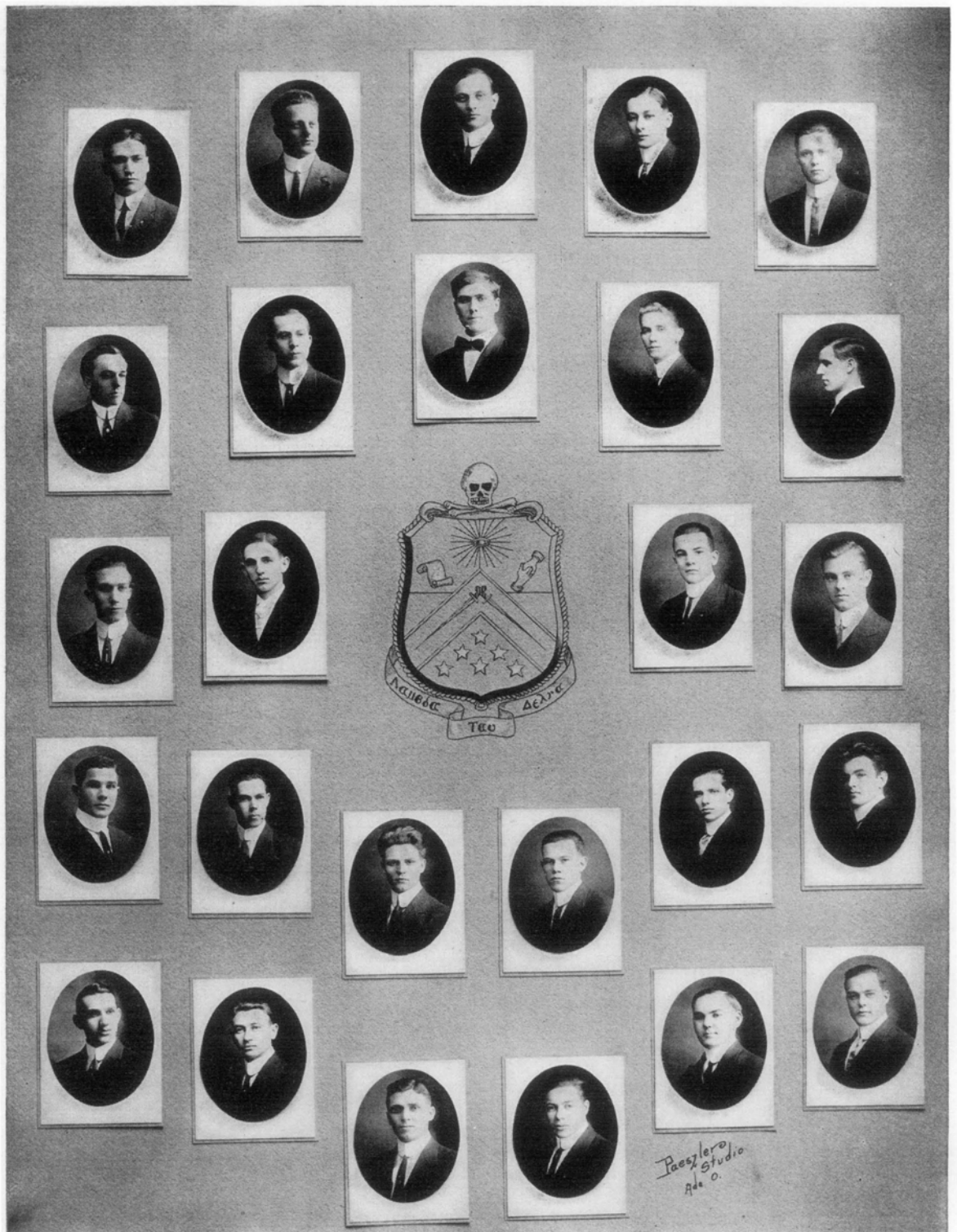


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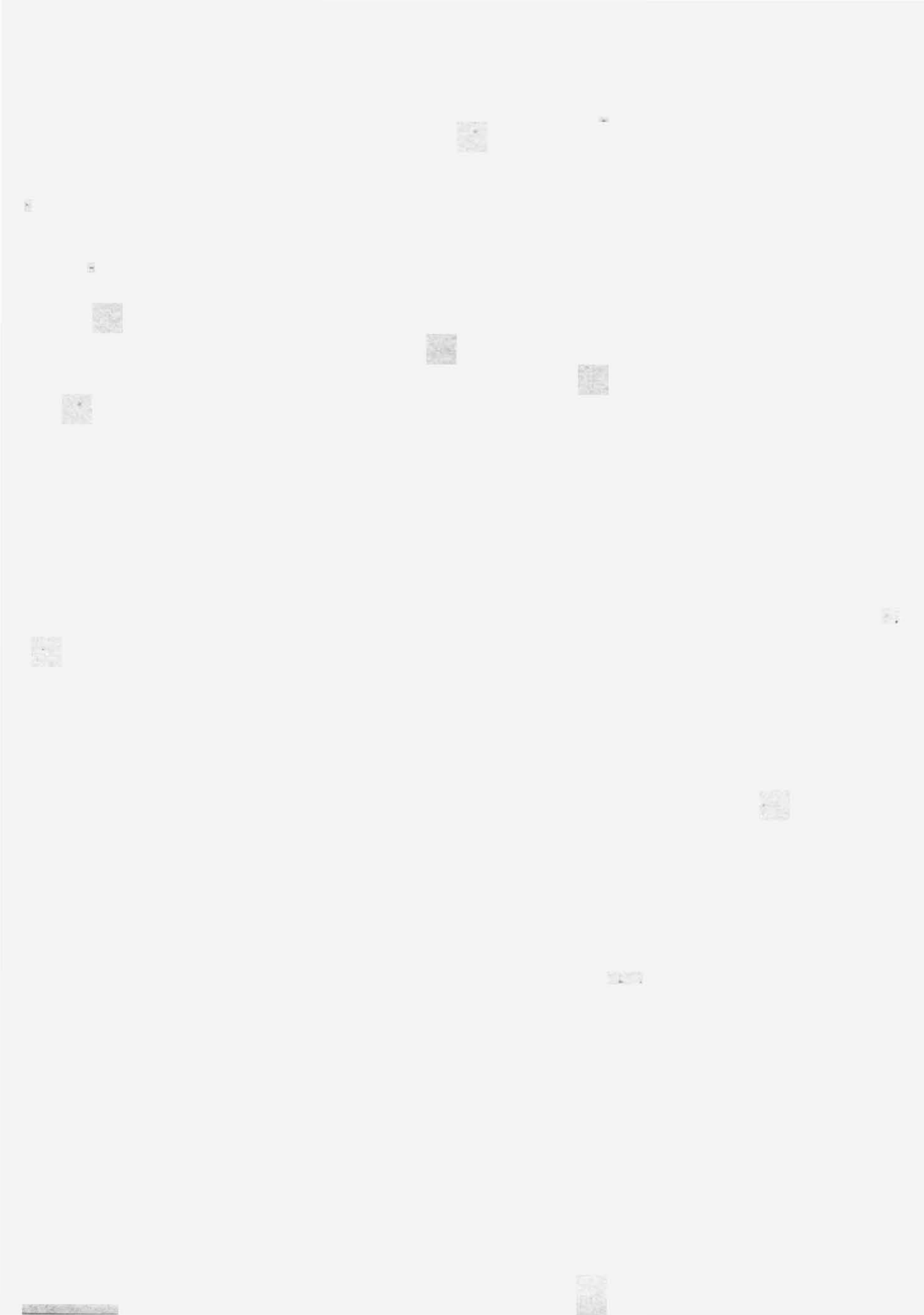


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**Lambda Tau Delta
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209 East College Avenue



LAMBDA TAU DELTA

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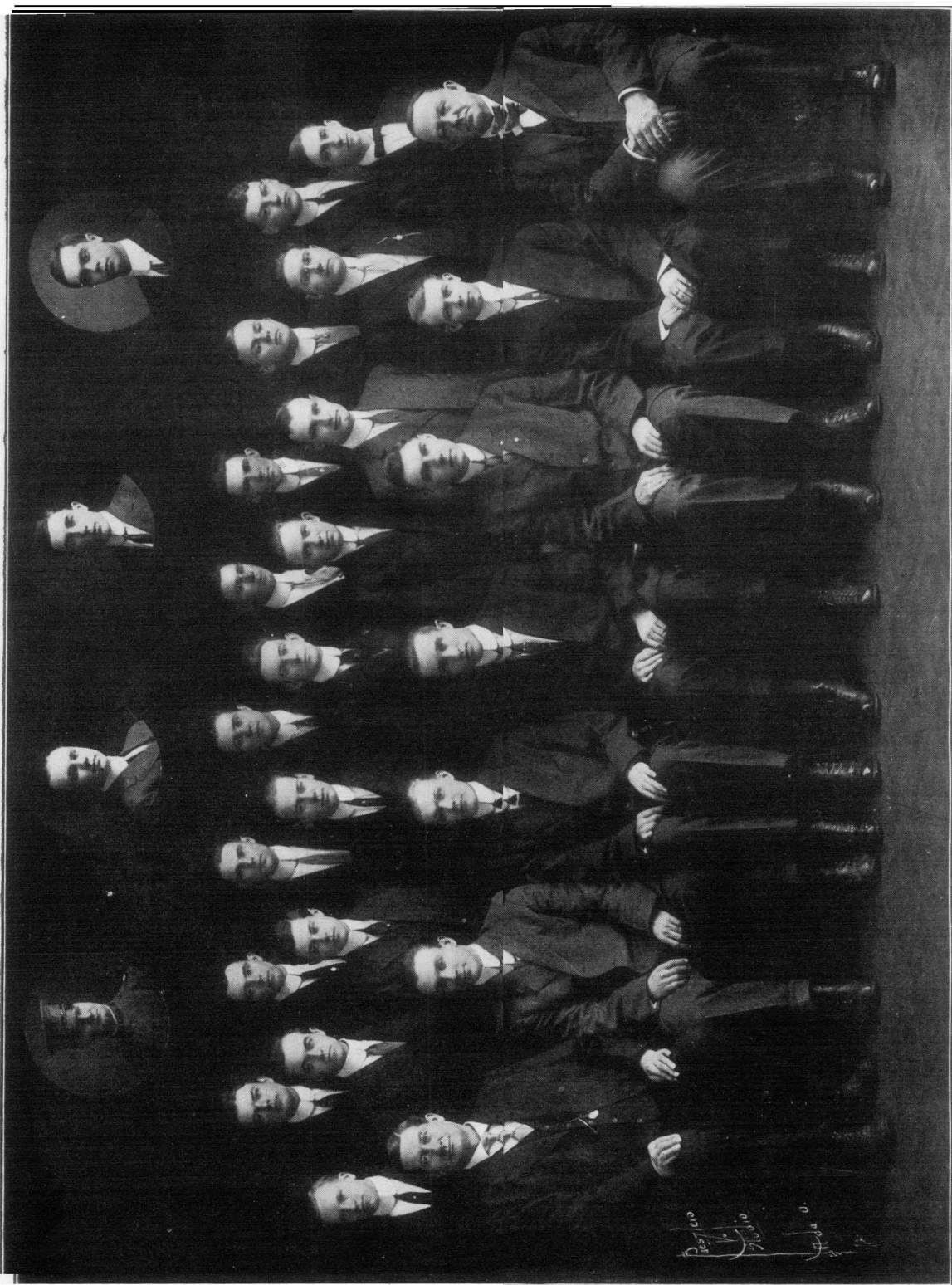
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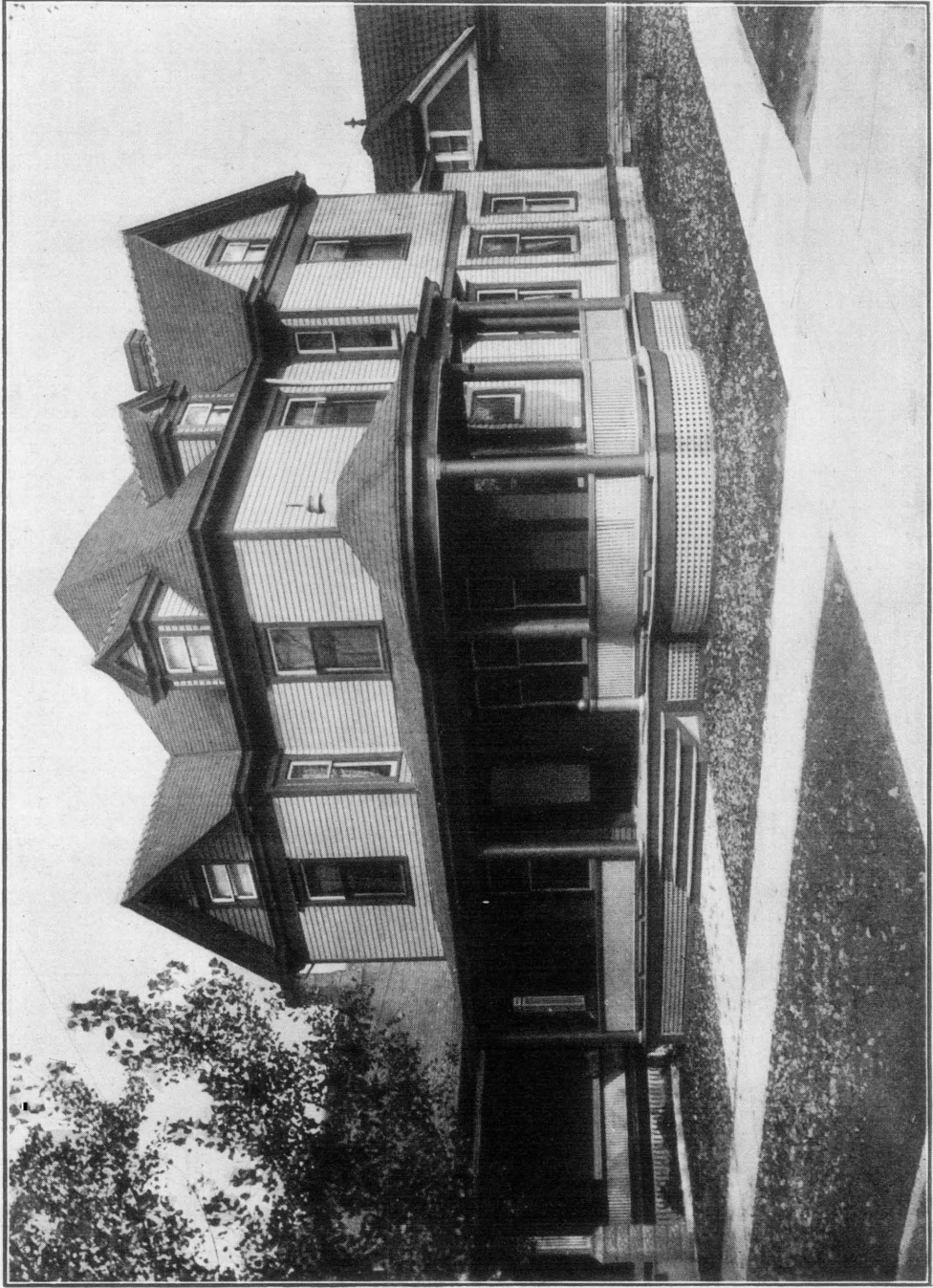
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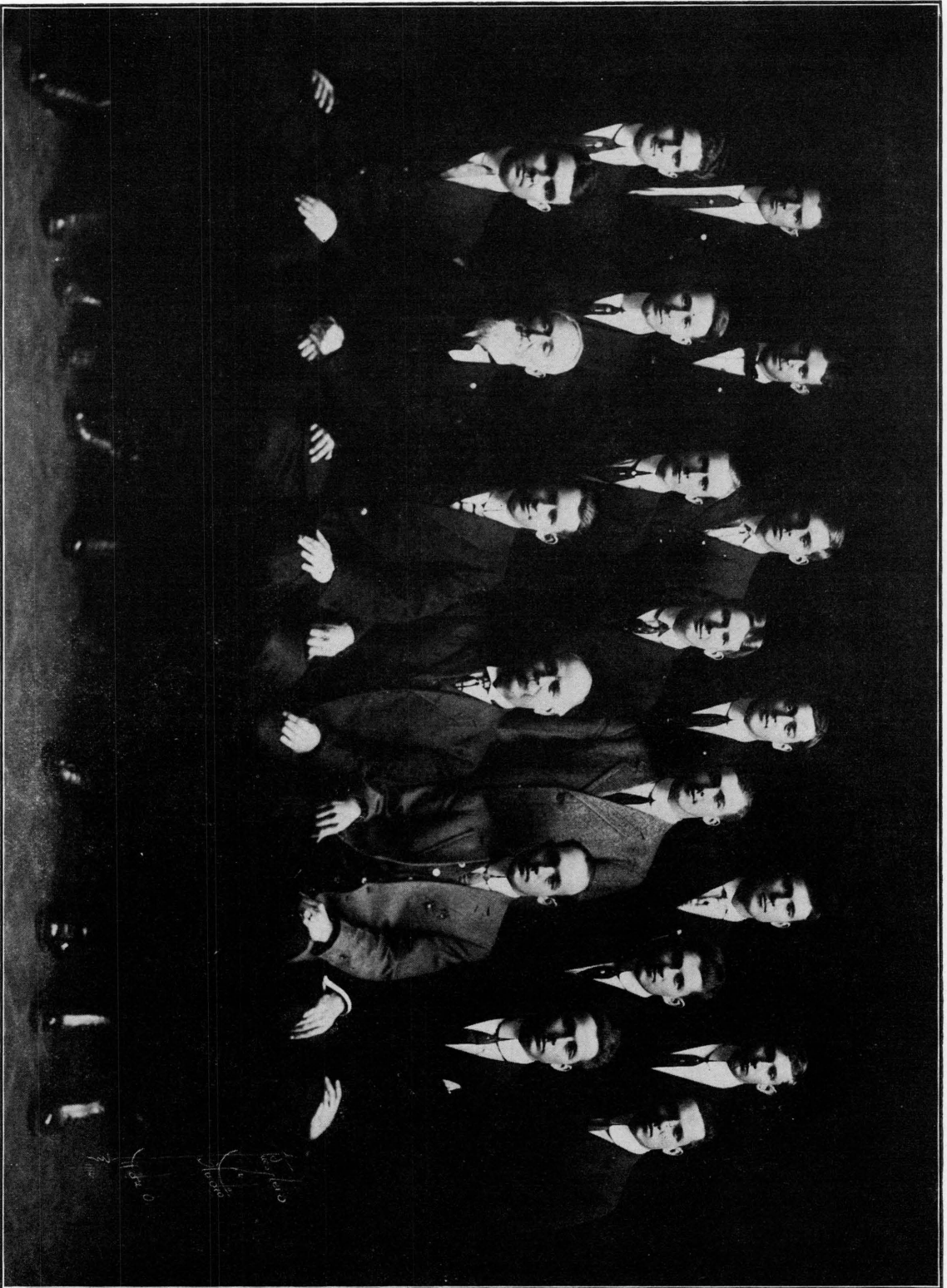
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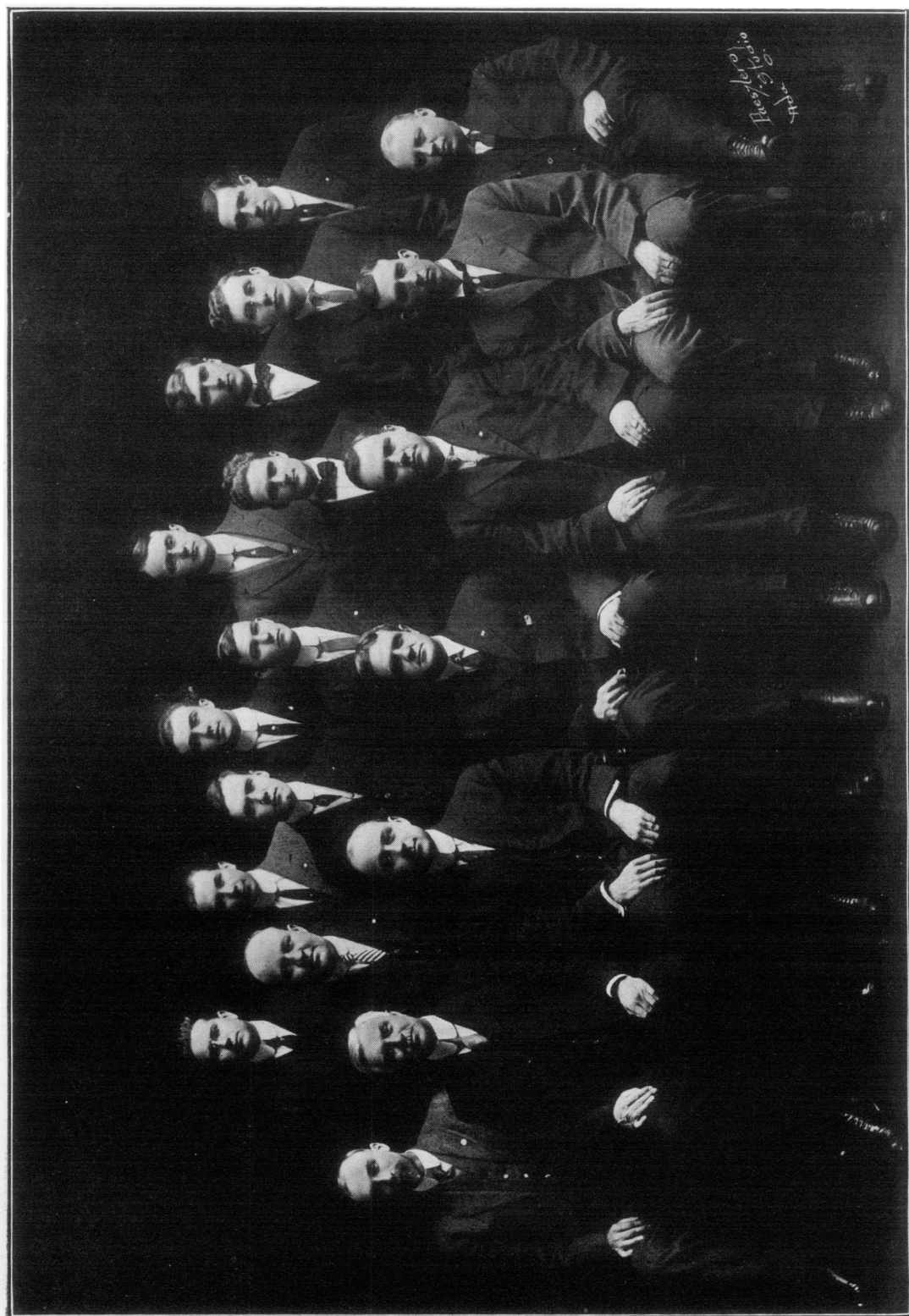
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BLECKLEY SENATE.	University of Georgia
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BETA SIGMA CHI

MASONIC.

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"Northern Light"

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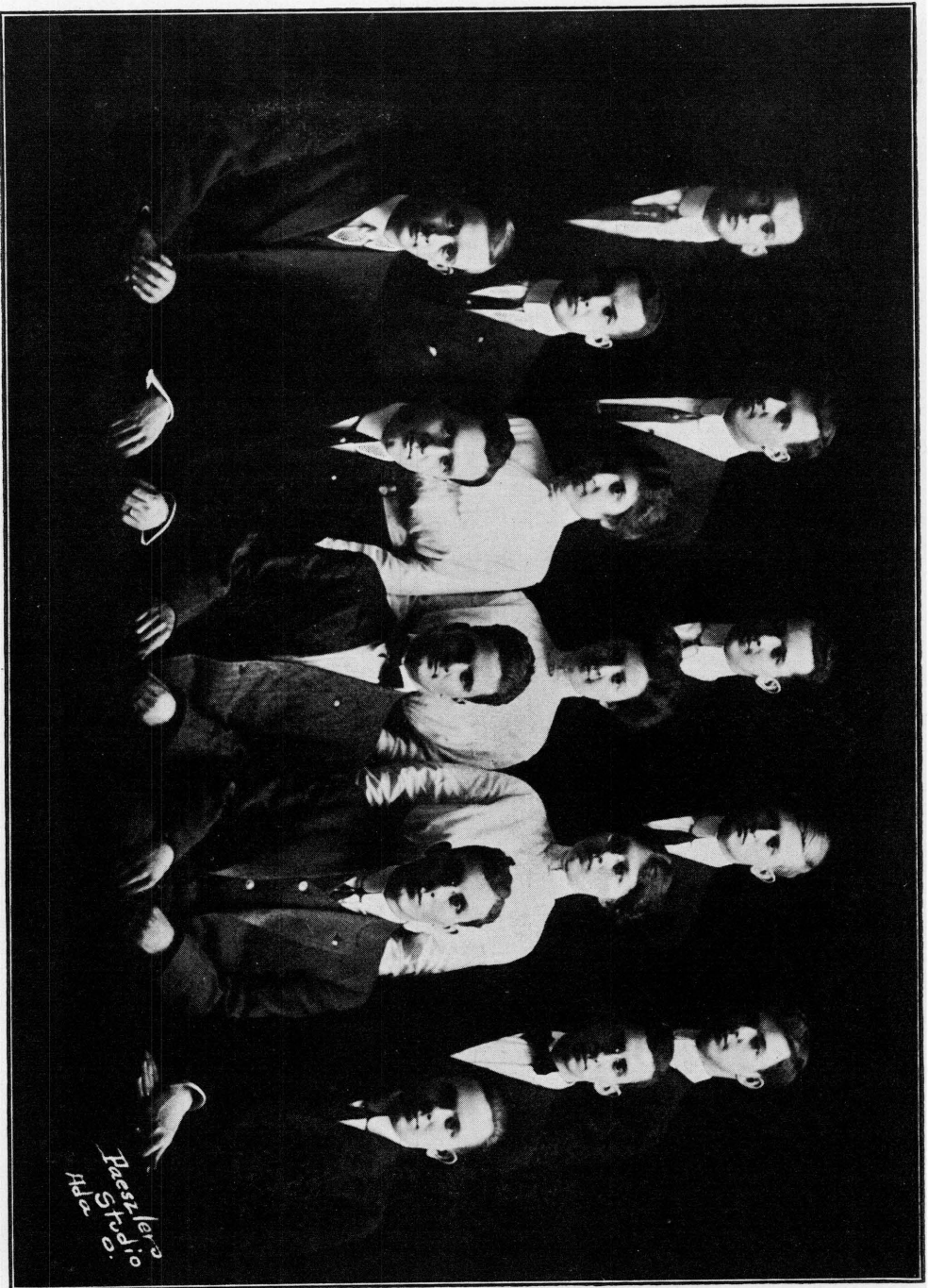
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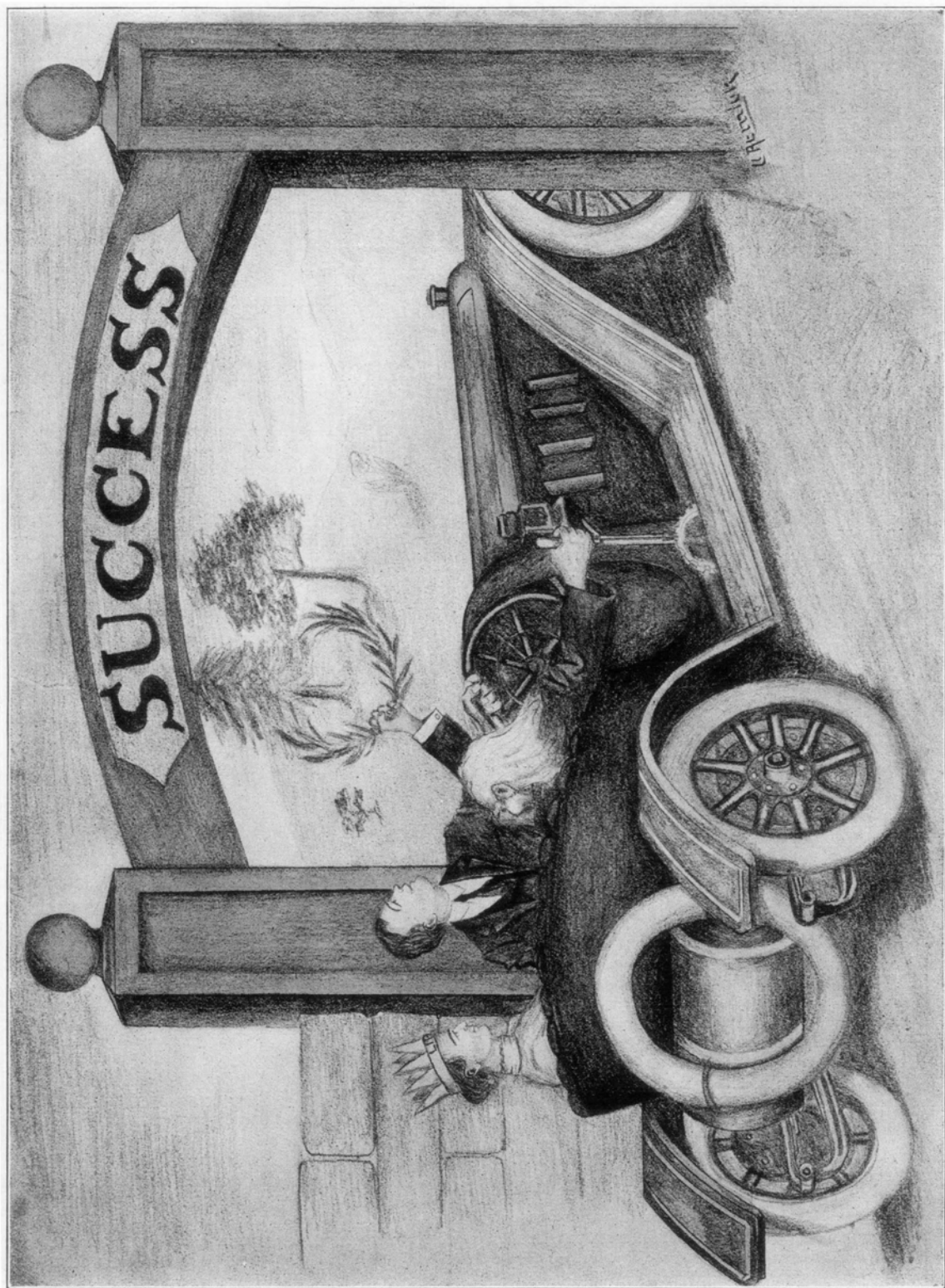
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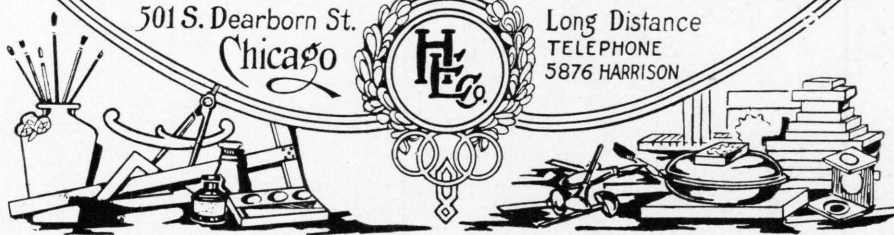
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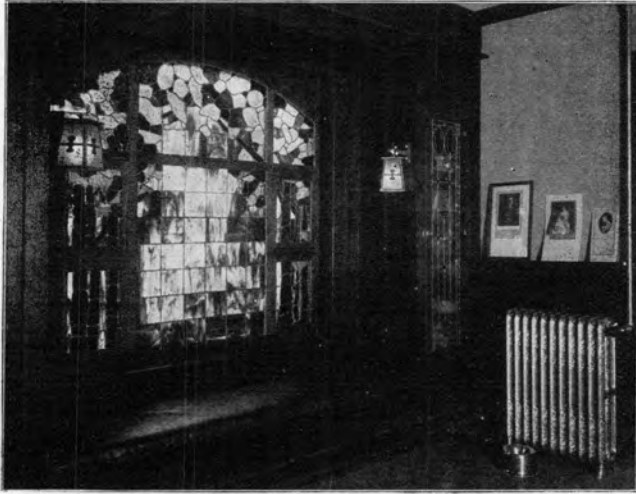
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